

Gov't Mule

"Greasy Granny's Gopher Gravy Pt. 1"

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Back in El Sobrante where the sun don't shine.
Near the Iron River past the old church line
Lives a hot gal, smells of stale wine
We call her greasy granny
She's a hopped up, bopped up, nor-cal witch
She's a slap down, cranked up two ball bitch
She's stone wash denim if she's wearing a stitch
We love our greasy granny

Get your gopher gravy from greasy granny
Separate your mind from your body

Granny's house is hotter than an old Moose Club
She's cooking up the gravy in a claw foot tub
Waiting in the kitchen you can get a back rub from old
greasy granny
Greasy granny's gravy, it'll make you sing
It'll shrivel up your pecker, make your nostrils sting
Rot out your teeth and make your left ear ring
We love our greasy granny

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