TrenchMouth

Rasputina

Yeah, he was a big landowner
He was a bad mouth breather
But you can see his station wagon stand alone
Woulda, coulda, we shoulda knownHe was a failed cropduster
I am his little sister
He was a whistleblower for the F.D.A.
Maybe was them sent him away
He was a football player
He didn't have a lot to sayThat guy's a lousy actor
He was a hard-core cracker
He wore a trenchcoat, and waved a Dixie flag
But he's my brother so I brag
Don't be no dark naysayer
So they all said he was a fagHe had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
He had a really big trenchmouthIt's on the edge of nowhere
No way for them to go there
I know I'm not much help
But here is where I'll stay
I'm hoping they'll find him someday
I should put up some flyers
Can you think of another way?He had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
Then he up and disappeared
He just left his car up hereHe had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
He had a really big trenchmouthNobody seems to know why he
Would disappear just leaving me here
On a dirty hill for all time
Me and the pinetree I stand behindHe had a really big trenchmouth
When we were living way down south
He had a really big trenchmouth

Songwriters
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