

Mrs. Butterworth

Nirvana

Your life is shit, shit
Your life is bogus, bull
Your life is crime, crime
Your life is hell, hell

I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna die, with my libido
I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna die, don't fuck with me

Your life is shit, shit
Your life is clean, it's clean
Your life is lame, it's not so funny
Your life is stale, frail, frail

I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna hell on my libido
I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna hell on my libido

I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna hell on my libido
I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna die, watch the pain!

Your life is shit

I'm gonna open up myself a flea market
I'm gonna open up myself a flea market
And you're gonna wish that you did
And retire on the profits

First off, I'm gonna empty out all of my Mrs. Butterworth jars
And I'm gonna put 'em on a shelf
With my 800 dollar a month tax free Century21 shop
And then I am going to put my Mrs. Butterworth syrup jars on the shelf
Next to all the commemorative fast food chain glasses and cups
I've accumulated over the past 62 years

Then I'm going to get some plywood
I'm going to get some plywood
And cut them up into two by two feet squares
Then I'm going to get some burlap
And I'm going to cut them into two by two feet squares
And then I'm going to put them onto the pieces of plywood
And then I'm going to go to the beach
I'm going to go to the beach
And I'm gonna collect some shells and driftwood

And then I'm going to take the shells and driftwood
And glue them onto the plywood and burlap
And sell 'em for lots of money
People will be paying top dollar
For my kids' new used toys and clothing
Then maybe someday I can get rid of that piss-stained mattress
I've been sleeping on

I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna hell on my libido
I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna die on my libido

I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna die on my libido
I'm gonna die, start a new union
I'm gonna die, watch the pain