

## Dum Surfer

King Krule

Dumb surfer is giving me his cash  
Won a bet for fifty and now I need a slash  
Man this band that's playing, is playing fucking trash  
Skunk and onion gravy, as my brain's potato mash  
He came across the back of a bureaucratic stash  
Shot the lot for credit and never got it back  
He's mashed, I'm mashed, we're mashed  
That cat got slashed in half like that  
As venus completes orbit, I'm feeling slightly mashed  
The stir fry didn't absorb it, I need another slash  
She spoke in English, it was low lit where we sat  
Remembering her face but that's the end of that  
I'm a step from madness as I puke on pavement slabs  
Got a bit embarrassed, need to get back to the lab  
In the depths of traffic, I was feeling like we crashed  
With a girl from Slovak in a European cab  
From a set of habits, I can see momentums mashed  
If we were commuting, this train would fucking crash  
Now my brain's diluting, I suffer from whiplash  
Getting lashed, getting lashed by all of the gods  
By all of the gods, by all of the gods

As my brain's diluting, I suffer from whiplash  
This girl's now screaming, I think we've gone and crashed  
The driver's speaking and the car is still intact  
It was only minor, well that's the end of that  
Girl, that's the end of that as I know  
Girl, some things you don't know

Dumb surfer, don't suffer  
Dumb surfer, don't suffer  
Dumb surfer, don't suffer  
Dumb surfer, don't suffer  
Ay, some things won't change for a while  
Keep me, keep me as the villain  
But my prayer, you don't own