Vic Chesnutt, Prick

I was shaking with laugther scared the bratty children did I destroy the ambience I'm sure for that hoity-toity patron

it wasn't pretty when I looked into the face oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos what's the, what's the, who's the prick

we was hidden in the potted plants I know and we was no obnoxious but I could see, there in the sun room the growing storm of disapproval

it wasn't pretty when I looked into the face oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos what's the, what's the, who's the prick

I ain't supposed to laugh can't let your children see that I ain't supposed to wonder what's the, who's the prick what's the, who's the prick what's the, who's the prick what's the, what's the, who's the prick