Pink Elephant

Phil Joel

Well, the bum was in my trash, he's pickin' out all the cans
Firewater burnin' up his poor swollen glands
The Lysol and the Listerine, it went to his head
He eats boot black rotted on a piece of white breadHe did the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bentI do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bentSleazy P. Martini ran the pink elephant
With hot-pink curtains where the sloe gin decants
A shave and a haircut, knock knock
Would for sure get you in to see the Cherry Poppin' Daddies play
The lampshades were zebra skinWe did the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bentWe do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay, rather stay bent
Yeah yeah, I'd rather stay bentMy mouth is like a circus but I'm always in debt
I'd never pass the bar unless I thought it was wet
But that's the way they sucker me to my final dissolve
But when they're set'em up I'm drinkin'em downI do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bentI do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay, I'd rather stay, I'd rather stay
I'd rather stay bent, I'd rather stay bent

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