

Poor Bastard

Lambchop

It's a new form of slavery
Some gas from the past
Partly built on the right
Partly built out of glass

While the crystals deflate
I begin to address
A little run in your stocking
A little hair on your dress

Well the party isn't over
Till the fat one comes home
You know you ate up all the sausages
Gave the old dog a bone

It's part of your anatomy
It's part of your mind
I would prefer mine I suppose
To do this time

It's the dark side of perfection
Prelude to success
Curious brand new direction
From associated risks
Could be the stigma of rejection
Or the embarrassment of desire
It got clumsy with the ladle
Spilt the soup on the fire

Surrounded by cushions
Black lacquer and chrome
As your friends and relations
Inspect your brand new home

In a moment or two
They're gonna leave you alone
No more days in the oven
No more nights on the phone

It was good news and bad news
For the unemployed son
Of a bitch or a bridesmaid
A beggar or a bum
We can blow them to Mars
Or at least kingdom come
There's a lot of houses for rent
Back where I come from

Never, never should have let that knucklehead
Back on the street
Gets the funniest looks from
Everyone they meet

Watch real close
'Cause you're in for a treat
You're gonna get the next meal free
If you don't get a receipt

It was good news and bad news
For the unemployed son
Of a bitch or a bridesmaid
A beggar or a bum
We can blow them to Mars
Or at least kingdom come
No, there's lots of nice little apartments
For rent where I come from
There's lots of nice little apartments
For rent where I come from