

Naughty Fatalist

Vic Chesnutt

Rave and rant in yer old Foster Grants
I can see my billowy reflection
You're a giant
You're a giant

A little late night caching
A tender moving soul shake
With all light diffused
You'll wake up butch and bruised
Butch and bruised

Straight lines
As the stork flies
Ooh straight lines
As the stork flies
As the stork flies

Naughty, naughty fatalist
Naughty, naughty
Naughty, naughty fatalist
Naughty fatalist, naughty fatalist

An elderly woman on a fashionable couch
Cane on the carpet tapping as she expounds
Tapping, tap tapping

A little late night caching
A tender moving soul shake
With all light diffused
You'll wake up butch and bruised
Butch and bruised
Butch and bruised