

## Warren Zanes

### "Rub Me Raw"

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I know these blues are gonna rub me raw  
Every single cure seems to be against the law

Went and told my psychic  
I said "Keep it to yourself.  
I don't wanna hear it and don't be telling no one else."

Word's out on the street  
Whispers in the night  
They come out of the woodwork, wanna see what it's  
like.

Pickle-ickle-ickle  
Gonna run that voodoo down

How the crowd gets fickle when your face is to the  
ground.

Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw  
Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw

Now I'm shaking all over  
I'm a shuddery mess

But I'm gonna sit up straight  
I'm going to take it with class

Old man used to tell me  
"Son, never look back,  
Move on to the next case.  
Fold your clothes and pack."

To the green horned chicken hoppers I say  
"Get yourself a trade,  
Or go back to the chat room and fade into the shade"

Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw

Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw

I know these blues are gonna rub me raw

Every single cure seems to be against the law

I was walking pretty well then I fell into a hole

I should climb out quick, but I hate doing what I'm told

Got a wang-dang-doodle wrapped in bog snake hide  
This goat head gumbo is keeping me alive

I don't want your pity or your fifty-dollar words

I don't share your need to discuss the absurd

Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw  
Oh no these blues are gonna rub me raw

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