

The Grownup Noise

"Coors For Sunday"

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(B. Cummings - D. Troiano)

Hey dreambreaker, you gonna laugh now that you fell down?

You broke my will and stole my soul, without even a half-ass frown.

You got Coors for Sunday, you got a way with the Negro boys,
Comes to steppin' on their women, spendin' all your cash just to hear their noise.

You got cool, not even you could ever get that hip,
Seems your nose started runnin' everytime you tried to let your backbone slip,
You know it ain't right when you're screamin' in the morning...

You got Kings at your table, they're just a backstreet bunch of clowns,
Steppin' out, have a look over, I hope I'm there to see you tumble on down.

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