

Gravy

Spliff

Got a brainstorm raging for a rocking band The state of creativity is mighty bland They all look for something new But I tell you it's garbage they spew.

It's just a fucked up gravy sucked up sucked up in gravy (it's just a fucked up gravy) sucked up sucked up in gravy (it's just a fucked up gravy) sucked up sucked up in gravy.

They act like kings and queens and sell their titty flesh, for cash Wrapped up supermarket music they found on the trash They're addicted to the drugs they sing against And they leave their swinging pools have a wankolution on stage

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Solo

They find their heavy metal disco flop reggae bop and call it brand new wave And the punk-pub-ska-blah all acoustic do dah go nna hit the parade Kill your girlfriend and then commit suicide get a lot of press No comeback, but you're a legend is that what you call success

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