

Beck, Minus

The last survivor of a boiled crown
Another casualty with the casual frown
The janitor vandals they bark in your face
Juveniles with the piles and paste

It's a sensation
A bankrupt corpse
In the garbage glasses
With the crutches of frogs(that bores)

Don't be confused when the fuse is up
And you're taking a leak
Into your brother's cup
When the cup is filled
You can run and be killed
In the billion miles
Of the muscles that build

Radiation
Feeling the force
Karaoke
Vomiting morons

The scalps of zero hear the call
Rubbing in a blind man's running hall
With the canker sores and the robot pill
Throwing imbeciles on the window sills

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Frogs! Frogs! Frogs!