

Johnny Rottentail

Yeah when I go over yonder
I will see my mother
My sister and my father
But my brother is going to hell

Well they hung him from the gallows
As the sun turned red from yellow
The crowd they heard him halting
And they sighed with much relief

The preacher asked him for any last words
My brother spit onto his clean shirt
And he smiled without redemption and said,
"This is one soul God don't need."

Though I loved him I won't miss him
As he's burnin and he's twistin,
For his heartless dedication
To the devil and its creed

As a child we called him rotten
Till he was lonely and forgotten
And he revenged our constant jeering
With his every word and deed

Oh and for my contribution
To the soul's lack of retribution
I would ask the Lord's forgiveness
On my very bended knee

It's the tale of Johnny Rotten
Who was lonely and forgotten
It's the tale of my only brother
And it's the tale of one bad seed

Lucy Stoners

We were talking ticket slump, trying to put our finger on it
Quantify the undoing
Of each little step, it's just a lack of press
The refrigerator down at the boys club
With its little magnets of poetry
Finding one hundred different ways to say blow me

Janny Wenner, Janny Wenner, Rolling Stone's most fearless leader
Gave the boys what they deserve but with the girls he lost his nerve

In every post punk bar there's a dressing room wall
Where the rockboy band will make its mark
One hundred different pictures of private parts and some girl going down
And all the faggot bashing poetry
But the boys are just saying, "Love me Please."
In every hate filled phrase they just give it away
Ah boys, you give yourselves away

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Testing 1,2,3 in the marketplace it's just a demographic based disgrace
A stupid, secret, white boy handshake that we'll never be part of
So when it's DJ Blow and the morning show
I'll give you one hundred reasons to just say no
Come on girls, let's go, right now

Cause Lucy Stoners don't need boners, ain't no man could ever own her
With the boys she had the nerve to give the girls what they deserve

Laramie

We hit snow on the road to Laramie
We all heard about that mess
But that town ain't nothing different
Than the rest

Poor man do the bidding for the rich man
Those rednecks are just doing
What the classy fuckers thinking
And tolerance it ain't acceptance
I know you wanted it to be
When you're out in Laramie

Hey all you jokers hunting seasons over
Hey coalition lay down your mission

What we need is a little addition
An ounce of prevention
And the weight of the law
Cause without something you could put your finger on
Somewhere somebody's gonna call
Call out Laramie

Hey all you jokers hunting seasons over
Hey coalition lay down your mission

Lazy Boy

If a tree falls you're not gone
At least for me
I didn't hear
Just a long break and some time away
With some things
To repair

And it's a lazyboy and a big mistake
Going round
And a funny stare and your beauty shop hair
Coming down

Joyful joyful but not feeling it at all
There are some things
That don't mend
Squander the days in a wrongful haze
To distract
And suspend

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On Your Honor

I have a picture, your fist in the air.
I'm standing behind you, I am still here
They're mining your body, the scene of a crime
Did they do you one last favor, killing your blood line

I'm here to relieve all the ones
That fought for you and fought for me
I want to relate, put away your hate, put away your hate

The breath of the nightjar, the stars in the sky
A killer for comfort, I'm not gonna lie to you
They paid off the piper with a government gun
Whoever you came for, left all alone

But I'm here to relieve
All the ones that fought for you, they fought for me
Yeah, I want to relate, put away your hate, put away your hate

Our father's house is a house of regret
With rooms I can't sleep in and jokes I don't get
Now you're on your honor to be on my side
Surely there are some things that won't be denied

I'm here to relieve
All the ones that fought for you, they fought for me
Yeah, I want to relate, put away your hate, put away your hate