

P.S.Y.

Butthole Surfers

Here we go...
Here we go...
All I see inside my head
is (Gentle silent secret snow)
with shifting walls of blinding light, I'll have you know. No one would believe that she was
running away
she packed up her belongings and she was gone
the very next day Nikki was in the KKK
and Lisa was a Nazi too
they both had half a brain
so together they were sane
and looked about as smart as their shoes
Now Nikki got word through the underground
that Mona was Lisa's real name
She bled on his jacket when he shot her in the neck
That's about all she could (gain) I'm still sleepin' in
The graveyard is weepin'
They're catching angels as they fall
I know you don't believe it
but she really should believe it
She fell in love with Lauren Bacall
(I don't believe it. Somewhere, maybe out in East L.A.) No one would believe that she was
running away
she packed up her belongings and she was gone
the very next day
Nikki never wanted any children at all
and Terry was Courtney's little girl
she turned tricks in a white trash mall
and shot dope with Cecil at home
she wanted to have fun with her daddy's shotgun
she held it right up to his head
his glasses fell at first
but they were followed by a burst
of fiery hot balls of lead Time's still sleepin' in
The graveyard is weepin'
they're catching angels as they fall
I know you don't believe it
but I really should be leaving
she fell in love with Lauren Bacall
(Maybe out (in Pleasant Grove)) No one would believe that she was running away
she packed up her belongings and she was gone
the very next day

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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