

Tism

"And the Ass Said to the Angel: "Wanna Play Kick to"

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Talk to anyone these days and, you know, it seems
Eventually they'll tell you about some heavy scenes
When they were living with this druggie friend -
You gotta look real serious, or at least pretend,

As with revenant awe, like they're reading a psalm,
They tell you about some jerk poking a needle in his
arm,
And dramatically conclude with, "The guy was a freak":
But that's the eighth drug story you've heard this week.

Well, I knew a guy that tops the lot;
He wasn't on heroin, smack or pot -
But it was worse than anything out of Monkey Grip.
He did the "Happy Marriage in Suburbia" trip.

I still don't know how this guy never got busted
For being so incredibly well adjusted.
While we were all snorting chemicals up our nose
He was out in the garden with a watering hose.

At first only small things began to go wrong -
He wouldn't come round when we were having a bong;
But before our eyes he began to fall apart -
He'd take his girl out and eat a la carte;

He looked healthy and happy - it was like an alarm -
He was collapsing like the veins in my arm -
I'll never forget that night - oh, God above -
When he told me he was very much in love.

So they both bought a house - there was no turning
back -
They got into it the week I got into smack.
His face was never so ravaged with addiction
As when he proudly showed me his brand new kitchen.

I'd sometimes go round there with a cap or two of
horse,
Tell him to kick the habit, get a divorce;
"Your wife's pregnant", I'd plead, "this'll make three -

If you have another kid you're sure to O.D."

But he's not even listening, he's in some delirium:
His wife's doing the dishes and he's begun clearing
'em!

"I love my kids, I'm happy", he'd say, satisfied.
But on the nappy he was crucified:

He's dead now, of course - needless to say -
Family wiped off by a drunk going the wrong way;
Oh, how many times has it been written, said or sung? -
If you live monogamous, expect to die young.

So you can get into smack, crack, dope or speed,
But don't try marriage, 'cause this is where it will lead:
You experience real happiness, both physical and
mental;
And you die, it'll be purely accidental.

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