# King Of Polyester

## The W's

Pulled up as he parked the car then he took his little feet and walked right up to the door. Went inside looking slick as snot with his smile so suave that the women all dropped. Bag in hand with his hammer inside it. Shoes so shiny with his Cuban cigar lit down two steps and to the right. Lucky ten was his number tonight. Stepped on up with an arrow in sight. From the middle 1,2,3, to the right out for the handshake, up for the call, watch and see those rednecks fall.(chorus) Who is he? King of polyester. Who is he? King of polyester. Who is he? King of polyester. What does he do?One after another he watched them fall, his mighty hook was way to much for them all the people cheered as they swept them away he turned around and said well what can I say half way there with no sweat in sight he swung once again and knocked them down with all of his might 7,8,9, without a problem the room grew silent as he came upon ten. Two down with one to go. If he gets the last one it will be quite a show. His arm swung forward as he let it go. The air was shattered by the force of the throw down the alley with his perfect hook. He hit them so hard the whole room shook people cheered as they hit the ground. Their ears were deafened by the crushing sound. Waved to the people as he picked up his bag grabbed his cigar and his black silk rag. Up two steps and to the right, out the door be back tomorrow night.(chorus) Mark him up!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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