

Lambchop, Smuckers

Year: 1996

Well suckers and smuckers
Wake up you little fuckers
Weaving in and out of truckers
Trying to write a letter home
Yes i should have stood in bed
With loretta lynn in my head
That's me i'm smelling like a rose
Waking up in filthy clothes

And where have they gone
That's where i'll be
I'll hang around
Come play with me

I developed a rash
I've kept my cash
We're keeping all of this
In mind
Bending on the burlap knee
The kindness that would keep
Would you consider the creeps
You come in contact with

And where have they gone
That's where i'll be
I'll hang around
Come play with me

Where's that little scotty
He's over by the portapotty
Yes he's watching the girl with the frogs
Open a bottle with her teeth
I saw uncle tom's momma
Wearin' my old pajamas
Woven in our little drama
Punctuated by a point and not a comma

And where have they gone
That's where i'll be
I'll hang around
Come play with me