

Cornbugs "Pricker Hill"

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My baby lives on Pricker Hill,
I'm a bloody mess by the time I reach her;
Tattered & torn, shredded & shorn,
Wish I'd been born a humble preacher!

Oh, the climb, oh, the terrible climb,
I wish I could hover to the arms of my lover!
Oh, the climb, the terrible climb,
I'd be with her still on old Pricker Hill.

Every time she calls I'm powerless to resist her;
She insists I come, that I climb out of bed,
Heaving & horny, thoughtful & thorny,
Sometimes I think I'd be better off dead!

Oh, the climb, oh, the terrible climb,
I wish I could hover to the arms of my lover!
I'd be with her still, man, on Pricker Hill.

The pricklers were planted by my sweetheart's father;

He's a sonofabitch, and he's someone to kill!
My blood is a fountain; I gush on this mountain;
My baby's a prisoner on cold Pricker Hill.

Every time she calls I'm powerless to resist her.
She insists that I come, that I climb out of bed,
Heaving & horny, thoughtful & thorny,
Sometimes I think I'd be better off dead!

Oh, the climb, oh, the terrible climb,
I wish I could hover.
Oh, the climb, oh, the terrible climb,
I'd be with her still on old Pricker Hill.

But when I caress her
And when I undress her
She patches my scratches
We're a match in our thatches
Life is beautiful on top of Pricker Hill
Life is sweet on old Pricker Hill.

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