

Shlash's Snakepit, Ain't Life Grand

The end of the summer, down in New Orleans
Should've called, got caught up in the scene
Ain't nothin' wrong, ain't a damn thing right
Gonna be comin' home but baby, not tonight
The reason I'm stayin' is everything's swayin'
It feels too good to leave
Pay all the bullshit, send me the receipts
I don't know where I'll be
The bayou's callin', the gypsy's out tonight
French Quarter lamps are burnin'
Lamps are burning bright
Now I'm the kind of man
That will throw caution to the wind, all night long
I'll be here 'til the end
The caravan awaits me in a place within my mind
Wish you could be here, oh another time
Who, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the pushin', and huggin', and pushin', and tuggin'
And who, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the pissin' and moanin', and jerkin' me off
I said who, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
Oh, ain't life grand
Ohh who, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the drinkin', and takin', and fakin' it all
I said, who, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
All the touchin', and feelin', and bumpin', and squealin'
Now who, hoo, oh yeah, ain't life grand
All the kickin', and screamin', all the lyin', and cheatin'
Now, who, hoo, yeah, yeah, ain't life grand
Ain't life grand, ain't life grand
Ain't it grand baby?
Ain't life grand baby
Ain't life grand mama
Sweet daddy grand
Mama grand, brother grand, woman grand
Papa grand, granny grand
Baby grand
Oh I need a damn gram