

Vic Chesnutt, Prick

I was shaking with laughther
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