

Plastic Cup

Low

Well you could always count on your friends to get you high
That's right
And you could always count on the 'rents to get you by
You could fly
And now they make you piss into a plastic cup
And give it up
The cup will probably be here long after we're gone
What's wrong
They'll probably dig it up a thousand years from now
And how
They'll probably wonder what the hell we used it for
And more
This must be the cup the king held every night
As he cried

Well maybe you should go out and write your own damn song
And move on