

Rodriguez "A Most Disgusting Song"

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I've played every kind of gig
there is to play now.
I've played faggot bars,
hooker bars, motorcycle funerals,
in opera houses, concert halls,
halfway houses.

Well I found that
in all these places that I've played,
all the people that I've played for
are the same people.
So if you'll listen,
maybe you'll see someone
you know in this song.

A most disgusting song.

The local diddy-bop pimp comes in,
acting limp he sits down with a grin
next to a girl that has never been chased.
The bartender wipes a smile off his face.
The delegates cross the floor,
curtsy and promenade through the doors,
and slowly the evening begins.

And there's Jimmy "Bad Luck" Butts
who's just crazy about
them East Lafayette weekend sluts.
Talking is the lawyer in crumpled up shirt,
and everyone's drinking the detergents
that cannot remove their hurts.

While the Mafia provides your drugs,
your government will provide the shrugs,
and your national guard will supply the slugs,
so they sit all satisfied.

And there's old playboy Ralph
who's always been shorter than himself.
And there's a man with his chin in his hand,
who knows more than he'll ever understand.

Yeah, every night it's the same old thing:
Getting high, getting drunk, getting horny,
at the Inn-Between, again.

And there's the bearded schoolboy
with the wooden eyes
who at every scented skirt
whispers up and sighs.
And there's a teacher
that will kiss you in French,
who could never give love,
could only fearfully clench.

Yeah people,
every night it's the same old thing:
Getting pacified, ossified,
affectionate at Mr. Flood's party, again.

And there's the militant
with his store-bought soul.
There's someone here
who's almost a virgin, I've been told.
And there's Linda glass-made
who speaks of the past,
who genuflects, salutes,
signs the cross and stands at half mast

Yeah, they're all here:
The tiny Tims and the Uncle Toms,
redheads, brunettes, brownettes
and the dyed haired blondes,
who talk to dogs, chase broads
and have hopes of being mobbed,
who mislay their dreams
and later claim that they were robbed.

And every night it's going to be the same old thing:
Getting high, getting drunk, getting horny --
Lost, even, at Martha's Vineyard, again.

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