

SOFT SERVE SLEEZEE





Soft Serve
Sleezee

1. Sleezee
2. Flip Flop Fetishist
3. Fish On A Spur
4. Bubbles & The Bottom of My Shoe
5. Chivalry Timbers
6. Abu Grabe
7. Killing N' Fucking
8. Moving My Thing
9. Dragon Dogs of Irony's End
10. Archeological Dig Thru Yr Heart
11. The Octopus & The Spider
12. Blew Sky
13. Ow-oo-ga

Jamie Fillmore plays guitar on tracks 11 and 12
email me: babette@karaokeagainstracism.com

tpr23 2005

Archeological Dig thru yr. ♡. (Hi!)

You know I want to whammy me. Why is your glitter so dirty? So good to see you - lets play pirhana. I used to like you. Pull on my nads - oh. I'll pull on yours. Archeological dig thru your heart Tie my hands up and maypole me. I'll always escape. Hurtle the plank. You don't do nothing to better yourself - play the lottery or nothing. Archeological dig thru your heart **Flip Flop Fetishist** Ooo, I kinda like it when you take me for dead, but if you lose it in my car, I've got a hatchback, we can fill it up with sand. Don't forget the ball. Unbutton the button. The shiny red button. You know, the button. The earth burps and the sky goes black. I saw a dead man, I cried into a can. Show me what you're made of, Flip Flop Fetishist. The heard of stallions carry us away. This throw down will kill you and your friends. Your finger will not fit, trust me. He says he's not pleased with the old staff. Looking back, mmmmm, it was all there. Quick - What do you think? This guy says he'll plug it - Try to hold on but it's futile. Hairy pineapple, pink palm tree, tiki tiki me. Bottoms up, corpse horsemen. I would like to die with my eyes open. Quick - what do you think? Wanna tend the garden? **Fish On A Spur** Fish on a spur, you can take it up with her. Just stand there, just stamp there, just stare there, Kashwanda. Cash Wanda - Priestess of the Night takes on Korean Red Light. Marshmellow peeps, North Avenue Beach, frizzy doll, stumbling on her feet. Hey Beauty, Smokey Smokey? Fish on a spur, you can take it up with her. Or do you just want an impression of sex? She'll show you what it's like inside - Tex Mex. **Bubbles And The Bottom Of My Shoe** The tragic love between Bubbles and the bottom of my shoe. The bottom of my shoe would not let go of Bubbles and so he had to stay there, flattened like some skinny meat. Pulverized by hammers. **Chivalry Timbers** From the moment my ass gets up my ass gets down - be all that you can be in the army of luv. There's a lake to the left and a lake to the right - have a swim take a jump. (What) Laughin' all the way to the sperm bank. (What) Did you just wanna get some? (Oh) Shush - sometimes there's nothin' to say. Punks not gay, but they laugh all the way to San Jose. Lips in my face mummify me in a cassette tape. Can't stop the bleeding - I'm gonna go true. Gonna go tru that again? No - just gonna go true. Hmmm - I heard you chopped them off, was it cheap? I feel your deal, I always land on my breasts (meow, beep beep) The man boobs of David Michelangelo. Strap 'em on and cross the street, keep yo shit on a leash. Chivalry Timbers. (Timber) A feeling falling - that's what we have here - a feeling falling. Chivalry Timbers. Get a light -Giddy Up. The light bulb burnt - lit up my shirt - cool to be on fire and it didn't even hurt. Squat-a if you gotta - Trip up under the viaduct (S'cool) This is a stick up - Trip up under the viaduct (Spoke) Did you see Mary crying? Trip up under the viaduct (Spoke, Smoke) It's a viaduct, why would it be lying! God fearing simple dude, wanna bust my solitude. Don't brang up mommy/daddy, baby, we will nevah get nude. (No) So solid So solid. Dude - I'm sorry to be rude. So solid So solid. Yeah, my shit's outta my house, outta my world, outta my shoes. Upstanding boy scout dude, fixing things and making food - you think if you make me fat it will curb my attitude? Dude! I'm just hating to be rude. I'm just waiting for a real feeling - don't accuse me of being prude. Hey you, the homey, look like Klaus Nomi, you throw me. Pony and your boney - get to know me. Pony motorhome - growin out your pleasure dome, you got me motor sick, motorin' home alone. Hey, Sister Christian, I used to be a hater, then I changed the channel, now I'm just a Christian Slater hater. Should'a been Ralph Nader. Should've a wouldica, what a cuntainer. Sickle Me Pickle Sickle Sickle Pickle Sick . Should've'a Would've'a - now I see ya later.

(worth the drive) 815 682-5893 Rudy 11/14/00 Car A good time, all

bebette@karaokeagainstracism.com - cleanor

for a good time, call Bob Breigmer - a spark to the men, a turn to the ladies. (773) 267-9119

Abu Grabe Abu Grabe, Push Push Pop-Pop-Pepino. We're gonna take you, so break down your Camo-Chinos (he will use it, yes he will, give the scaredy cat an uzi - give the scaredy cat a harem and blooming Jacuzzi). Do you wanna get high, can I take who I like? Either you're down with some ham, or you can take a hike. Hop in the hollow - teeth and fangs - I'll piddle paddle up your creek when you're pickin' up the change. What do you care? Wanna be first? Nazi's is kinky but Allah is cursed. What do you care do you wanna be first? (it's just more of the same now, Abdul sees it everyday). (a local man of prayer told her stay in her place, but she's always up to bad shit and she'll shove it in your face) What's your fucking problem? I'll shove it in your bottom. Fill you toe to head with lead - laughing and sobbin'. Abu Grabe - what's your vector, Victor? Let your hips go with my boa constrictor. Honk if you push push, hunkey hickey horn. We'll charm you out of your pants, and then charm you 'till you're torn. Abu Grabe, Push Push Pop-Pop-Pepino. We're gonna take you, so break down your Camo-Chinos. **Moving My Thing** Too late to move away, head for the hills. Ringalingaling, moving my thing, Checking out your ass and keep on dancing. Email me, Female me no more, no more. Run outside and catch the feeling when they hit the ground. Human cocktail rushing down. Be couraged, everybody's melting. When we die, see how high we can get ourselves to fling. **Dragon Dogs Of Irony's End** They had not a second to lose - crossed the channel, left the wasteland. Cold mud put out the fire - it will return when we light the pyre. Dragon dogs of irony's end - urgent journey to the sacrifice. Hearts flutter, so many words like a bird when it first takes flight. Slay the dragons over the alter - blood spring flood grow flowers flow. The Bulwark returned to the mote and the blood closed the gap between heaven and earth. What if all the blood was merely words and no one had to die? Love is the lift of the curse. Pass it on. **The Octopus And The Spider** The tragic love of the Octopus and the Spider. She fell from a kerchief when the Love Boat took up speed. She floated on the wake - her web tangled in the wind. Image danced on the water. Something you don't get to see much in the middle of the ocean. It's sort of like a lobster, 8 legs and crunchy but has no fight to give, too delicate and graceful. The octopus smiled. She struggled at the water, fangs tufted proudly, snorting ever bravely her last breaths of life. With his black blinky inky eye, the octopus beheld her. She rippled and she dimpled and she shone. The thread hung like a spinner, and in the wavy water, tripped around a tendril. The octopus was a-bashed. The Octopus never felt anything so silky. Demanded of the other 7 to tread him at the surface. Her hair looked soft from under the water. Her teeth looked hot to him. And shiny. And her respect for such a giant spider. Worship like a living all powerful being of a dream. He hoisted another tendril. The joining of the feet of the Octopus and the Spider. He lifted yet another tendril, so she could touch him more all over the place on his body. But as he panted fiercely, she begged him to find some rest. She worried what the air was going to do to him. Oh Octopus, lets go down to your seaweed bed, and I will sleep beside you for an eternity. Oh Spider, whatchew talking about? You must be high. It would be your death. And such a beautiful octopus are you, I could never live with myself, with your dead body beside me, under the water all the time. You are more beautiful alive than you would be crumpled up dead, I must get you to safety or I could just never live with myself. The tragic love of the Octopus and the Spider. From way up here on your tendril, I can see a sailboat. And the wind is growing. If I jump, I might have a chance on the wind, my dear, big fat octopus. The tragic love of the Octopus and the Spider. Spin yourself a parachute, and I will send you flying, and with the power of our love, may you land safely and stow away in the sail.

Michelle Liffick - hotmail.com

Thanks - Mom, Dad, Bros and Sis', Jamie Fillmore, Eric Graf , Michelle Liffick, Rotten Milk, Ralph Barton, Michael Merck, Joe Hahn, Brian Klein, Katie Young, Edmar, Pooper, Andreas Ullrich, Phase, Janina Bain, Jonathan Joe, Shannon Morrow, Scott Gibbons, Shane Mizicko, Morgan Pekosh

Jamie Fillmore plays guitar on trx 4, 5, 11 & 12. Michelle Liffick plays some keys on trk 10.