

## **Dead Milkmen "The Blues Song"**

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We can stand naked on the corner of Main Street, baby,  
and  
Let everybody slow down and take a look  
You can drive your Cadillac to the library, baby, and  
maybe read the  
Last ten pages of an Agatha Christie book  
You can feed my cat to my dog  
And turn around and feed my dog to my horse  
You can screw the whole damn royal family, baby, until  
they  
All get a divorce

Baby, baby, baby  
Baby, you can do anything you wanna do, baby  
I swear it will not bother me  
Cause, baby, you know  
Baby, you know you've got to  
You've got to  
You've got to be what you're going to be

You can burn down the orphanage, baby, over there on  
the  
Poor side of town  
You can go to the circus, baby, frighten the elephants  
See if you can get them to maybe  
Trample a clown  
You can steal the prize out of my box of cereal, baby,  
and  
Replace it with a rat  
You can walk up to someone who might be a little  
overweight  
And be kinda sensitive about it and say  
"Oh my god, you're really fat!"

Live and let live, baby  
That's the cornerstone  
The very essence of my philosophy  
And baby  
Baby, you know  
You know you've got to  
You've got to  
You've got to be what you're going to be

I'm gonna play my harmonica  
Since I charge \$35 a note I'm not gonna play much of  
my harmonica  
You see the blues  
The blues isn't an art form  
It's not a type of music  
The blues is a product  
Not unlike computer chips or tampons  
The blues is a way for white kids to feel  
That they understand the feelings of black people  
Without ever having to meet any of them  
The blues is all these things and more  
Available for \$19.95

Oh, baby  
Baby, you can do whatever you wanna do, baby  
Baby, you know it's not going to bother me  
Cause baby you know  
You know you've got to  
You've got to be what you're going to be

Here comes the solo

Ooh, and what a solo it is  
You know  
That might not be the blues but it sure makes me sad

Listen, in the distance  
The sound of Leadbelly rolling in his grave

I've said it before, baby  
I'll say it again  
Live and let live  
The very essence, the cornerstone  
The summit of my philosophy  
Baby, baby, you know  
Baby, you know you've got to  
You've got to be what you're going to be

A blues man needs a nickname  
And everybody calls me Two Shoes  
Cause I always wear two shoes  
I know it's not much of a nickname  
But by the time I got around to getting my nickname  
All the good ones were taken  
Take for example Blind Lemon Lipschitz  
Blind Lemon Lipschitz gouged out his own eyes with his  
thumbnails  
So he could be called blind lemon  
It's true, don't laugh

He felt the very essence of the blues, calling him from  
within  
And he felt that contract too

Oh, baby  
Baby, you know  
Baby, you know you can do whatever you do  
I don't care  
I don't give a damn, baby  
It's not gonna bother me  
Cause baby, baby, b-b-b-b-b-b  
You gotta  
You gotta  
You gotta  
You gotta  
You gotta be  
You gotta be what you're going to be

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