

## Sun City Girls - X+Y= \*beep\* You (1994)

1. Noun
2. Adjective
3. Noun
4. City
5. Number
6. Year
7. Number
8. Religion Plural
9. Adjective
10. Noun
11. Noun
12. Verb - Present Ends In Ing
13. Nationality
14. Adjective
15. Religion
16. Noun - Plural
17. Noun - Plural
18. Noun
19. Noun
20. Verb - Present Ends In Ing
21. Year
22. Noun
23. Verb - Present Ends In Ing

24. Excrement
25. Noun
26. Disgusting Liquide
27. Disgusting Liquide
28. Number
29. Race
30. Nationality
31. Verb - Present Ends In Ing
32. City
33. Verb - Base Form
34. Noun - Plural
35. Part Of Body

# Sun City Girls - X+Y= \*beep\* You (1994)

I come from the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ of the earth

in the language of after death and before birth.

The man with the \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ in his back pocket

came closer to \_\_\_\_\_ city \_\_\_\_\_ than the supposed \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ billion

inhabitants on Planet Earth circa \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_ when \_\_\_\_\_ Number \_\_\_\_\_ billion

\_\_\_\_\_ religion plural \_\_\_\_\_ died in an "EAT MY HOLACAUST"

when he put it all on red one \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_ night in

Vegas and it came up blacker than the \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ of \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_

earrings worn by the princess of Phnom Penh while

the court practiced \_\_\_\_\_ Verb - Present ends in ING \_\_\_\_\_ nationality \_\_\_\_\_ generals'

colonial skulls into canopic jars made from \_\_\_\_\_ Adjective \_\_\_\_\_

urns in Bombay by the \_\_\_\_\_ religion \_\_\_\_\_ diasporadics who

became porcelain emperors from the profits of home-grown

Earl Moghal tea which was made if you may wonder from

the tender \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ of famous comedians' \_\_\_\_\_ Noun - Plural \_\_\_\_\_ because the

Iroquois tribe didn't take to hell the notion that piracy was

at its peak in the early 20th Century off \_\_\_\_\_ Noun \_\_\_\_\_ Island,

sounding all too coincidentally similar to an old

Richard

Harris Noun, Verb - Present ends in ING on a 78 phono player

in the droop bend of the Red leather pantheon bar.

Since the year year will be the year of the future the

past isn't what it's going to be for all Sinhalese

Noun blowers hopped up on amyl nitrate Verb - Present ends in ING

the highway from hell to breakfast at the speed of

vomiting excrement or forever hold your peace trains

O.J. Love Boat Breakfast Chariots of mired in the mud

autobiographically speaking how the Noun has no dame

to call and say I drug you for the association if the

enhancement of mallard rubles, cube steak also has a vision

of Siamese disgusting liquide bouncing into limos from Salvation

Army Christmas bells autographed by Hans Muslim

Andersen. While the balloon full of money floats ever

closer to the outwretched palm trees dripping with

disgusting liquide floss between your thief and a card face....

The Jack of Plutonium to be precise is towards that

elusive garlic bulb necklace around Fela Lugosi's

Richard Speckled murder scarf up the feces split into

through

the capital of Lemuria is Antarctica City with  
a primate marsupial population of minus \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Number</sup> below  
Spiro Agnew of Copperopolis wheel of torture fame  
catapulted his thyroid blandly upon the ruler of the Wong  
Dynasty, but Monty Hall wasn't pleased with Pat hijacking  
that Vanna-American flight to the pituitary gland of Max's  
Convenience Market or to end-all obtusity radio marti-  
McGraw due to the lion of Zimbabwe being the only \_\_\_\_\_<sup>race</sup>  
\_\_\_\_\_<sup>nationality</sup> on the planet, skirt around the muletide,  
spruce up your glass colon, where a mere comma doesn't  
stop the \_\_\_\_\_<sup>Verb - Present ends in ING</sup>, for an appointment please squat in  
the street. Quit your grinnin' or drop your linen  
because the friends at channel eight are watching  
Westinghouse watch you are the church, I am the  
steeple open it up and see all the people fighting  
with margarine moustaches and machete-wielding Moors,  
who if victorious at the Battle of Tours would've set  
up a bowling alley in \_\_\_\_\_<sup>city</sup> where the freshly  
beheaded faces would knock down freshly pruned legs,  
cut

above the kneecaps, STRIKE. Three little figs are  
mine, I eat them all the time, to feel the things I  
shouldn't, and to flap the wings I couldn't. Do you  
understand rhythm as it's crawling along your spine?  
Can you drink Burmese-produced champagne as a dead-again  
Christian falls from the sky? It's rainin' Satan. Do  
you understand granite as you grab it with your right  
hand cuz you up tryin' to \_\_\_\_\_Verb - Base Form? If you were  
a hundred \_\_\_\_\_Noun - Plural all rolled into one would you cut  
your giant tail off or sweep through Wall Street? Crank  
your soul up about six notches where the sun becomes  
your \_\_\_\_\_Part of Body. Don't forget to leave me out of your  
memory, I've had enough of your thoughtless dung.  
Thunder of wit, tall, etcetera. I ran over my preacher  
in my Buick Elektra cuz God came down and he talked to me  
and opened the gates to set me free and I stain the  
land from sea to shining sea and there once was a man  
in a bucket, so God put a straw in to suck it, but  
there also was someone who kicked the bucket and lived  
to

tell God to go F\*\*K IT. If you can comprehend  
polyrhythmic murder to the tune of ignorance is bliss,  
you know there will never be a critic who will  
ever be qualified to critique this.