Fight the One-Armed Man

David Yazbek

Get on up on that parachute tower
Pull away that skin
Fight the one-armed man
Before your future goes sour
Kick him in the shin
Fight the one-armed man
and win

The stripper wears a peace sign
Her boyfriend has a gun
And you walk around
with your pants pulled down
and a condom on your tongue

Can everybody see the exits?

The poetry you read
is under your seat
You're gonna kill my crops
You'll never get to heaven
if you bust my chops

Stars are the cover
as you sit and suffer
in your private nightmare
The string you stole
between the carrot and the pole
ties the ponytail in your hair

The stripper's got her body paint on
The nourishment she needs
is under your belt
You're gonna change my shape
You're stepping on my cape
I'm running through the bushes
but I never will escape

Seven miles below me
twenty miles away
the sounds that you hear

before you start dreaming
Right there beside you
sitting on your face
the man I keep running from
day after day

It's a Jeroboam of Mylanta
with love from Mom
and your secret Santa
You got egg on your face
you big disgrace
Your stomach will remember
what your conscience can't erase

Lyrics Submitted by Richard Gagnon

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