

Clutch "Black Umbrella"

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In Sauget, Illinois there is a club called Pop's. It's on a lawless piece of land with 24 hour strip bars and an O.T.B. I once went into the O.T.B. facility and saw the strangest collection of people one could imagine. It was Mos Eisley spaceport. A woman dressed like she had come straight from a jazz funeral walked in and no one seemed to notice her but myself. I guess anomaly is typical in Sauget. Eric plays on this track as well."

Money Mike, Pistol Pete
both went running down the street.
Police and snitches, lover's lane.
Hot summer. Hot rain.
Hit the bricks.
The girl got her tricks.
She's the Mississippi terror,
and there's none the fairer.

O.T.B. was jammed.
Paper changing hands.
Nothing left but smoke and cellar
And a Woman with a black umbrella.
Little Lewis lost his shit.
10 to 1, couldn't collect.
Fish Head Phil, Itchy Ike
say they never got home that night.
Shake the breaker.
That girl ain't no money maker.
She's come to cook all the books,
and flaunt her good looks.

O.T.B. was jammed.
Paper changing hands.
Nothing left but smoke and cellar
And a Woman with a black umbrella.

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