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Chesney, Kenny ''Prick''

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(Vic Chesnutt) I was shaking with laugther Scared the bratty children Did I destroy the ambience 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 children 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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