

(He's A) Grunge Whore

Turbonegro

He walks the streets alone
His day's complete
Another showdown
Between the sheets
When he remembers
The first time score
The scene was nasty
And his ring was sore

He saw his chance
To make it big
Red rubber mask
And a dreadlock wig
New Music Seminar
He made a scene
He drove them crazy
They made him scream

Tacoma Washington
A motel room
A sordid wedding
They switched as groom
They rode him hard
But it just felt fine
He got to sign
The dotted line

Fame and fortune
He struck it big
Hard but melodic
Became his gig
And every interview
Was so profound
A worthy exponent
Of that grungy sound

Grungy

Well he's a grunge whore
Knows what he likes
Black leather men on motorbikes
No self-respect
He's in it for the action
A million dollar satisfaction

He's a grunge whore
Grunge whore
Grunge whore
Grunge whore

But now the sad part
It's time to cry
Our indie hero
Is about to die
Turned blue in a locker room
He got too high
He shot his smack

Right in his fucking eye

Well he's a grunge whore
Knows what he likes
Black leather men on motorbikes
No self-respect
He's in it for the action
A million dollar satisfaction

He's a grunge whore
He's a grunge whore
Grunge whore
Grunge whore

Well he's a grunge whore
Knows what he likes
Black leather men on motorbikes
No self-respect
He's in it for the action
A million dollar satisfaction

He's a grunge whore
Big wheels keep on turning
He's a grunge whore
Napalm keeps on burning
He's a grunge whore
Paying for the CIA guns
He's a grunge whore
With his distorted guitars and pounding drums

He's a grunge whore
Grunge whore
He is a grunge whore
Grunge whore
He's a grunge whore
Grunge whore
He's a grunge whore
Grunge whore