

Mike Doughty, Tremendous Brunettes

All them tremendous brunettes around

Slow down, don't fuck with my high
I want to be left alone here with my monsters and
Say, now it's time to ride
To see lovely girls and to not put the moves on them

Praise now the baby genius
She skips in the shade of the lonely sour apple tree
While she snaps on her gum
Her gleaming teeth bared and the shine that she shows to me

All of your ill-gotten gains
That you have whipped up to a rich, foamy lather, girl
Nameless gnaw of my pains
Like three hundred trumpets, and just one is out of tune