

Rag

James P. Johnson

Rag, your face is like my uncle my uncle is a jungle a jungle is a tangle a tangle makes you strangle. And Rag, a rose is not a robot and whores in need of hose save three cents for thin ski pants. And Rag, you chose your hell a whole lot, and then you complain when you find your hole's too deep and too hot.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>