

Cursive "Donkeys"

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Don't lie
Where have you been?
Your teeth are red
Your eyes are peppermints
Sailing out to sea with your new best friend
You don't like the way you live
So's you play pretend

But isn't it time you act your age?
You got a mortgage on your shoulders
Got a babe on the way
You shrug it out with your jackass grin
Thinkin' as soon as you clean up
You're gonna do it again

He says
I'm going to Pleasure Island
I don't wanna come home
The reverend says beware
He swears we're goin to hell
We may be donkeys
But at least we have a tale to tell

Don't start with a slap on the wrist
I don't need no cease and assist
I ain't foolin 'round
And it ain't no sin
So's you best be stepping back those ugly ultimatums

And never you mind what your old maid says
There ain't nothin' to complain
So long's you're earning bread
She's got a way of getting under your skin
She plants a little seed of doubt
The guilt blossoms
She says
If you're going to Pleasure Island
You can never come home
The problem with your kid: you can't say no
You can't take a little nibble
You got to lick the bone

I pushed off
I'm sailin' away
And I ain't lookin' back
Can't have you seein' me this way
This just might be my greatest mistake

Throwin' the future tense away
For the present's presence
My life was but a pleasure
But it sure was pleasant

He says
I'm going to pleasure Island
I ain't never going home
I'll make an ass out of myself
Sooner than say I'm wrong
Yeah I'd sooner be fuckin' around in the mud

I'm going to Pleasure Island
I ain't comin' back home
Mama's thumpin' her bible
She swears we're going to hell
And papa's just jealous
He wants to come here as well
We may be donkeys
But at least we have a tale to tell

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