

Rancid Girl

Cass McCombs

You're a rancid girl
In a rancid world
But I don't mind
No, I don't mind
No I don't mind
No I don't mind You're only 17
Almost woman
You can almost vote
But I know you won't
You got fucked-up hair
And fucked-up teeth
A dead look in your eye
That like to see everybody die
You're bad
I mean, you smell bad
You talk a lot
And it's always bad
What Fresno tweaker's ashtray
You crawl from under? You've been to Hell and back
Give old men heart attack
Else they'll blow out their brains
You drive other women insane
I'd hate you
But I want you more
You could make a lot of money
I will say no more
You're rancid
You carry cortisone cream
You're a young man's dream
Four years I've been clean
Now I think I'll shoot myself
You got a rancid skin
And a rancid blouse
You got the disposition of
A dirty bomb mixed with Minnie Mouse You keep your jacket on the floor
And your pipe on your self
I think I'll go to Louisiana just to hang myself
You keep your jacket on the floor
And your pipe on your hand

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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