

# 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  
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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 back 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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