

Live, Rattlesnake

let's go hang out in a mall, or a morgue,
a smorgasboard
let's go hang out in a church
we'll go find lurch
then we'll haul ass down through the abbey

is it money, is it fame
what's in a name, shame?
is it money, is it fame
or were they always this lame?

it's a crazy, crazy mixed up town
but it's the rattlesnake i fear
in another place, in another time
i'd be drivin' trucks my dear
i'd be skinnin' hunted deer
deer

let's go hang out in a bar
it's not too far
we'll take my car
we'll lay flowers at the grave of jesco white
the sinner's saint
the rack is full and so are we
of laughing gas and ennui