

My Cousin Greg

Houndmouth

My cousin Greg
Well he's a greedy son of a bitch
He's making his way from Florida up to LA
He left the tropicana
Passed through Louisiana
He laughs hard, carries on,
but he can barely stand ya
Lord his business's buddies
They all wear the snow-white clothes
And goggles to shield the elements from their eyes
Greg's companion Andy
He lives his life
Vicariously
Through his mad man
If you wanna live the good life
Then you better stay away from the limelight
If you wanna live the good life
Well you better stay away from the limelight
Napoleon Rowling James
He's got a heart that's made of brain
He fell in love once
And thought about it for days
Baby
Where'd you go last night
He says I don't know
But I woke up with a pocket full of loot
If you wanna live the good life
Well you better stay away from the limelight
If you wanna live the good life
Well you better stay away from the limelight
Hey Greg
Well where'd your shoes go?
He looked at me and said
That's not important
Please
Don't you point
Your full-time ray gun at me
If you wanna live the good life
Well you better stay away from the limelight
If you wanna live the good life
Well you better stay away from the limelight

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