

Clutch, Spleen Merchant

When I die you can cut me up and take all that you please,
But pity the poor dumb fool who gets my bleeding spleen.
Corn pone, I born tomorrow, my bone marrow protein filled
Scotch whiskey Men of Tain have come to split your skills.

Hey, hey

I got your heaven, I got your burning hell, I got it all right here.

Wrap them tight in zip-lock bags to benefit good medicines.
If bad, you can toss them back and stuff them in sausages.
Isn't it something so becoming, a gentlemen of good taste.
The appetizer's quite the pleaser, but might you pass the pepper please this way.

Hey, hey

I got your heaven, I got your burning hell, I got it all right here.

Fertilizer makes your corn row higher, but makes your back yard stink.
And all the crows know where the wind blows, where water sinks.

Hey, hey

I got your heaven, I got your burning hell, I got it all right here.