

Smut Peddlers

"Vernon Girl"

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Looking for a fix on Soto Street
South bound into Vernon
Couldn't find nothing in Boyle Heights
I tell you my liver was burning
While I was stopped at a traffic light
In front of Farmer John
A little meat packer with a paycheck jumps in
And says "let's cop and get it on."
Vernon Girl
She said she moved here from Mexico
Her family was all dead
She scored a job at the slaughterhouse
Shooting pigs in the head
We met a connection with smack and blow
At 55th and Holmes
Then we got a room and had a time
The best I've ever known
Vernon Girl
In the morning we were drinking vodka
And we polished off all the tar
Then some cops rushed in and handcuffed me
And stuffed me in an unmarked car
It felt like hell in front of that motel
In the city of Huntington Park
They left the front door open
And I had to watch her blow the narcs
Vernon Girl

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