

Bob Schneider, Thousand Pound Crown

She's nice and naughty and she gets around
And the maggots and the moths never slow her down
And her toothless grin never comes unwound
And she's swimming through the ashes
In her thousand pound crown

Oh there was Danny back in 82
He beat her black and he beat her blue
He'd do the things she knew he'd do
But he got himself a little poison stew

She's hardly crazy and she gets around
And the ghosts from the grave never bring her down
And her big yellow heart never makes a sound
And she's swimming through the night
In her thousand pound crown

There was Bart Govino that drunken prick
He loved young boys and he made her sick
He drank just like a lunatic
And a little bullet seemed to do the trick

There's a thousand pink diamonds laying all around
And the voices in her head are sweet chocolatey brown
And she's a broken little bird who can't get off the ground
As she swims through the streets
In her thousand pound crown