

Albert Collins, Trash Talkin'

Went down to Albert's Alley
Pick up on me a Collins mix
Went to the bar an' ordered me a drink
Tried to relax myself

Looked around and saw two soul sisters
They were sippin' sodas
And the other look caught their companions
On the dance floor
They were doin' the Collin's shuffle

Pretty soon a cute little number
Came and asked me to do the stomp polka
I told her I couldn't do the stomp polka
I could show her how to do the Sissy

We were on the dance floor
And I was doin' my thing
After a while out of nowhere
Up walks her boyfriend
While she's standin' there doin' the shivers and shake

He gave me a look that was very icy blue
And believe me, he made me thaw out!
I said to myself, "Albert, don't lose your cool"

By that time I'd gotten hungry
'Cause I smelled someone cookin' catfish
Oughta be something along, with some greens
Told him definitely, I didn't want no leftovers!

The cook took so long about fixin' my grub
I had to go see what was takin' him so long
He was back there jivin'
I had to tell him to get it together

He asked me, "Can't you wait?"
Made me mad, I said, "No man, I ain't got time,
I've got to keep on pushin',
I got to make it down the soul road,
Got to go, do some turnin' on"

Don't want person, give me no dyin' food
So I'm leavin' town, goin' home
I've got homesick anyway
I'm leavin' this place before I freeze
Goin' home to defrost
Ain't gonna have me lookin' like a snow cone

I don't know, he's gettin' rough!