Jerkin' Crocus

Mott the Hoople

Old man Tyler had a crash in his car
Down on the fortune highway
Doctor said, "It was his cruel sick heart
Didn't go to church on Sunday"Oh your pace is going to knock you dead
Out of the race you got time to spare
Jerkin' crocus is the cause of the cross you bear
Didn't you wish you were thereI know what she want
Just a lick of your ice cream cone
I know what you say
Papa's in bed well, hey hey heyWhen he got stuck with a hole in his head
She asked to try it my way
Get down low with all that haughty jive
You don't know what it's like babeOh oh oh it's getting down around here
I got nothing to hide I'm to tired to fear
Jerkin' crocus didn't kill me but she sure came near
She's a nads pullerI know what she want
A judo hold on a black man's balls
I know what you think
Ease over baby, going to rock that thing
AlrightI know what she want
Just a lick of your ice cream cone
I know what you say
Papa's in bed well, hey hey heyI know what she want
A judo hold on a black mans bones
And I know what you think
Ease over baby, going to rock that thing
AlrightC'mon jerkin'
C'mon jerkin', c'mon, c'mon, c'mon, c'mon
Jerkin', jerkin', jerkin', jerkin'
I know
No no no no
Alright
I know
That's better
No no no no
That's much better

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