

Vic Chesnutt

"Onion Soup"

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Thin and unshaved, drunk and mysterious
Oh, I must say lifestyle is curious

With a little touch of the sniffles
And filthy socks
Gnawed, crumbled fingernails
Never doing tomahawk chops

A flaky head dandruff is distinguish
Ed lacquer is red vain is the varnish

What is at the root of this
She'll say, whatcha got
What participle do you possess
She'll say, which I have not

One blustery day we rode out
To the Meadowlands
We saw and were amazed
Then hauled it back into town again

Mississippi is a mess sometimes
And not only when it rains
How come you went back to that malaria island
'Cause our friendship is strained

Those were the days
When you were so cosmopolitan
These are the days
My letters they're so maudlin

I wrote you an eloquent postcard once
About this most exquisite onion soup
But of course I never mailed though
'Cause it was your turn in the loop, loop

Those were the days
When you were so cosmopolitan
These are the days
My letters they're increasingly maudlin

