Quebec And Back

Busdriver

We've mined calculated sleaze
For countless fortnights, for this forthright
Canny canning
So we plead for what you can't believe
And career suicide, poolside
By the candied landing
I withstood an unwound mortal coil
At the hands of deputized beauticians
This hundred pound torso broils
In the Gap ads and plastic slag of New Britain
Unmanned imaginarium, I implore you
On your gut-caked eve
Pull me from Los Angeles' large intestines
And the teeth of Charlton Heston's fleas
The nail-biter stratagem hallmark
Constitute the rock layers of this product push
That ethical value base doesn't change how you taste
Or the law's arch
As known by this war headed octopus
Your rogue circles are nudged and summed
As mere collagist's twig kraut
So sell those selves with infomercial aplomb
And a face-fitting pig snout, figure it out
Canucks! Canuck!
Open your arms, ask yourself
"Am I dangerous or endangered?"
I may imagine my way to
Quebec and back, Quebec and back
And I may dream my way to
Quebec and back, Quebec and back
But I'll probably die on the way to...
The jackknifing rancor of your thousand eyed face
Lends itself to militarized hobnobbing with Don Johnson
I leave cracked icing on course to some galvanized base
And I barren showy spouse for snowy alps
Cradling political asylum
Green room signee! In piss-colored gold
Spooning chef salads onto cartoonists' cleft palettes
You'll be detuned and dyed peach to hit the mother load
But this is what you'll die from
"Go into the Canadian consulate like..."

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