

Clutch, Black Umbrella

Money Mike, Pistol Pete
both went running down the street.
Police and snitches, lover's lane.
Hot summer. Hot rain.
Hit the bricks.
The girl got her tricks.
She's the Mississippi terror,
and there's none the fairer.

O.T.B. was jammed.
Paper changing hands.
Nothing left but smoke and cellar
And a Woman with a black umbrella.

Little Lewis lost his shit.
10 to 1, couldn't collect.
Fish Head Phil, Itchy Ike
say they never got home that night.
Shake the breaker.
That girl ain't no money maker.
She's come to cook all the books,
and flaunt her good looks.

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