

# Chesnutt Vic, Prick

(Vic Chesnutt)

I was shaking with laughther  
scared the bratty children  
did I destroy the ambience  
I'm sure for that hoity-toity patron  
it wasn't pretty when I looked into the face  
oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos  
what's the, what's the, who's the prick  
we was hidden in the potted plants  
I know and we was no obnoxious  
but I could see, there in the sun room  
the growing storm of disapproval  
it wasn't pretty when I looked into the face  
oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos  
what's the, what's the, who's the prick  
I ain't supposed to laugh  
can't let your children see that  
I ain't supposed to wonder  
what's the, who's the prick  
what's the, who's the prick  
what's the, who's the prick  
what's the, what's the, who's the prick