

# A Most Disgusting Song

Rodriguez

I've played every kind of gig there is to play now  
I've played faggot bars, hooker bars, motor cycle funerals  
In opera houses, concert halls, halfway houses. Well I found that in all these places that I've played  
all the people I've played for are the same people  
So if you'll listen, maybe you'll see someone you know in this song. A most disgusting song. The local diddy  
bop pimp comes in  
Acting limp he sits down with a grin  
next to a girl that has never been chased  
The bartender wipes a smile off his face  
The delegates cross the floor,  
curtsy and promenade through the doors,  
and slowly the evening begins. And there's Jimmy "Bad Luck" Butts  
who's just crazy about them East Lafayette weekend sluts  
Talking is the lawyer in crumpled up shirt  
And everyone's drinking the detergents  
that cannot remove their hurts While the Mafia provides your drugs,  
your government will provide the shrugs,  
and your national guard will supply the slugs,  
so they sit all satisfied. And there's old playboy Ralph  
who's always been shorter than himself,  
and there's a man with his chin in his hand,  
who knows more than he'll ever understand. Yeah, every night it's the same old thing  
Getting high, getting drunk, getting horny  
At the "Inn-Between", again. And there's the bearded schoolboy with the wooden eyes.  
Who at every scented skirt whispers up and sighs  
and there's the teacher that will kiss you in French  
Who could never give love, could only fearfully clench Yeah, people every night it's the same old thing  
Getting pacified, ossified, affectionate at Mr. Flood's party, again And there's the militant with his store-bought  
soul  
There's someone here who's almost a virgin I've been told  
And there's Linda glass-made who speaks of the past  
who genuflects, salutes, signs the cross and stands at half masts Yeah, They're all here, the Tiny Tims and the  
Uncle Toms,  
red heads brunettes, brownettes and the dyed haired blondes,  
Who talk to dogs, chase broads and have hopes of being mobbed,  
who mislay their dreams and lay their claim that they were robbed And every night it's going to be the same old  
thing  
Getting high, getting drunk, getting horny  
Lost, even, at Martha's Vineyard, again

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