

# The Time, Cloreen Bacon Skin

(lead vocals by Prince)

Yeah, one of 'em... yeah, one of them nice breezy motherfuckers.

Nigger. What you're lookin' for, nigger? Oh hold it, stop.  
Motherfucker didn't even have the headphones on. You... you...

This song is called... this song is called Bacon Skin, hit me.  
It's dedicated to my first wife.  
Her name is, oh Lord, Cloreen.  
She's just fat, hit me.

Too nasty. I said now big dumb, you... you... Bacon Skin  
Just fat, but you know where it's at.  
I wish you was thin, Cloreen Bacon Skin.

Brotch, you can't fuck with that, look out.  
And the band said... and look out, said...  
Wait a minute, I said... Bacon Skin, hit me.  
Sexy. Don't touch noth. Don't you touch snare or cymbal.  
You just tap, good God.

I wanna sing to this girl. I said baby, wait a minute.  
When we're all alone, we try to make love.  
Somebody call you on the phone.  
I don't know what his name is, but I know... I know this is life.  
But that... that's real, baby. You're my wife.  
Cloreen Bacon Skin, wait a minute.

Oh good God, I said, wait a minute.  
Oh, then the band said nice and breezy, nice and breezy, come on I said.  
Once more on the one, come on. And the band said...  
That's alright, that's alright.  
You old motherfucker, you a senior citizen, look out.  
You can't fuck with me. I'll drive you to the ground  
OK Jerome, open the high hat, here we go.

Rumbling, rumbling, yes.  
Keep that pocket, don't get excited, come on  
Yeah, come on, said splash. Good God.  
Everybody say Cloreen Bacon Skin.  
Everybody say... you can't fuck with that.  
Eruption in your face.  
I'm too sexy, I'm too sexy, sexy one in the place, good God.  
I'm sexy, lovesexy right down to my feet, good Lord.  
And I'm sexy, good God.  
With the bacon meat, pork meat, close the high hat up, come on say...

I can smell that shit. That's nasty, too nasty.  
Y'all let me go, look out. Good God, nasty bass.  
Good mutha, eruption in your face. Good God, look out I said...

Cloreen, I got somethin' for ya.  
What's the matter, don't you like me?  
Am I too old? Splash! Oh shit!  
Oh shit.

I can't stand it, I can't stand it.  
Now when I look in the mirror.  
And I see this ugly face, good God.  
I just wanna run... I wanna run over to your place, yes.  
I wanna see, good God, someone that's uglier than...  
I said, I said uglier than me, uglier than me.  
Cloreen Bacon Skin.

Nice and breezy, look out now.  
I said fellas, what's the word?  
I said fellas, what's the word?  
Look out, Bacon Skin, come on, splash.  
What you go'n do with that?  
Everybody... everybody come on, dance.  
Everybody come on, dance.  
We ain't gonna put no more instruments on this. Just me and Bacon Skin.  
Alright, that Cloreen's brother for my drummer, look out.  
Oh shit, my hat done fell off. Oh, somebody gonna see my bald spot?  
Good God, I don't care. I got Bacon Skin.  
Bacon Skin on my plate, good God.  
I want to love ya, Cloreen, why you wanna make me wait?  
I wanna get sexy, I said... oh Lord, I said... I wanna get sexy.  
Cloreen, come on, get down, come on, splash.

Come on, good God. Cloreen's brother Alfred.  
Alfred... Alfred, I need you to talk to me son, come on.  
Alfred... come on, Alfred, talk to me now.  
I wanna... I got to hear you say, say Alfred.  
I can't hear ya, come on, talk to me now.  
Alfred, come on, talk to me now.  
Come on, Bacon Skin.  
Alfred, do you hear me talkin' to ya?  
Alfred, don't... don't ignore me.  
Say nigger, say... talk to me, come on, come on, talk.  
What cha need, what cha need?  
You wanna... you wanna open your hat?  
You wanna open your hat? Well open it up, come on, get down.  
Yes, come on. The volcano erupt in your face, good God.  
Oh Lord, old nasty. Alfred, talk to me, Alfred, come on.  
Oh Lord, I can't stand it. Talk to me Alfred, come on.  
There you go, come on, Lord. Alfred.  
Everybody else come on and dance, good God.  
Come on, everybody dance. Alfred, come on and dance. Dance.  
I can't stand it, I can't stand it, oh dance, oh Lord.  
Alfred, jump up on the bell, come on, let's go, good God.  
Good God, oh shit.  
Old motherfucker say, I wanna say...  
We gonna take it home, yes he is rumbling, look out.  
You can't fuck with that shit, yes.  
Turn it up one time, come on, I said dance.  
Shit, oh Lord.  
Look out, I'm outta phase, I can't stand it.  
I said... I wanna see some of the Bacon Skin. Cloreen, Cloreen.  
You can't fuck with that, talk to me Alfred, come on.  
And the drummer say... oh shit, Alfred.  
Well, where the hand claps at?  
Good God, Alfred. We done burn the house down.  
Burn it down, burn it down, come on, come on.  
Say Alfred!

We done burn the house down, we got to go.  
We done burn it down, we got to go.  
What cha can you say after that?  
Sexy, come on, come on, everybody get sexy.

Cloreen, I wanna talk to ya. Cloreen, oh Lord.  
Cloreen, you're the ugliest woman that I've ever seen.  
I'm not jivin'.  
Baby, there's one thing the Lord loves and that's the truth.  
And baby, you one ugly motherfucker.  
I'm not lyin' to ya.  
You know the Lord loves the truth, don't ya?

Well, why the hell can't you take a bath?  
Cloreen Bacon Skin.

Nice and breezy. We don't need no instruments.  
Too funky in here. Get sexy. Get sexy.  
Yes, old nasty. This funk ain't goin' no place.  
Cuz it's old, it's old and sexy.  
Cloreen Bacon Skin.

Pound on the floor tom one time, come on. Yes.  
We go'n... Wanna go to the jungle one time.  
We gonna go to the jungle, good God.  
Go to the jungle one time, good God, said...  
And the band say one time. Good God, band said...  
Blisters, I got some blisters, good God.  
All my brothers and sisters, good God.  
Bacon Skin, good God. Everybody come on.

Everybody, Bacon Skin.  
Alfred, we got to get the hell outta here.  
Oh Lord, let's go over yo, let's... let's...  
Is this where you live Alfred? Is this where you live?  
Oh shit, this a nasty place, this is nasty?  
Everybody, this is nasty Alfred. Mmm, I like it, I like it.  
We, we can't stay here, we got to go.  
We got to go Alfred. Oh shit, too funky.  
We got to go Alfred. You got any old James Brown records? Huh?  
Good God, everybody, Lord.

Come on Alfred, pack your shit. We got to get the hell outta here.  
Open the hat one time, put on your hat, come on.  
Yes, oh shit. Put on your hat, good God.  
Oh Lord, jump up on the bell Alfred, come on, get your coat.  
Yes! That's a nice coat Alfred. How much you pay for that?  
That much, huh? Yeah, I like it. You're glad I like it, huh?  
Yes. Oh shit. I said oh Lord. Put on your boots Alfred, let's go.  
Ahhh!