

## Vic Chesnutt "Prick"

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I was shaking with laughter  
Scared the bratty children  
Did I destroy the ambiance  
I'm sure for that hoity toity patron

It wasn't pretty when I looked into the face  
Oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos  
What's the, what's the, who's the prick

We was hidden in the potted plants  
I know and we was no obnoxious  
But I could see, there in the sun room  
The growing storm of disapproval

It wasn't pretty when I looked into the face  
Oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos  
What's the, what's the, who's the prick

I ain't supposed to laugh  
Can't let your kids see that  
I ain't supposed to wonder  
What's the, who's the prick  
What's the, who's the prick  
What's the, who's the prick  
What's the, what's the, who's the prick

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