

# Thousand Pound Crown

Bob Schneider

She's nice and naughty and gets around  
The maggots and the moths never slow her down  
And her toothless grin never comes unwound  
Swim through the ashes in her thousand pound crown

Oh, there was Danny back in '82  
Beat her black and he beat her blue  
He'd do the things she knew he'd do  
And old Danny got himself a little poison stew

She's hardly crazy and gets around  
The ghosts from the grave never slow her down  
Her big yellow heart never makes a sound  
Swimming through the night in her thousand pound crown

There was Bart Govino, that drunken prick  
He loved young boys and he made her sick  
And he drank just like a lunatic  
But little bullet seemed to do the trick

The thousand pink diamonds laying all around  
And the voices in her head are sweet chocolatey brown  
And she's a little broken bird who can't get off the ground  
Swims through the streets in her thousand pound crown

In her thousand pound crown  
In her thousand pound crown