

# Take Out The Trash

Bruce Hornsby

This is an epic story  
Of low man's love and family pride  
But he's still awaiting  
A ride

Looking for a wildest enemy  
Then only I know you can never care  
Man of the world and everywhere  
Get your hot pots in the pantry then

I was called extraordinaire  
Waiting in a yellow crane  
Though you couldn't give a shit  
This order that is heaven sent

Take, take, take, take out the trash  
Take out the nasty pile of mash  
Watch out the baby gonna give you a rash  
Oh Lord, take out the trash

You're such a big shot wannabe  
Pleading around for all to see  
I know you're special and very clean  
But you got to take out the daily greens

Joking at explosives  
Langerous and listless  
Compelling out of more pep  
Expensive and explosive

Take, take, take, take out the trash  
Take out the nasty pile of mash  
Take out the fallen grey hash  
Hey, take out the trash

Watch it better how you stash  
Here's the chance to make a splash  
Take out the trash

I am called extraordinaire  
Witty and eloquent  
Observing and a motive  
Expensive and explosive

Take, take, take, take out the thrash  
Take out the nasty pile of mash  
Take out the fallen grey hash  
Hey, take out the trash

Watch it better how you stash  
In some pocket and some cash  
Take out the trash

Take out the trash  
Take out the trash  
Watch it, watch it  
Watch it stinking finger

Don't smell your finger  
Your stinking finger

Wallowing the funk  
Wallowing in the stink  
Your friend with red ink  
He's wallowing in the stink

Keep wallowing in the stink  
Don't smell your finger, finger