

# Dracula from Houston

## Butthole Surfers

Got no future, great big past  
Little bitty guy on the rim of my glass.  
Gotta meet the plane, so I can get my monkey  
Teach him to be cool but a little bit funky.  
Got no credit, and I got no fear,  
and I got about a buck so I can buy a beer.  
Gotta see a doctor 'bout the words I've said.  
and I gotta get a bike and I gotta paint it red. Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that WE'LL be together  
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior  
You don't have to be there 'cause I'm never, never, never comin' home  
Three feet deep in a slow motion WRECK  
I was walkin' the walk and I was talkin' to the best  
I was wrinkled and shriveled and steppin' out of line  
PLAYIN' the end against the MIDDLE and losing every time  
I was venous and heinous and crippled and sad  
Thought I was invincible, the baddest of the bad  
Then I woke up one morning, and I stepped out of bed  
Had to get a bike, had to paint it red. Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that WE'LL be together  
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior  
I know that you'll miss me but I'm never, never, never comin' home. Crazy (I'm crazy, I wanna  
tell you that I'm crazy)  
Janis E. and Kurtis Mayfield, Leslie Gore with VIDAL Sassoon  
How you think I, How you think I, How you think I take it  
Said, how you think I take it when I hear all about it  
Where will he go and where's the brain  
Este noche, enchillada, in Chicago ni por nada  
Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that WE'LL be together  
Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior  
You don't have to be there 'cause I'm never, never, never comin' home. Starin' in disbelief out at  
the gloom  
I was forced with remorse to learn the bassoon  
I got real good in about six years  
Started playing out for a couple of beers  
Then one day I was playin' at the gig  
And in walked the monkey with a couple of funky friends  
He came right over and said  
"This is what you'll do, you're gonna get a bike  
You're gonna paint it blue." Oh no, we gotta go, we're not gonna live forever  
Why, why, we gotta die? You know that we'll be together

Hey, hey we gotta say, I could never be a savior  
I know that you'll miss me but I'm never, never, never comin' home

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>