

## **Alathea**

### **"Trash Talkin'"**

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Went down to Albert's Alley  
Pick up on me a Collins mix  
Went to the bar an' ordered me a drink  
Tried to relax myself

Looked around and saw two soul sisters  
They were sippin' sodas  
And the other look caught their companions  
On the dance floor  
They were doin' the Collin's shuffle

Pretty soon a cute little number  
Came and asked me to do the stomp polka  
I told her I couldn't do the stomp polka  
I could show her how to do the Sissy

We were on the dance floor  
And I was doin' my thing  
After a while out of nowhere  
Up walks her boyfriend  
While she's standin' there doin' the shivers and shake

He gave me a look that was very icy blue  
And believe me, he made me thaw out!  
I said to myself, "Albert, don't lose your cool"

By that time I'd gotten hungry  
'Cause I smelled someone cookin' catfish  
Oughta be something along, with some greens  
Told him definitely, I didn't want no leftovers!

The cook took so long about fixin' my grub  
I had to go see what was takin' him so long  
He was back there jivin'  
I had to tell him to get it together

He asked me, "Can't you wait?"  
Made me mad, I said, "No man, I ain't got time,  
I've got to keep on pushin',  
I got to make it down the soul road,  
Got to go, do some turnin' on"

Don't want person, give me no dyin' food  
So I'm leavin' town, goin' home  
I've got homesick anyway  
I'm leavin' this place before I freeze  
Goin' home to defrost  
Ain't gonna have me lookin' like a snow cone

I don't know, he's gettin' rough!

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