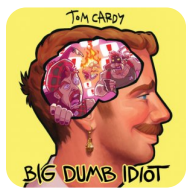


## H.Y.C.Y.BH – Tom Cardy

When my roommate comes into the room  
Looking for his car keys  
I don't say it yet  
And when he gets me off the couch  
To check underneath the couch cushions  
I don't say it yet, no  
And then when he says out loud  
"I wonder where my car keys are"  
I still don't say it  
But then he asks me  
"Do you know where my car keys are?"  
I look at him in his face, and I say  
"Have you checked your buttohole?"  
I have not seen your keys,  
But since you're askin' me  
You better check up that buttohole  
Of course I'm not serious  
I don't think it's up inside your  
Big brown business  
But a funny thing to say  
To someone who's lost their shit  
And is stressed out visibly  
When I see the best man start to sweat  
I don't say it yet  
When I see that little ring bearer cunt  
Getting yelled at by his mum  
Oh, I still don't say it  
When I see the groom asking the vicar  
If they can wait just another fifteen minutes  
I do not say it  
And when the father of the bride  
Starts organizing an ad-hoc emu bob  
Of the courtyard area  
I want to, but I do not say it  
It's the eleventh hour with three hundred  
Congregates under God's roof

The vicar approaches the mic,  
And suddenly, all of the chatter goes mute  
He says that they've misplaced the rings  
Could anyone possibly know where they are?  
I know it's my time,  
And all heads turn as I stand and say,  
"Vicar!"  
"Have you checked your buttohole?"  
"I have not seen your ring,  
But have you checked your ring?"  
And by "ring, " I mean buttohole  
Love is patient; love is kind  
But if you ask me where you can find  
Literally anything you've lost before  
I'm gonna suggest that it's up your buttohole  
"Is it up your buttohole?"  
"Have you checked up your buttohole?"  
"Check your anus"  
"I think it's stuck up your ass"  
"Oh my god, I'm so sorry"  
Of course, my condolences  
Yeah, yeah what are you looking for?  
Have you checked your buttohole?  
Maybe you'll find your dead grandma  
Up there, too  
Oh, I fuckin' got you, buttohole  
My family hate me  
This might be the reason  
That I've got no close friends  
Fuckin' worth it, baby



Słowa: brak danych  
Muzyka: brak danych