

## The Wolfgang Press "Sucker"

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I'm not singing about April showers  
I'm not singing about the rain  
They're going to stick my name in the papers  
I send them all away

I want to sing about ball and chains  
And ride the mystery train  
I wrote the horror of John Paul Getty  
Sold that man for free

You sucker  
You're going to limp down to that scene  
Face this, sucker  
You're going to trip and miss that seat  
You sucker aren't safe sucker

I'm going to set my place in the mountains  
I'm going to wear it out of phase  
I want to sing about the kinds of people  
That others want erased  
Some of us think and some of us pray

Not you, sucker  
You just seat and reap  
You sucker  
You're going to trip and miss that seat  
Sucker, sucker

You, you want to seek  
You're going to trip and miss that seat  
We, we're going to fish  
We're going to make you eat that meat

She's going to suffer  
Mensch is going to suffer  
We all are going to suffer  
The people here are going to suffer

The whole damn place will suffer  
Whilst you just reap that fuck up  
Break, break, break, break, sucker  
You suffer sucker, sucker, sucker

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