

The Suburban Crab Grass Tragedy Blues

{INTRO}

[1'st Verse]

My mistress, she done left me.
Hopped on that Shaker Rapid train.
My mistress she done left me
And my life is filled with pain.
Took the quarter-mil in T-bills
I had sheltered in her name.

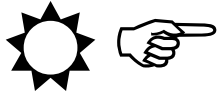
[2'nd Verse]

My daughter don't respect me.
Her momma raised her oh so cruel.
My daughter don't think 'bout me,
And she made me out a fool.
She went and pierced her navel.
It's the talk of the country club pool.

[3'nd Verse]

You know, I'm workin' for The Man,
Treated like I am a slave.
Break my back sellin' stock tips.
I make 12 phone calls each day.
This 20 hour work week
Gonna put me in my grave.

{BRIDGE}



The Suburban Crab Grass Tragedy Blues

[4'th Verse]

You know nothin' ever goes right,
And it can bring you to your knees.
Misfortune seems to chase me,
I pray, "Dear God, won't you help me please!"
'Cause Thursday morning on the golf course,
All I had left was PINK golf tees!

[Final Verse]

My life is so damn tragic,
Sometimes I think I can't go on.
This life is a disaster,
Don't think I'll face another dawn.
And now Jose, my trusted gardener,
Says I have **crabgrass** in my lawn!

{END}

Music: Radiation Factory

Lyrics: Jay Brack

@Copyright – 1999