

Eskimo Joe, Sweater

CHORUS

I could never wear that sweater
I could never wear that sweater

My grandpa gave me hand-me-down
When I put it on I look like a clown
All the kids would beat me up at school
Made me itch cause it was made of wool
Leather bound buttons in a monkey shit brown
Everywhere i go people putting me down
When i go and do the little bottom buttons up
Makes me looke like I got a big beer gut

CHORUS

Coming home late on an afternoon
My lip was all bloody and my forehead all bruised
Singing all the blues like hoody led better
All because of that shitty brown sweater
Shitty little sweater causing too much pain
Hung it in the closet never wear it again
No disrespect to my grandpa
But this sweater incident has gone too far

CHORUS

Late last June I was buying some slacks
From favourite Op shop named Aunty Jacks
Took them back to my abode
Had a good look through my big wardrobe
Then I spyed that certain sweater
But somehow it looks so much better
When I put it on no turning back
Even look good with my new brown slacks

REPEAT CHORUS TILL END