

Black Umbrella

Clutch

In Sauget, Illinois there is a club called Pops. Its on a lawless piece of land with 24 hour strip bars and an O.T.B.
I once went into the O.T.B. facility and saw the strangest collection of people one could imagine. It was Mos
Eisley spaceport. A woman dressed like she had come straight from a jazz funeral walked in and no one seemed
to notice her but myself. I guess anomaly is typical in Sauget. Eric plays on this track as well. Money Mike,

Pistol Pete

both went running down the street.

Police and snitches, lovers lane.

Hot summer. Hot rain.

Hit the bricks.

The girl got her tricks.

Shes the Mississippi terror,

and theres none the fairer. O.T.B. was jammed.

Paper changing hands.

Nothing left but smoke and cellar

And a Woman with a black umbrella. Little Lewis lost his shit.

10 to 1, couldnt collect.

Fish Head Phil, Itchy Ike

say they never got home that night.

Shake the breaker.

That girl aint no money maker.

Shes come to cook all the books,

and flaunt her good looks.

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