

Wolfgang Press**"Sucker"**

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I'm not singing about April showers

I'm not singing about the rain

They're going to stick my name in the papers

I send them all away

I want to sing about ball and chains

And ride the mystery train

I wrote the horror of John Paul Getty

Sold that man for free

You sucker

You're going to limp down to that scene

Face this, sucker

You're going to trip and miss that seat

You sucker aren't safe sucker

I'm going to set my place in the mountains

I'm going to wear it out of phase

I want to sing about the kinds of people

That others want erased

Some of us think and some of us pray

Not you, sucker

You just seat and reap

You sucker

You're going to trip and miss that seat

Sucker, sucker

You, you want to seek

You're going to trip and miss that seat

We, we're going to fish

We're going to make you eat that meat

She's going to suffer

Mensch is going to suffer

We all are going to suffer

The people here are going to suffer

The whole damn place will suffer

Whilst you just reap that fuck up

Break, break, break, break, sucker

You suffer sucker, sucker, sucker

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