Apache Rose Peacock

Red Hot Chili Peppers

Sittin' on a sack of beans
Sittin' down in the New Orleans
You wouldn't believe what I've seen
Sittin' on that sack of beans
Lunatics on pogo sticks
Another Southern fried freak on a crucifix
Hicks don't mix with politics
People on the street just kickin' to the licks
Yes, my favorite place to be
Is not a land called Honah Lee
Mentally or physically
I wanna be in the New Orleans
Oh good brother, just when I thought
That I had seen it all
My eyes popped out, my dick got hard
And I dropped my jaw
I saw a bird walkin' down the block
Her name, Apache Rose Peacock
I could not speak I was in shock
I told my knees to please not knock
Yes, my favorite place to be
Is not a land called Honah Lee
Mentally or physically
I wanna be in the New Orleans
A little boy came along
Name of Louis Armstrong
Said that girl who left me silly
She liked the looks of me and my willy
So I found her in the Quarter
Good God, how I adored her!
Oh, she made me feel so cozy
When she told me I could call her Rosie
I kiss your hair, your skin so bare
I'll take you with me, girl, anywhere
You fare well in stormy weather
I never met a girl that I like better
Twinkle twinkle, little star
Shining down on my blue car
Drivin' down the boulevard

She was soft and I was hard
Apache Rose's got a rockin' peacock
Hottest ass on the goddamn block
Rockin' to the beat of the funky ass meters
She has one of those built in heaters
I kiss your hair, your skin so bare
I'll take you with me, girl, anywhere
You fare well in stormy weather
I never met a girl that I like better
Voodoo gurus casting their spells
Cockatoo drag queens shakin' their bells
Silver sound escapes the trumpet
Watch your leg, someone might hump it
Chickens, strut your butt, let's rock
Gettin' it on under your frock
Flowin' like a flame all through the night
My girl's insane but it's alright
Yes, my favorite place to be
Is not a land called Honah Lee
Mentally or physically
I wanna be in the New Orleans