

Stuart Davis

"Love Is A Punch In The Throat"

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Not many people will tell you this,
but the grim Reaper wears a bra,

There's other ways to quench my carnal lust
than skinny women with their heaving busts
I'll buy a ferret I'll live alone
forgetting all the chicks that I've ever known
Become a recluse and a misanthrope
live a life completely void of hope
I'll let my ferret be my means to deal
with all the bullshit women make me feel
Someday I may become a Panjandrum
or perhaps remain an eccentric bum
I'll cut my ear off and I'll get your address
to represent for you what I can't express

Chorus:

All I could give, so much I'd devote
Love's not a union, it's a punch in the throat

Am I in love, or is my head in a vice?
Are those your freckles, or do you have lice?
For each emotion that you antique,
I've got a ferret back home who waits
I'm nescient and I'm love's neophyte
I'm truly bibulous, I'm bald and I'm white
So what's so lacking in my self esteem?
Love's quite pellucid in a bottle of Beam
I've got my complex and you've got your breasts
they're both related by my therapists' guess
You make me dizzy and you're hurting my head
I think I'd rather love my ferret instead

Chorus

Who shut the lights off? Oh, ferret that's you
as long as you're up, could you get me one too
We'll crank our Leo Kottke and get drunk in the dark
and cover up with palaver where chicks left their mark
A ferret's not a weasel, but a female may be
the two are intertwined when you live like me

I'd visit myself, but I wouldn't wanna stay
without a ferret there's no other way

Chorus

There's other ways to quench my carnal lust
than skinny women with their heaving busts
I'll buy a ferret I'll live alone
forgetting all the chicks that I've ever known

Chorus

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