## 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