

Rodney Crowell, Fate's Right Hand

Cool as a rule you don't learn in no school
You can't brown nose the teacher from a dunce hat stool
It's the hum and the rhythm of the birds and the bees
The momma's and the poppa's and the monkeys in the trees
It's the brothers and the sisters living life on the street
Play a hunch pull the punch and you'll likely get beat
By the junk food tattooed white dude true blued
Honky with an attitude coming unglued

Fate's right hand.....I don't understand at all

Billy loves women like a junky loves dope
Give him just enough rope and the monkey gon choke
She's a Bill Blass combo maxed out mombo
D.K.N.Y. caught him in a lie
Ken Starr word man were talking absurd
Spending forty million dollars just to give a man the bird
He's a king she's a queen so the rap won't stick
Get it on with a rubber and you won't get sick

Fate's right hand.....I don't understand at all

Redrum dot com dim sum smart bombs
Double cappuccino and a heart like a tom tom
Ozone long gone that's it I quit
Natural inclination says enough of this
brat pack black jack heart attack crack
We need another news channel like a hole in the back
There's a 187 on the 405
And we all go to heaven on a hard disk drive

Fate's right hand.....I don't under stand at all

Hard rain fish seine hurricane Jane
Don't forget about Carla when you're talkin' about poon tang
Slow song on the bone rec hall dance
Double date Debbie with a pole in my pants
First comes love like it always did
Or we wouldn't be talkin' bout The Houston kid
Po-dunk piss-chunk old dead skunk drunk
Trot/line Freddy's got his dogs in the trunk
Fate's right hand...I don't under stand at all
Fate's right hand...man I don't under stand at all