

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