

# Prick

Vic Chesnutt

I was shaking with laughter  
Scared the bratty children  
Did I destroy the ambiance  
I'm sure for that hoity toity patron  
It wasn't pretty when I looked into the face  
Oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos  
What's the, what's the, who's the prick  
We was hidden in the potted plants  
I know and we was no obnoxious  
But I could see, there in the sun room  
The growing storm of disapproval  
It wasn't pretty when I looked into the face  
Oops, into the eyes, ruptured icy chaos  
What's the, what's the, who's the prick

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