

# Camp Fire Girl #62

## Guttermouth

She's got the healing powers of medicinal marijuana  
And she feeds herself the same old crap she feeds to her iguana  
And she won't go to the bar  
God forbid that you drive a car  
And she won't go to the bar  
And of course she will protest the war  
And even though she's an idiot  
Chorus:  
I get excited when I see her  
You better pass me the saltpeter  
Like a sailor on shore leave  
Like a recent parolee  
I want to date her but first bathe her  
She always eating echinacea  
On her feet are birkenstocks  
I guess my head is filled with rocks  
Most of her friends are never happy  
That is unless they're bitchin'  
She looks down upon my comrades like they're carcinogen  
She doesn't know what she's fighting for  
Like a modern day conquistador  
And of course she will protest the war  
And even though she's an idiot(chorus)She doesn't know what she's fighting for  
Like a modern day conquistador  
And of course she will protest the war  
And even though she's an idiot(chorus)  
I guess my head is filled with rocks  
I guess my head is filled with rocks  
I guess my head is filled with rocks  
I guess my head is filled with rocks

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>