

Mojo Apostles, The "Modesto"

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It's Thursday and I think this is Modesto
But it might be hell Cause they kinda smell the same
Waiting with our guitars tuned
For the crowd promised by the booking dude
Another gig enshrined in the hall of lame

The bartender's nice that counts for something
She says last night this place was wall to wall
We got lost looking for a stripclub show In the Central
Valley barrio
And that was still the high point of the night

When are we gonna wake up
When are we gonna quit
When are we gonna get tired Of taking all this shit
We should be hopped up on the goofer
Banging hookers by the pool
I guess my mom was right
I should've stayed in school
And bought a house in Modesto

Ringadingding went the brass ring down the sewer
And can you hear the rattle in my lungs
We went down to the crossroads with our demo
It wasn't quite what they were looking for
But the secretary said that they'd get back to us

When are we gonna grow up
When are we gonna admit
That we ain't going nowhere
And we look like idiots
Jumping around like monkeys
On Tuesday nights for free
Dreaming of escargots And eating Chef Boyardee

In a minimart in Modesto (Modesto)
What drugs are we on
What keeps us rolling on
I'm so tired of Vaseline And them pissing all over me
Fat guts and rotten teeth
Never meeting Yasmine Bleeth

It's a long way to the middle
From the bottom of the heap

If you lived here you'd be home by now
And we'd be the dummies sleeping in the van on your
cul-de-sac jack with a nicotine hack
If you lived here you'd be home by now
A twenty hour day eleven drink tickets rock and roll is
an awful sticky wicket
If I lived here I'd be dead by now Have a pretty little
bullet in my head by now

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