

Guess Who, The "Coors For Sunday"

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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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