

What Then

Guttermouth

Underage, in a foreign land
Come to think of it, it was Japan
Pickin' pockets, fillin' mine with yen
Discovering machines that vend
I'd like to leave, not 'til I find
Machines that serve both beer and wine
Like an Irish man and a pot of gold
Or a four leaf clover for a twelve year-old
What then
What then
I scout for pigs, insert my yen
The good times, they can never end
I met a girl, don't ya' know
She took me for some coin-op blow
The Japanese work so damn hard
For me, it's mommy's credit card
I'll sleep all day in last night's clothes
Have a beer, powder my nose
What then
What then
Their beds are short, their toilets stink
Aki Bono, the ex-sumo king
Parades around in underwear
I'm far from home, but don't know where
The colors match so perfectly
Not to mention, temperly
Porcelain, topped off with pee
Traditional insanity
Their beds are short, their toilets stink
Aki Bono, the ex-sumo king
Parades around in underwear
I'm far from home, but don't know where
The beds are short are short
But, that's okay
We only use them to fornicate
If I knock her up
What then
I'm out of dodge with all her yen
As I mill around the lobby folks
The custom dictates you must smoke
With cancers and carcinogens
I need to find some air that's thin
My entire life I've lived this way
Like a vagabond, the punk rock way
Travel the globe and scream at kids
Fillin' water bottles up with piss
What then
What then
Their beds are short, their toilets stink
Aki Bono, the ex-sumo king

Parades around in underwear
I'm far from home, but don't know where

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