

All the grunts and the cunts and the fops in the punts
Waiting for an inundation
The expense is immense, doesn't make any sense
Meaningless assimilation
There is a stain which remains, it remains on the brain
Needs a lot of medication
I'm with the sluts in the huts, I'm distressingly nuts
Renting some exhilaration

I'm a squanderer! I'm a squanderer
I'm a squanderer! I'm a squanderer

I want the classical tunes and a house on the moon
Multiple accommodations
I wanna get me a lick of the ecstasy stick
Paranormal innovations
I want the head of a faun and a swan on the lawn
Neo-Roman fornications
I want the blood-gutter rush, an Imperial gush
Never mind the implications

I'm a squanderer! I'm a squanderer
I'm a squanderer! I'm a squanderer

We unloaded our loads on the rocks in the roads
Burning up with stimulation
While the brutes in the suits with their filthy pursuits
Polished up their reputations
Now the crew with their brews and the news of the screws
Do no bear examination
And the ghouls with the tools and contempt for the rules
Beggar the imagination

They're all squanderers! Squanderer
Meet the squanderers! Squanderer

I had a shag in a bag on a liminal jag
Feeling like an installation
It left the chick on the till and your automobile
Stupefied with indignation
There's a witch on the wire with her head in the fire
Flaunting her emaciation
They got the clocks for the rocks and a bear in a box
Rabid with anticipation

Squanderers! Squanderers!
Squanderers!

The go around and round and round and round...