

Meanest Man

Wilco

If the folks next door to me weren't so good
I'd do all the mean things anybody could
I'd drink and I'd gamble and I'd louse around
I'd be the meanest man in this whole town

If I hadn't seen the light in that old lady's eyes
I'd try to be a man you would hate and despise
I'd rave and I'd rant and I'd scream and yell
And I'd chase my neighbors from here to hell

If I hadn't heard those kids laugh playing games
I'd have nervous fits, I'd go insane
I'd turpentine cats and tin can dogs
I'd smother people to death inside of hollow logs

If the people around me wasn't so nice
I'd freeze my heart into a cake of ice
Steal money from soldiers and working folks too
I'd lend you a dollar and take back two

If my wife didn't kiss me the way she does
I'd carry four or five daggers and three or four guns
I'd shoot craps and ramble and hang out late
I'd steal baby buggies and Cadillac Eights

If my friends didn't write me those letters I get
I'd be a dictator, the worse one yet
I'd be the only smart bird, you'd all be fools
Send you all away to war and I'd stay home and rule

If it wasn't for them songs I hear you all sing
I'd put a crown on my dome and I'd say I'm your king
I'd kidnap some and blackmail others
I'd peddle black market stuff and rob sisters and brothers

If it weren't for your talking I hear on the street
I'd be the orneriest man that you ever did meet
I'd preach the gospel of hate and I'd drink your blood
But I can't be this bad because my folks are too good
No I can't be this bad because my folks are too good