

Robbie Fulks

"White man's bourbon"

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I was antelope huntin' down Namibia way, out on the
African veldt
I spied a Zulu maid sippin' daccha in the shade of a
far-off machabell
I said, "Girl, that's a real cute assagai
Let's slip into the bush, baby, just you and I"
She didn't give me the slightest reply, so I reached for
the weapon on my belt.

It was the white man's bourbon! White man's bourbon!
Just one servin' of the white man's bourbon and the girl
gave her body to me!

Well, she took a little sip, then she let out a yell like the
bellow of a quagga with the botts
Did a swivel-hipped grind, half out of her mind with the
craving for a second shot
Just lookin' at the flask drove her insane
I held it back, and the reason was plain
So she took off her skirt and her lion's-claw chain and
gave me
Something that I never forgot.

She wanted white man's bourbon! White man's
bourbon!
It was all for a servin' of the white man's bourbon that
the girl gave her body to me!

She was wild as a boar, she was pussy galore, she was
tender as a little pup
Yeah, we fucked and we fucked for a full twelve hours,
and she was only warmin' up
It was Zulu lovin' in the hot, hot sun
I couldn't speak when the lovin' was done
So I just grunted "Thanks," as I coated her tongue with
the last little drop in the cup.

So if you're ever hunting game down Namibia way, out
on the African veldt
And spy a pretty Negress in a tambouki dress, and you
really want to make her melt

Don't stand there strutting like a dumb giraffe
Don't pull out your cock, unless you want her to laugh
Don't say a word, just hand her a carafe of the
Sweet corn liquor on your belt.

Yes, it's the white man's bourbon! White man's
bourbon!
Oh, from Dakar to Durbin, it's the white man's bourbon
make a
Black girl holler for more!

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