

## Ashes

NoMeansNo

I smell something burning... it's us  
Sausage lips and greasy tips  
It's that sweet fried pork  
Spitting on the spit, spitting on the spit  
You can't stem the blood and fire  
By squeezing it in your hand  
I've got the desire, I've got the desire  
My hair is on fire

Ashes to ashes

My blood is boiling  
I've got the stiff stand straight up my ass  
Smell the gas, smell the sewer gas  
You can't stoke the coals  
Without a couple of third degree burns  
Her the wheels of industry turn, turn, turn  
My ass is burning

Ashes to ashes  
Fire burn low, down we go

This little piggy went to the market  
This little piggy stayed home  
This little piggy had roasted beef  
This little piggy had none  
Break out the fire arms, let's do some harm  
Rake the pit for the remnants, get it all  
Back up the truck, we've got to get our ashes hauled

Ashes to ashes  
Fire burn low, down we goes