

Apache Rose Peacock, Red Hot Chili Peppers

Sittin' on a sack of beans
Sittin' down in New Orleans
You wouldn't believe what I've seen
Sitting on that sack of beans

Lunatics on pogo sticks
Another southern fried freak on a crucifix
Hicks don't mix with politics
People on the street just kickin' to the licks

Yes my favorite place to be
Is not a land called Honah Lee
Mentally or physically
I wanna be in New Orleans

Oh good brother just when I thought
That I had seen it all
My eyes popped out, my dick got hard
And I dropped my jaw

I saw a bird walkin' down the block
Name Apache Rose Peacock
I could not speak I was in shock
I told my knees to please not knock

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A little boy came along
Name of Louis Armstrong
Said that girl who left me silly
She liked the looks of me and my willy

So I found her in the quarter
Good God how I adored her
Oh she made me feel so cozy
When she told me I could call her Rosey

I kiss your hair your skin so bare
I'll take you with me girl anywhere
You fare well in stormy weather
I never met a girl that I like better

Twinkle twinkle little star
Shining down on my blue car
Drivin' down the boulevard
She was soft and I was hard

Apache Rose gotta rockin' peacock
Hottest ass on the goddamn block
Rockin' to the beat of the funky ass meters
She has one of those built in heaters

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Voodoo gurus casting their spells
Cockatoo drag queens shakin' their bells
Silver sound escapes the trumpet
Watch your leg someone might hump it

Chicken strut your butt let's rock
Gettin' it on under your frock
Flowing like a flame all through the night
My girl's insane but it's all right

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