

Lyin' around  
Like some goddamn walrus  
You make me  
Sick to my stomach  
The smell is here  
Hangs like a killer  
Hangs like a deadman  
And I can't take another day  
Sick  
Drunk  
Blow  
Job  
The smell is here  
Hangs like a killer  
Hangs like a deadman  
And I can't take another day  
Some kind of bra-wearin'-hairy-fish  
Droolin' into your dish  
Pastoral  
Your life is gone  
Your youth is over  
Years of cheer  
Reduced to this  
A crumbling mess  
On a September morn  
Your blood flows by  
Like a meandering stream  
Bubbling  
Gurgling  
Brook-like  
Baking in the midday sun  
Hard on the outside  
Soft on the inside  
(That's a nice contract)  
I saw you there  
Sioux City bound  
In a cornfield  
I saw you there  
Stinking