

# Duty Free

[Vic Chesnutt](#)

No chocolate in the duty free shop  
Two drops of scotch gonna end up on his crotch, tonight  
All alone, sitting on the throne  
Some native tongue on the TV blaring like an old peavey  
He don't aim to be rude  
He's fighting with his inner prude  
Some pommes frites and you know it's gonna drip  
On to his lap, yes see the man slapping it off  
Travellin' will do him in  
Trudging through the waves of people  
Till his heart is cluttered and feeble  
If you take him out of this loop  
He may be very easily duped  
Still he beats the stampede for the duty free  
He's using up all that old currency  
He's using up all that old currency  
Using up all that old currency

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