

ICIBILLET

Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

Lonesome Bulldog II

Par Butthole Surfers

Album : Piouhgd (RTD 108.1260.2 40)

Get along lonesome bulldog, it's turning to spring

Get along lonesome bulldog, it's that time again

Though it's raining, stop complaining

There's a long road to bear

Get along lonesome bulldog

Get along over there

Get along lonesome bulldog in spring

Well, Mohatma Ghandi was a little spindly-bottomed and raggedy-headed boy
That grew up In a Western-Kentucky village called Johnstonville,
In Harrison county, and there he grew up.
His mother was a white woman, his father was a Rastafarian who refused to buy
The family seafood on their outings.
And there he developed a taste for convertables, blonde-headed women,
And he had a big old long Indian dick...
So get along, get along little Mohatma Ghandi in the Spring.

Get along, lonesome bulldog, while there's snow on the ground
Get along, lonesome bulldog, where you'll never be found
In the morning, without warning,
And there's no food to share.

Get along lonesome bulldog

Get along over there

Get along lonesome bulldog in spring

Well, pretty soon little Mohatma Ghandi was going three hundred miles an hour,
And I'll Tell you what. He was going three hundred miles an hour because
His strangely turbocharged penishead was making him do it that way. Just kidding.
Mohatma Ghandi had a tremendous Career in high school, in college,
And in law school, and in the House of Representatives.
There he Found himself as a presidential candidate.
He met up with Mary-Jo Kopeckne and across the Chappaquiddick bridge they did ride.
So get along little Mohatma Ghandi, get along in the Spring.