

Lyrics from:

“Zunga”

ZUNGA

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maybe it's time for me to try
maybe it's time for me to give up
maybe I'm just wasting my time
maybe I should go out and get drunk
maybe I don't feel like growing up
maybe I'll head north to Alaska
maybe I'll just kick everyone's ass
maybe I'll shave my legs and wear a dress
I don't understand
this world I'm in
the complexities
are overwhelming
who should I look to
for instruction
and not dead tradition
that I can't believe in?
when will I begin
to feel at home
on this planet that
my species supposedly owns?
how will I teach my kids
to accept the dirty irony
that their human family
is also their worst enemy?
maybe I should repress my feelings
maybe I should just bite off my tongue
or maybe I'll just clench both of my fists
and kick this door off its hinges

TRAILER COURT KING

he exceeds their usrda in unwashed whitemeat fist
his entire family is on the kkk mailing list
every year on hank sr.'s birthday he buys them gifts
he would shoot them dead if he thought they thought johnny cash was a communist
when he was on furlough with the highway board he'd fill them cracks with tar
but he had to five that up when he glued his hands to his head fluffing up his pompadour
now, prison ain't the place to be when your hands are glued up over your head
they belly dance with a twist - a twist that'll make you clench your fist
that'd make a porno star's face turn red
but he's proud to be a hustler-reading white-trash elmer fudd
got a double barrel water-gun hanging down beside his pud
got him all the smarts he need in the penitentiary
gonna sleep 'til dusk, gonna drink 'til dawn - he's the goddamn Trailer Court King
flip flops, jean shorts, budweiser tattoo, rusted smile that'll buckle your shoe
now he leans in close and spits a phrase that makes you wonder
if somebody spiked his beer with manure
his daddy's mama is the only grammar he knows, he thinks shakespeare was an indian chief
there's a 7-letter word he keeps trying to spell and to this day he can't get no relief

POLYESTER

polyester makes my sister Esther look like a dirty child molester
polyester makes my uncle Hector stare at teenage girls like Hannibal Lector
polyester makes you hate your family
polyester makes you beat your wife
polyester ruins your life
polyester makes you look like a jerk
why would you wear that pink jumpsuit to church?
I think it's safe to say that polyester is the devil's work
polyester need some platform shoes
polyester say, "Hey baby, I'm ready to schmooze!"
polyester make you look so keen
with a straw up your nose by the coke machine
polyester keep on working, polyester never quit
until your burned up like a marshmallow (but your cigarette is lit)
polyester makes you feel like the king of something
you look like Archie Bunker but you think you're James Dean

UNDER YOUR RUG

Everything was wonderful
but you lived it all too soon
that's why I liked to spend my time with you
Surely you've changed by now
but you can't change what has been
you're pretty lucky - you show it
I've never loved someone so much
and had them beat me down
with this my courage
is all but swept
under
your
rug
Things should have changed
by now
but they won't 'cause
I'm high
and you ought to know
the reasons
why
I've never loved something
so much
and had it slip away
with this my courage
is all but swept
under
your
rug

MAMA STICK

tv evangelist got mama-stick stuck up his orpheus
he sure don't want you to find out that captain kirk
excites his lust
it's quite a sight when his toupee is on fire
myocardial infarction
he should have listened to Richard Simmons
coronary thrombosis
now he's deader than fucking Moses!
pants down around his ankles,
the congressman felt so ashamed
he begged the voters to believe MTV was to blame
may take a sock the size of Texas just to shut the old
man up
them puritans may wear big boots
but we all know that they still suck

FARTIN' OLE PINTO

this
high
proof
girl
has
chopped
my
knees
if I'm drunk, I beg you, please,
don't
try
and
take
away
my
keys

let this fartin' ole pinto run fearless and free
my mind is vapor-locked I can't think straight
my brake is broken I can't stop this

the World Bus just came rolling by
"let us decide" it said on the side
(everybody I knew beckoning from inside)
don't want a ride Society
I know what's inside of me

the fears flash in my mind like red-hot spark plugs
my heart is fully primed about to combust

QUEER REINDEER
 "Papal Clemency for Santa's Heathen Reindeer
 Granted Yesterday by the Pork-Chop Headed Pope"
 Santa promises to have them baptized or flogged
 All the queer reindeer are out looking for new jobs
 "Close thy mouth, thou hell-bound mousling!"
 "Get thee on thy knees and take heed!"
 "I could have you drawn and quartered
 before you get your new wheelchair ordered!"
 "I could tie up your mother Mary!"
 "Pick and eat her hidden cherry!"
 "Praise me, most pious, in my glory!"
 "Or I'll close down heaven and you won't get any!"
 "Stop and smell the brimstone burning your sinful ass!"
 "(You had better go out and get circumcised fast)"
 "This is serious, man, you had better not laugh.
 Just think of poor Rudolph down there sitting on Lucifer's lap"

THUS SPAKE MEPHISTOPHELES

*Woe to the gods of starfire
 Even to peace in the stones of old
 To purpose held aloft before souls in flight
 Eternity beckons behind bombs of light
 The crescendo has dimmed - the burnt battlefield rimmed
 Hemmed in by the frantic tracks of the condemned
 And the thunder did roar - as the lightning did scream
 And the earth shook in rage - as god ended the dream
 thus the fiend relates in molten ones a tale of tragic demise
 the old man hears and in his chest on dread wings grief begins to rise
 ain't no hero, ain't no christ
 in this tale the human race will pay the price
 listen up close, this is how it went down
 the day the world burned and the welkin fell down
 in a nameless little town drove a father and his son
 something was said, the kid got smacked, and the sequence was begun
 at school the upset young man called a girl a dirty jewish whore
 the girl's parents were pissed off - the other parents too
 it was a pressure-cooker town and didn't take much to explode
 the hate flowed out, the guns went off and the corpses lined the road
 like a cancer spread the feud - soon the country was a mess
 this is when it pays to keep an eye on your government
 some satan in a suit had somehow won himself a place
 high in the pentagon and the glee shone on his face
 when he knew his plan to teach the jews a lesson would not fail
 he smiled, pushed the button, and blew the world to hell*

SHE'S SO BAD

she's so bad
I gave that woman everything I had
and still I find
I can't get mine
I'm going to lose
my fucking mind
she's so pretty
I'd love to plant
her easter lily
but every time I try
to get down on that bad girl
she says she's dead
(but she ain't really)

OPIUM

hustlers and frauds appear in manifold guises
ragged out like lovers and friends
parents, sisters and brothers
they cry love and they shout
try to make you feel guilty
for being yourself and knowing you owe them nothing
bigots and zealots are fired by the same lust
to dominate you and exploit your trust
they're weak and they need to add your weakness
to theirs
leeches who thrive and grow fat on your anger
gratitude or good feeling cannot be bought
or commanded
still, extortion of both is ever being attempted
they paralyze you with guilt and lash you with their
self-pity
you should pity yourself if you don't smell that
bullshit stinking
don't ever trust those people who are
eager to remind you
of the favors they've done you
and the trouble they've gone to
who twist love up like a noose and lock it on
like a collar
'cause those who really do care aren't looking for pets or for
payoffs