

# Ten Foot Pole, Last Call For Russell's Balls

Russell's new uptight trust-fund princess reigns  
Stares down her coke-burned nose and sets new rules  
Forbids his listening to punk rock music  
Tried to burn his copy of The People's History

His face is blank, bloodless, inexpressive,  
All passion drained by the unhallowed leech

Last Call for Russell's Balls  
The Demon must be fed  
Last Call for Russell's Balls  
They're hanging by a thread

Russell says it's true love more like sick games  
A bitter brawl at midnight in the street  
Some cars have stopped to watch the loud commotion  
Laughing at the wicked witch of West Hollywood

Strings held tight a dancing marionette doll  
A painted smile on a wooden face

Last Call...

A phone call woke up Russ in the middle of the night  
As she reached down his trousers with sharp scissors  
and a light  
Caught the blades before the amputation was complete  
It seems the rearview mirror's where she would've  
hung the meat

Born-again with pride, Russ hands her the broomstick  
Says it's time for her to fly away forever...

Last Call saved Russell's balls  
The Demon's face turned red  
Smoke shot out her ears  
When he kicked her of bed

He saved himself this time  
From the evil bride-to-be  
So clearly serpentine  
Now she's just a memory