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 funcky ass meters She has one of those built in heaters

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

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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