

Rasputina, The Mayor

Oh, it's scrambled eggs what he says.
He accuses me of treachery.
Got the nine lies, got the wide eyes,
Got a failing grade in Chemistry.
If you count back to the balcony
When all we saw was the mystery.
Of a blonde haired boy brought his mother joy,
With his pedigree and family tree.

Oh, lay it all out on a wicker couch,
That you wove in a loony bin.
Cut it out, it's a second round bout.
Not the way of a gentleman.
Give it up, get a job,
Take a pill and leave me be.
He's got a synapse lapse he don't think he has,
But it's been proven empirically.

If they take something precious from me,
I'm gonna take something precious from them.
Oh now he's losing his constituency.
We thought, "Oh, this could never happen again."
If I take something precious from him,
He try to take something precious from me.
There's a battle in his head that he cannot win.
There's a man he could never be.
Oh no. Way to go.
He's the mayor.

Oh, I'm quite tired of this lunatic.
Why must we suffer because the mayor is sick?
He say: "All abandon from this sinking ship";
Then he's off on another trip.
He don't care about environment.
He has made this a shitty place.
My interest rate shrinks at a rapid pace
Compounded daily on my worried face.

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