

Fate's Right Hand

Rodney Crowell

Cool as a rule you don't learn in no school
You can't brown nose the teacher from a dunce hat stool
It's the hum and the rhythm of the birds and the bees
The momma's and the poppa's and the monkeys in the trees
It's the brothers and the sisters living life on the street
Play a hunch pull the punch and you'll never get beat
By the junk food tattooed white dude true blued
Honky with an attitude coming unglued Fate's right hand...I don't understand at all Billy loves women like a
junkie loves dope
Give him just enough rope the monkey's gon' choke
She's a Bill Blass combo maxed out mambo
D.K.N.Y. caught him in a lie
Ken Starr word man were talking absurd
Spending forty million dollars just to give the man a bird
He's a king she's a queen so the rap won't stick
Get it on with a rubber and you won't get sick Fate's right hand...I don't understand at all Redrum dot com dim
sum smart bombs
Double cappuccino and a heart like a tom tom
Ozone long gone that's it I quit
Natural inclination says enough of this _____
Brat pack black jack heart attack crack
We need another news channel like a hole in the back
There's a one eight-seven on the four-o-five
And we all go to heaven on a hard disk drive Fate's right hand...I don't under stand at all Hard rain fish seine
hurricane Jane
Don't forget about Carla when you're talkin' about poon tang
Slow song on the bone rec hall dance
Double date Debbie with a pole in my pants
First comes love like it always did
Or we wouldn't be talkin' 'bout The Houston kid
Po-dunk piss-chunk old dead skunk drunk
Trot/line Freddy's got his dogs in the trunk
Fate's right hand...I don't under stand at all
Fate's right hand...man I don't under stand at all

Lyrics provided by

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