

# Napolean's Palace

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We're all going down  
To Napoleon's palace  
Eyeballing God from the second floor  
We get a little higher  
We'll all come together  
And wonder what the hell  
We all came here for

We'll put a tap on the clabbergrinder nightly  
Squeeze out all the turbulent disease  
Roll up on tomorrow ever so slightly  
Roll the fucker up and sell it to the Japanese

Talk about it over dinner on the boardwalk  
Underneath the branches of the trouble tree  
Chugglelug sweet brandy from a cornkeg  
Unbuckle all our anxieties

We'll ride the donkey down into our dethronement  
Slip a diaper on the president of Rome  
Disqualify vivaldi in a spasm  
Kick Kentucky in the ass until we're home

Sink inside a Chinese flounder like an earthworm  
Burn our wallets at the stake and make a snack  
Troubleshoot our babyteeth above a biscuit  
Substitute our tutti frutti for a pound of babyback