

# Spleen Merchant

## Clutch

When I die you can cut me up and take all that you please  
But pity the poor dumb fool who gets my bleeding spleen  
Corn pone, I born tomorrow, my bone marrow protein filled  
Scotch whiskey men of stain have come to split your skillsHey, hey  
I got your heaven  
I got your burning hell  
I got it all right hereWrap them tight in zip-lock bags to benefit good medicines  
If bad you can toss them back and stuff them in sausages  
Isn't it something so becoming, a gentlemen of good taste  
The appetizer's quite the pleaser  
But might you pass the pepper please this wayHey, hey  
I got your heaven  
I got your burning hell  
I got it all right hereFertilizer makes your corn row higher  
But makes your back yard stink  
And all the crows know where the wind blows  
Where water sinksHey, hey  
I got your heaven  
I got your burning hell  
I got it all right here

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