

Pink Elephant

The Spent Poets

Well, the bum was in my trash, he's pickin' out all the cans
Firewater burnin' up his poor swollen glands
The Lysol and the Listerine, it went to his head
He eats boot black rotted on a piece of white bread
He did the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bent
I do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bent
Sleazy P. Martini ran the pink elephant
With hot-pink curtains where the sloe gin decants
A shave and a haircut, knock knock
Would for sure get you in to see the Cherry Poppin' Daddies play
The lampshades were zebra skin
We did the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bent
We do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay, rather stay bent
Yeah yeah, I'd rather stay bent
My mouth is like a circus but I'm always in debt
I'd never pass the bar unless I thought it was wet
But that's the way they sucker me to my final dissolve
But when they're set'em up I'm drinkin'em down
I do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay bent
I do the pink, the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sauce you know
I'd rather stay, I'd rather stay, I'd rather stay
I'd rather stay bent, I'd rather stay bent

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