

Johnny Hates Jazz "Crackhouse Song"

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Well, you know how it is.
There's always too much beer to fit into the fridge,
But you never to seem to have enough to eat,
And the food stamps, they get cut in the next week.
Well you know that I hate a lot of things,
But I also hate a lot of other things.

Oh yeah.

Well I've been feeling cold since september.
Ain't that just the winter?
Ain't that just the weather?
I'm picking up the habit to keep me warm.
'Cause you call this a season, I call it a snowstorm.
And I know that everyone's waiting on drugs,
And I'm just waitin' on you waitin' on drugs.

Oh yeah.

I put cream into his coffee, and he looks at me so
seriously.
He said if anyone should ask, you say the coffee's
black.
And so I think about how I hate a lot of things,
But I also hate a lot of other things.

Oh yeah.

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