

## Canal Street

Anti Tank Nun

The day didn't stark to nice or good  
No better than the night before  
The moon was in a nasty mood  
The sun had a mug of a dead whore  
Now, shall we see what the cat brought  
Another rat for me to bite  
What kind of slime do I not got  
To help me kill my time tonight?

Canal street  
I gotta quit

I go to bed sober and clean  
Hands on the sheets just like a baby  
But I get up like Charlie Sheen  
Hung over, dry and empty-handed  
Sociology at canal street  
College of life - that was my schooling  
But it's too much, can't take the heat  
Like a mad dog I see it drooling

Canal street  
I gotta quit

I feel the same down in my gut  
I must have come from another world  
In this man's mouth always a butt  
Even when puke inside in whirled  
Each time we meet they start to bark  
Their diamond throats get all ecstatic  
Our school of thought at Wilson Park  
Vulgar in words - it's so schematic

Canal street  
I gotta quit