

Munly & The Lee Lewis Harlots, Big Black Bull Comes Like A Caesar

This is what it sounds like when my brother calls me:
(wordless female vocals)

My parents, they up and passed when I was none then three.
I forced myself onto my brother, I made him watch me swell.
And when we'd sit 'round the kitchen table,
He would whip out his brand new blade.
He'd scratch out words in the wood of the table.
I never could tell what they say,
But I could tell they were dirty. Dirty, dirty.
Lord they were dirty. Dirty. Dirty, dirty.
Lord they were.
I brought them words on down to the elementary,
I pull them boys behind the elementary wall,
And I spoke them words hard--yes, I did.

When my brother was a child he was given an animal.
He raised it up to be a big black bull;
It never did low or pitch or sway.
It never ride on the back of a flatbed.
It looked like one of them Great Caesars,
And when we go to the McCintyres'.
The McCintyres gots a pen with a she-cow.
And when that she-cow saw his chariot arrivin',
She gave the bull her big soft cowy eyes,
And then she started talkin' to him.
And she was talkin' dirty. Dirty, dirty.
Lord she was dirty. Dirty. Dirty, dirty.
Lord she was.

Then the big back bull he fell down hard off the flatbed,
He forced himself inside the pen with the she-cow.
he stood up tall on two legs,
Like a man does,
He swoll himself up hard.
Me myself, I stood up tall on the flatbed.
You see, I pitched when I saw them sway.
And when that bull he came back down to four legs,
My brother forced himself on me in the flatbed.
He handed me his brand new blade, he said,
"Scratch out the word on the wood of the flatbed."
And I did...

When I, when I was none, I fell out my mama,
I was her breach-born son, I come backwards.
And when the calf come, it come, like I come,
It come backwards.
And my brother, he called the calf my name.
And its mother, she called the calf my name.
My brother, he called the calf my name.
And its mother, she called the calf my name.