

Banjo & Sullivan

"Dick Soup"

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Dick Soup

Liquored up in Jackson after the show
Bucket full of wild oats I had to sew
The Motor City knew just where I should go
Hundreds of women for old Adam Banjo
Thousand pickup trucks in a gravel parking lot
Looked at my roadie and said "ready or not!"
Splashed on Hai-Karate, ready to run my race
Took a look around, there wasn't a woman in the place

Dick soup
Ball city
Ain't it a pity
To be true?
Dick soup

Milwaukee was the next town I hopped up on stage
Thought I might get lucky, me and Roy was all the rage
Looked out on the crowd, much to my surprise
Place was plum sold out with nothin' but guys

Dick soup
Cock salad
Can't sing a ballad
Don't give a hoot
Dick soup

Played in San Fransisco for some free love
Met a big ol' hippie chick from heaven above
Looked back at the band, they were starin' at her feet
Roy said "Adam, son, don't drop your keys!"

Well, the Nashville station KPSY threw us a party and we
still don't know why
Valet and champagne, fried chicken and cocaine
No hookers in the end, just a hot tub full of men

Dick soup
Brown-eye blue
It's up to you

Better get loot
Dick soup

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