

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Pink Elephant

Well, a bum was in my trash
He's pickin' out all the cans
Firewater burnin' up his poor swollen glands
The Lysol and 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 sorcery
No, i'd rather stay dead
I do the Pink the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sorcery
No, I'd rather stay dead

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 sorcery
No I'd rather stay dead
I do the Pink the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sorcery
No, I'd rather stay, rather stay dead
Yeah, I'd rather stay dead

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 resolve
But when you set'em up I'm drinkin'em down
You hand it to the Pink the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sorcery
No, I'd rather stay dead
I do the Pink the Pink Elephant
Blinded by the sorcery
No, I'd rather stay I'd rather stay I'd rather stay
I'd rather stay dead, Hey yeah, hey yeah
I'd rather stay dead