

Warren Zevon, Rub Me Raw

(Warren Zevon & Jorge Calderon)

I know these blues are gonna rub me raw
Every single cure seems to be against the law

Went and told my psychic
I said "Keep it to yourself.
I don't wanna hear it and don't be telling no one else."

Word's out on the street
Whispers in the night
They come out of the woodwork, wanna see what it's like

Pickle-ickle-ickle
Gonna run that voodoo down
How the crowd gets fickle when your face is to
the ground!

Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw
Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw

Now I'm shaking all over
I'm a shattering mass
But I'm gonna sit up straight
I'm going to take it with class

Old man used to tell me
"Son, never look back,
Move on to the next case.
Fold your clothes and pack."

To the green horned chicken hoppers I say
"Get yourself a trade,
Or go hack to the chat room and fade in the shade"

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I was walking pretty well then I fell into a hole
I should climb out quick, but I hate doing what I'm told

Got a wang-dang-doodle wrapped in bog snake hide
This goat head gumbo is keeping me alive

I don't want your pity or your fifty-dollar words
I don't share your need to discuss the absurd

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