

The Rascal

Erin McKeown

Oh my rascal, you'll never stick
Get too close i'll cut you quick
There ain't no wires hold me back
There ain't no switches on this track
Sail right through your briar patch

Oh my mama, get off of that porch
Gin that cotton and shoe that horse
Bake that bread before i rise
There ain't no melon good as mine
Out in the fields it's picking time

Kitchen's getting hot
Don't you preach what you are not
Just who is your god
To leave you so damn flawed?

Sugar tit sugar tit, you better think twice
What looks like cake don't taste so nice
Pour that syrup good and thick
Spread that jam across your lips
My sweet wears out, you best to git

Dry drunk, dry drunk, here is a sip
Ask yourself, was it worth it?
Burn your feet upon my fire
Waste your whiskey on the choir
I never knew a bigger liar!

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