

Sweater

Eskimo Joe

I could never wear that sweater
I could never wear that sweater

My grandpa gave me hand-me-down
When i put it on i look like a clown
All the kids would beat me up at school
Made me itch 'cause it was made of wool
Leather bound buttons and a monkey-shit brown
Everywhere i go people putting me down
When i go and do the little bottom buttons up
Makes me look like i got a big beer gut

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Coming home late on an afternoon
My lip was all bloody and my forehead all bruised
Singing all the blues like a hoody led better
All because of that shitty brown sweater
Thitty little sweater causing too much pain
Hung it in the closet never wear it again
No disrespect to my grandpa
But this sweater incident has gone too far

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Late last June i was buying some slacks
From favourite Op Shop named Aunty Jacks
Took them back to my abode
Had a good look through my big wardrobe
Then i spied that certain sweater
But somehow it looked so much better
When i put it on no turning back
Even looked good with my new brown slacks

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