

Well suckers and smuckers  
Wake up you little fuckers  
Weaving in and out of truckers  
Trying to write a letter home  
Yes I should have stood in bed  
With Loretta Lynn in my head  
That's me I'm smelling like a rose  
Waking up in filthy clothes

And where have they gone  
That's where I'll be  
I'll hang around  
Come play with me  
I developed a rash  
I've kept my cash  
We're keeping all of this  
In mind  
Bending on the burlap knee  
The kindness that would keep  
Would you consider the creeps  
You come in contact with

Where's that little Scotty  
He's over by the portapotty  
Yes he's watching the girl with the frogs  
Open a bottle with her teeth  
I saw uncle tom's momma  
Wearin' my old pajamas  
Woven in our little drama  
Punctuated by a point and not a comma