

The Ultimate Bohab

GWAR

He proudly sports his rare GWAR hoodie
When he puts it on it gives him such a woodie

Zit-scarred and unpopular
He's at the show alone
Running his mouth to no one at all
Later he cries bitter tears
He met his idol and he got punched
All he wanted was an autograph
The smell of his acne, it's heavily bunched
He fell down and everyone laughed

You're the Ultimate Bohab
Stricken with gout
If you don't have any drugs
Get the fuck out
Bohab!
Bohab!

It's your dream come true
Your crummy fanzine got a GWAR interview!
You'll ask the questions, it all goes to tape!
But ask the wrong one and your ass will get raped!
But not by a dude, that would be gay!
But if that's what the band wants I guess it's O.K.!
We're not going to rape you, so don't you fret it!
You brought a woman with you, and now she's gonna get it!

Cuz' this is how we roll, this is what we do
We're fucking your girlfriend right in front of you
And we know that's not your girlfriend, by the way...
She's only with you because you got her backstage
And you also gave her...money

Bohab!
You're the Ultimate Bohab!
Bohab!

Your face makes us sick
As soon as she's in there, she's getting the dick
But not from you, from the entire band
So whip out your cock and lay a wad in your hand

Soon she is dead, but before we chuck her
Come on over here kid, there's still time to fuck her!
A festering hole where there used to be a crotch
We feed her to bears, all that's left is a watch

You're the Ultimate Bohab!
Bohab!
You're the Ultimate Bohab!

You gave your life with pride
But people that had known you didn't care that you had died
The last issue did real well
Your interview was suicide, you followed GWAR to Hell....