

Arrogant Worms, The, Big Fat Road Manager

Arrogant Worms, The
Russell's Shorts
Big Fat Road Manager
Every rock band has this guy
Not many people really know why
He's got a cell phone and a backstage pass
He's got a big gut and a big fat ass

He's the big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager

He plugs in guitars and microphone jacks (big, fat road manager)
He makes sure the system won't feedback (big, fat road manager)
He yells "check one" 'til his face turns blue (big, fat road manager)
Don't you wish he could count to two

He's the big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager

The contract says there's beer for free (big, fat road manager)
A bottle for you and a case for me (big, fat road manager)
I'll make sure you've a place to stay (big, fat road manager)
Then i'll eat your deli tray

He's the big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager

You may wonder why the road manager's so wide
He's the one who blocks the door when the tax collector comes by

The tour hits the road he spends his day (big, fat road manager)
At an all-you-can-eat buffet (big, fat road manager)
But if he can come to terms (big, fat road manager)
He will manage the arrogant worms

As our big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager

He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
He's fat! (big, fat road manager)
Big, fat road manager

Big, fat road manager
Big, fat road manager
Is this thing on?