

Primus, Frizzle Fry

Hello all you boys and girls
I'd like to take you to the inside world
It's quite an irregular place to be
But never fear you're safe with me
Well, maybe

Golden hair of macram
Against the face that's cut from stone
The white porcelain is screaming ayee
Thank God the boy is not alone

I don't believe in Santa Claus
I don't believe in spite
I have no use for beauty dolls
Especially on this night
I don't believe in miracles
I don't believe in lies
I don't believe in hologram
For I am the Frizzle Fry

Andy's painted green again
This time they might take him away
When Barrington starts to breath again
It may just take us all away

I don't believe in charity
I don't believe in sin
And if you don't believe in me
We'll play this tune over again
I don't believe in Pinochle
And I don't believe I'll try
I do believe in Captain Crunch
For I am the Frizzle Fry
Yes I am the Frizzle Fry