

Canal Street

Anti Tank Nun

The day didn't stark to nice or good
No better than the night before
The moon was in a nasty mood
The sun had a mug of a dead whore
Now, shall we see what the cat brought
Another rat for me to bite
What kind of slime do I not got
To help me kill my time tonight?

Canal street
I gotta quit

I go to bed sober and clean
Hands on the sheets just like a baby
But I get up like Charlie Sheen
Hung over, dry and empty-handed
Sociology at canal street
College of life - that was my schooling
But it's too much, can't take the heat
Like a mad dog I see it drooling

Canal street
I gotta quit

I feel the same down in my gut
I must have come from another world
In this man's mouth always a butt
Even when puke inside in whirled
Each time we meet they start to bark
Their diamond throats get all ecstatic
Our school of thought at Wilson Park
Vulgar in words - it's so schematic

Canal street
I gotta quit