

By The Throat

Cows

He was born a fuck-up
Ever since he popped out feet first
A pink and ugly little bastard
Momma's breast dried up in horror and revolt

Though momma didn't want him
Poppa just plain didn't like him
How he hated that fat asshole
A man like that could never satisfied his soul
He had to blow
Yes, sir

So he hit the road
Explored artistic inclinations
Read the works of all the masters
Met a bunch of friends who told him what to know
It was just so

Of course he got it wrong
Spent all his time Pissing down rat-holes
Until life snuck up behind him
It reached right out and grabbed him by the throat
Grabbed him by the throat

He ended up working
At his father's filling station
He pumped the gas, he pumped his girl
He pumped away at all the lies he swallowed whole
And now he's old