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 hurtsWhile 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 clenchYeah, people every night it's the same old thing
Getting pacified, ossified, affectionate at Mr. Flood's party, againAnd 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 mastsYeah, 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 robbedAnd every night it's going to be the same old thing
Getting high, getting drunk, getting horny
Lost, even, at Martha's Vineyard, again

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/