Viva Discordia

That Handsome Devil

Ah.

Lucy's a goth chick, spit in the face of a jock at the mosh pit
Then the kid lost it
Saw her at the mall at the local Hot Topic
Her boyfriend was picking out a new chain wallet

Lucy's all talk, she really ain't got no heart for a fight
She'd rather see an art show
Beat her face down 'til she looked like a Picasso
Even with the ring on her boyfriend's nostril

Brother's outside, smokin' on a Newport
What about her sister, runnin' through the food court
Ran right over the dude from the shoe store
Rumoured that he jumped down two floors (Ooh lord!)

Came right up behind him, and the kid didn't see him
I've never seen that look on another human being

Bats in the belfry (Hoo ha!), rotten on the vine
Can't keep my eyes closed (Hoo ha!), sunny all the time
Put your hands where I can see 'em boy, keep 'em up high
This place is going crazy

Moving from Sadona, Arizona, drove to California in a beat up Toyota
Readin' Deepak Chopra, singin' Champagne Supernova
Life it ain't all roses though you go where you're supposed to go
Woke up in a mobile home, kidneys sold in Tokyo

Jumping out the double-wide, runnin' through the trailer park
Tearing off her duct tape, wearing just a pair of socks
Terrycloth undies that her parents bought, it's hysterics when the sheriff stopped
Crying with her hair in knots, smellin' like Smirnoff
I think the drugs are wearing off

Bats in the belfry (Hoo ha!), rotten on the vine
Can't keep my eyes closed (Hoo ha!), sunny all the time
Put your hands where I can see 'em boy, keep 'em up high

This place is going crazy

{Trombone solo}

{Scat} It don't matter matter, climb that ladder
Da da da da do da da, da da da do da da
Matter ain't matter matter, climbin' that ladder
Da da da da do da da, da da da do da da
It don't matter matter, climb that ladder
Da da da da do da da, da da da do da da
Matter ain't matter matter, climbin' that ladder
Da da da da do da'n dat

Hoo ha!

Daddy's little president, never found the evidence
Heaven sent, lemon-scented medicine they fed us with
Said the speech, read it off the teleprompter
Fly away, in a Norby helicopter

Heavy metal concept, in the yellow Mazda
Yellow shots and marijuana, going off to war now
For a bunch of mobsters, lookin' for Osama
Bin La da da da da da da da

Bats in the belfry (Hoo ha!), rotten on the vine
Can't keep my eyes closed (Hoo ha!), sunny all the time
Put your hands where I can see 'em boy, keep 'em up high
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Lyrics submitted by Nikki.

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