Trash

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

A simple formula, music and love
Screw yourself, forgetting all of the above
If we can't join the fools
Maybe we'll beat them
If you're not playin' ball
Then you can eat them

An easy lay, yeah, there's no such luck
With such a little brain, how can I talk so much?
She says get it straight, or get it gone
You're not the only one, who can make me cum

Tell your mom, to stop calling me
Don't lift your leg, on my family tree
Auf weidersehen, ah, my mon amie
Just tell your mom, to stop callin' me trash
Stop callin' me trash

We're piling up, in the corner
Can't change the mess in me, I tried to warn her
But you can't blame the kids, for what they're born
Into, still it just makes me sick, to take a whiff of you

Another stupid game, lets just make up the rules
As we go along, makes us so dumb we drool
And it's a bitter taste, but you'll get used to it
Just try it on for size, that stinky shoe that fits

And tell your mom, to stop calling me
And get your axe out of the stump of my family tree
If this is real than I don't think I wanna be
Just tell your mom, to stop callin' me trash

They sure don't make 'em like they used to
Swimmin' in cesspools ready for the bargain bin
I may not wanna but I guess I have to chose
To stay alive, or jump right in
So I guess I'll have to jump right in...
I'm gonna jump right in...
Come on and jump right in...
Come on and jump right in...
Come on and jump right in...

And tell your mom, to stop callin' me trash
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Tell your mom, takes one to know one trash
Tell your mom, to stop stealin' my stash
Tell your mom, to stop sendin' me cash
Tell your mom, I'm on the radio trash