Blackmail

Sloppy Seconds

Well, your father's in Bermuda
And the milkman's overjoyed
Your maid is into bondage
And I've got PolaroidsAnd I was on the corner
When you wrecked your mother's Porsche
But why should I inform her
About your poor misfortune?'Cause everyone has secrets
But sometimes you get caught
So if it's just between us
My silence can be bought
Blackmail, blackmailI was looking through your closet
When I found your water bong
Your stash of Turkish hash
And a twelve-inch rubber dongAnd I won't tell your family
About your last abortion
So you can call it bribery
But I prefer extortionWell, my counselor is a dealer
And the football coach is queer
The school nurse and the dean of boys
Are having an affairAnd someone shot the rent-a-cop
And I'm the only witness
But I won't tell you who it was
'Cause it's none of your business

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