

Lard, Ballad of Marshall Ledbetter

Six, six, six, Dunkin' Donuts
A twenty inch veggie pizza from Gumby's
Extra jalapenos on the side
And a case of Asahi Dry
I wish to speak with Timothy Leary
Lemmy, jello, and Ice Cube Too
Cartoon of Lucky's with filters
And bring a CNN news crew
Tallahassee, Florida
Four AM, June 14, '91
Capitol Building's occupied
Broke the glass, walked right inside
Wouldn't be advisable to enter
You don't know the number of hostiles
Of it anyone's got guns
Or is there's hostages
I just want to speak my mind
More for you than just one sound bite
This whole world is disturbing me
I wanna cut a rap record each month
And mail my little pinkie to George Bush
Agh, agh
Where are my friends
Where are you
Where are you
I can't believe it's come to this
Sharpshooters on surrounding roofs
Traffic blocked off by SWAT troops
Evacuate the people inside
Pretend we're CNN, say Leary's dead
I just want to speak my mind
More for you than just one sound bite
Twelve forty five, he emerged unharmed
J.D. in one hand, in the other, cigars
Hendrix t-shirt and his underwear on
Guess what, he never had no gun
I only broadcast my freakout to the world
I was a prisoner for twenty two years
When I broke through that door, I was free
Not to mention pretty damn lucky
(Nowadays, boy, you'd just get shot)