

Soul Coughing, Murder Of Lawyers

(Note: These are not the lyrics of the recorded version, but of an earlier version the band once performed)

A murder of lawyers in overcoats.

A murder of lawyers in overcoats.

A murder of lawyers in overcoats, shoulders up, heads slung low, looking like a swarm of M's swarms

And the gat that fattens your jacket pocket

Plugs slugs in vain

Through the body of the immaterial witness.

And that which is Ugly and feeds on The Law comes into the conference room singing federal jargon

Written in her own shit with a ground down fork.

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