

# 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