

Thousand Pound Crown

Bob Schneider

She's nice and naughty and gets around
The maggots and the moths never slow her down
And her toothless grin never comes unwound
Swim through the ashes in her thousand pound crown

Oh, there was Danny back in '82
Beat her black and he beat her blue
He'd do the things she knew he'd do
And old Danny got himself a little poison stew

She's hardly crazy and gets around
The ghosts from the grave never slow her down
Her big yellow heart never makes a sound
Swimming through the night in her thousand pound crown

There was Bart Govino, that drunken prick
He loved young boys and he made her sick
And he drank just like a lunatic
But little bullet seemed to do the trick

The thousand pink diamonds laying all around
And the voices in her head are sweet chocolatey brown
And she's a little broken bird who can't get off the ground
Swims through the streets in her thousand pound crown

In her thousand pound crown
In her thousand pound crown