

Chesney, Kenny**"Prick"**

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(Vic Chesnutt)

I was shaking with laughter
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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