

Rugburns

"Dick's Automotive"

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One, two, one, two, three, quattro

John was living in Ocean Beach, California with his girlfriend, Julie, when he decided one day, "Hey, Jule, let's move up north. To northern California where the air is clear and the skies are blue and they have more traditional family values. What do you say Jule?" So they loaded up their car and they moved up north to the Santa Cruz mountains near the Byantine Winery into a one bedroom trailer behind the bowling alley. Two blocks from the supermarket. One more block to the south

Of Dick's Automotive
Dick's Automotive
Dick's Automotive
Dick's Automotive

John applied for a job at Dick's Automotive and Dick came to the door and he said, "Tell me Johnny boy. Can you rotate the tires on a '72 Subaru?" He said, "No." "Well then, can you change the oil in a '76 Pinto?" He said, "No." "Well can you rebuild a holly four-barrelled carburetor on a '69 Camaro with a big 'ol hearse shift rod?" And he said, "Um, no." "Do you have a girlfriend with long, red, curly hair. Creamy, milk-white thighs. Big full lips. Biceps like Henry Rollings? And can she just scream like a hyena in the summer?" And he said, "Yes." And Dick said, "Boy, then you're hired."

At Dick's Automotive
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At Dick's Automotive

John studied real, real hard. He learned how to rotate the tires on a '72 Subaru. He learned how to change the oil in all the Pinto's. And he learned how to rebuild that holly four-barrelled carburetor on a '69 Camaro. And much, much more than that. He learned how to make love with his girlfriend, Julie like a real man oughta. And Dick gave him his service stripes and he said,

"There's a little old lady and her car's broken down up near the Byantine Winery. You gotta help her man. Go Sheba, Go. Rrrraah, Rrrraah." So he sent him on his way and about that time Dick glued back in his dentures, glued back on his toupee, stood in front of the mirror and said, "I feel sexy! I wonder what Julie's doin' all alone in that trailer. I bet she's having trouble opening up a can of peaches right now. I'll bring along my blowtorch just to see if she needs help." So he hiked a block down the road to the one bedroom trailer behind the bowling alley and he knocked on the door. And Julie answered the door and she said, "Oh, hello Dick. I was just having trouble opening up a can of peaches. C'mon in." So he started up the blowtorch (bwooh) and all the peach juice ran down his veins. And he poured it in the Tupperware that Julie used to sell in Ocean Beach. And he said:

We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic
We're goin' on a picnic

So he loaded Julie into his '57 Chevy and he drove her up right near the winery. Into the middle of the forest he took her. And he tied her up to a tree. And cut half of her top down. And he said, "Stick out your tongue." Then he put on forty-two and a half tabs of brown acid that he still had from his Woodstock days. Sprinkled a little paote on her tongue just for good measure. She saw all kinds of colors. Lemon yellow, orange orange, cherry red, kaleidoscope eyes. The world was on fire. And about that time there was a mommy deer walking through the forest with a baby deer. And Dick cut down Julie's arm and he poured in some granola and he mixed it up with stricnine poison and he said, "Oh, c'mere little deer. I have some food for you. Look at Julie." And the mommy deer said, "Oh, I better eat it first because it could be poisonous and my heart is much stronger than yours, child." But really the mommy deer was just a glutton and wanted all the food. And the mommy deer stuck her little mommy snout into Julie's palm and it licked it. Mmmm. Mmmm. And it said, "oh, go ahead, eat some." But the mommy's heart was much stronger and when the baby deer stuck her tongue into the palm of Julie's hand and licked, it died.

Flat shooby doo wop down. And the mommy deer died shortly thereafter. Zippity doo wah out on the ground. And Dick cut Julie down from the tree and he looked at the dead deer at his feet. And he grabbed her around the neck and pushed his tongue right down her mouth. And he said, "Wow, nature's so bitchin'!"

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At Dick's Automotive (play it you silly freak!)

'Bout that time John was driving back down the road feeling really good about helping that little old lady out. And he saw Dick's '57 Chevy parked on the side of the road he said, "Wow, he could be in trouble. I'd better bring along a chainsaw, a blowtorch and an icepick just to see if he needs help." Then he said, "Whoa, that looks like the afghan sweater that Julie's grandma knitted us last summer in Ocean Beach. What's Julie doing here?" And he hiked through the forest. And he saw the love of his life on a dirty brown piece of Berber carpet. Dick's dentures on the ground chattering. His toupee being carried off by the squirrels and cockroaches. And he saw red and he started up a blowtorch (bwooh). Then he welded their bodies together, took an icepick out of a secret manilla envelope, stabbed them fifty-seven times. Started up a chainsaw (br-r-r-r-r), cut off Dick's ankle. Put his foot right in his mouth and says, "Look's like you put your foot in your mouth one last time, Dickie Boy!" Then he looked at the dead deer at their feet and he picked them up. And he gave the mommy deer mouth to mouth resucitation, but to no avail. The mommy deer was dead. And he gave the baby deer mouth to mouth resucitation and the baby deer came back to life. Charles Bronsan had tears in his eyes, I guess 'cause nature had been vindicated. David Coresh was selling barbequed ribs on the side. The mommy deer still was dead. And he said:

Mommy deer dead, baby deer alive

Mommy deer dead, baby deer alive

Mommy deer dead, baby deer alive

Mommy deer dead, baby deer alive

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