

Seashells

Rare Americans

Hell yeah!
Hell yeah!

Well Scotty, I gotta say my friend
You really surprised me, scared ol' Futch half-dead
The poor pension seeking bastard, laughed off my head
You got something special, wanna join me instead?
This is how it works, I front you the shit
You hustle all the kids, you fully commit
Keep 'em coming back, service A1
I don't play around, that's how I like shit done
You don't want to be a skid, I'll spell out that life
Dennys double shift, once a month you fuck your wife
That you don't even like, cuz if you leave she won't survive
Stuck in hell, she got the thing with the knives
With me, it's a life of luxury
How does Amsterdam sound? A Lamborghini?
Oysters on the half shell, a pretty little bombshell
Damn boy, how good does she smell?

You're a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid
You are never gonna be anythin'
You're a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid
Fuck those little shits and join me instead

Hell yeah!
Hell yeah!
Hell yeah!
Hell yeah!

I thought about it, he was a kid with a vision
And Cory was a good guy, and seemed to fuck with him
But then I saw my true blues, Craig and Billy
A momentary lapse, I was thinking silly
"Thanks for the offer, but it's not for me
See those kids over, they're my family
They might not look like much, even chopped liver
But just like Dennys, when you need 'em they deliver"
There was a big pause, he pulled out his claws
He didn't look happy, dee la hoyo'n his jaw
He was kinda scary, antics, unordinary
Seemed he had a lot demons, deep down buried
"Tell your fucking friend to pay me
No skid is gonna fuckin' play me"
And damn, your girls fuckin' crazy
She can go all night, don't blame me

You're a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid
You are never gonna be anythin'
You're a skid, a skid, a punk rock kid
Fuck those little shits and join me instead

Hell yeah!
Fuck those little shits and join me instead

Hell yeah!
Hell yeah!

Hell yeah!

Hell yeah! (Fuck those little shits and join me instead)