

# 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