

Bastard

Jeff Black

fair thee well old joe clark(
we're going to miss you(
I heard you left last night
on the danville train(
all they ever did around here was use you
(hell I can't exclude myself
(I'm just as much to blame((

bastard child is running wild(
ain't got no name ((

say goodbye to that nashville girl
she's an angel now
(nobody could have saved her
(nobody even tried
(we just let them drag her out
to sugartown
(face down in all that candy
is where she died

((bastard child is running wild(
we ought to be ashamed((

the pan american is flying tonight
(throw out your line and baby hold on tight
(all I really know is that(
I've got to get paid(
I've got to get paid((

kiss my ass you corporate whores
(twist and shout(
press my shirt and shine my shoes(
I've got a lot of fields to plow(
baby work it on out(
when you ain't got nothing(
there's nothing to lose((

bastard child is running wild(
never be the same