

Mustard Plug, Real Rat Bastard

You told me I'm a real rat bastard
I'm telling you I can't deny it's true
But step inside this real rat bastard
You be me and I'll be, I'll be you
Since you left me I've been lower than a basement
Since you left me I have lost my only friend
I spit upon the womb that made me
I'll curse the world until the bitter end

I'm proud to be a real rat bastard
I'm proud to wear my scar upon my sleeve
I'll probably be a real rat bastard
Until the day that death is my reprieve
So love me as I wallow downward
Smile upon me as I stroll the avenue
Walk beside me as I sing my praises
Maybe someday you will be a bastard too...

We're both the same except for you've got class and style
To get you back I'd walk at least a half a mile
We're both the same except for poise and charm and grace
I'd slap the pope just for the chance to see your face