

# Sloppy Seconds, Blackmail

Well, your father's in Bermuda  
And the milkman's overjoyed  
Your maid is into bondage  
And I've got Polaroids

And I was on the corner  
When you wrecked your mother's Porsche  
But why should I inform her  
About your poor misfortune?

'Cause everyone has secrets  
But sometimes you get caught  
So if it's just between us  
My silence can be bought  
Blackmail . . . blackmail

I was looking through your closet  
When I found your water bong  
Your stash of Turkish hash  
And a twelve-inch rubber dong

And I won't tell your family  
About your last abortion  
So you can call it "bribery";  
But I prefer "extortion";

Well, my counselor is a dealer  
And the football coach is queer  
The school nurse and the dean of boys  
Are having an affair

And someone shot the rent-a-cop  
And I'm the only witness  
But I won't tell you who it was  
'Cause it's none of your business