

Vic Chesnutt, Duty Free

no chocolate in the duty free shop
two drops of scotch
gonna end up on his crotch, tonight
all alone, sitting on the throne
some native tounge on the TV
blaring like an old Peavey

he don't aim to be rude
he's fighting with his inner prude
some pommes frites and you know
it's gonna drip on to his lap
yes, see the man slapping it off

travellin' will do him in
trudging through the waves of people
'till his heart is cluttered and feeble

if you take him out of this loop
he may be very easily duped
still he beats the stampede for the duty free
he's using up all that old currency
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