

“The Mick’s Metaphor”
(c) 2007 by Sean Hurley

Now this money's burning pockets in my hole
Dimes can suck it, Quarters be the ones I roll
My club burned down now I don't think that I'll rejoin
But there's some instincts that I think I need to learn

I'm no Johnny Appletree, I'm no cryberry
And I'll never consent to no hysterectomy
You son of bitch, you son of bitch, you big time double cross
You slim jim son of cock, I'll bury you in applesauce

My name is East Side Dave
I rock the Mick's Metaphor
I got my finger on the trigger
And the gun down at the bullet store
I'm Irish, I'm reddish, got the Missionary fetish
Put the hot dog to the pillow
While the sheets get all the relish
Zhippy-tao Zhippy-tao zhip zhip

Now there are too many birds in this here stone
So crack the bad eggs in the barrel made of foam
Don't try to gather Katie Moss with Rolling Stone, I've learned
You'll get stigamata down the windpipe of yer telephone
I'm no Johnny Appletree, I'm no cryberry
And I'll never consent to no hysterectomy
You son of bitch, you son of bitch, you big time double cross
You slim jim son of cock, I'll bury you in applesauce