

Frank Black, Fitzgerald

It's sad to see your art hanging on the wall
So many pictures there, yours the best of all
I like the Indian, the one in ballpoint ink
In ancient Massachusettes long before you called
You traded him and many others for a drink

You fingers thick from hammers
Well, it really makes you think
And then my father would fill your glass so tall

When I was a kid I gophered in your crew
Always a kind word and you showed me what to do
And living hammered, well it's always hit or miss
But through your cigarette-stained beard, your love rang true

And though you are so loved it had to come to this
You got shut off because you always stink of piss
And now you drink someplace where no one bothers you

Oh, Fitzy
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