

Jack The Bastard

Faster Pussycat

Meet Jack the bastard
He's born without a face
He breeds disaster
Everywhere he stays
Searching for his maker
Which he may never find
His momma was a Shaker
With a sweet heart, shaped behind
He just goes anyway the wind blows
(He doesn't know the way)
It doesn't matter which way the wheels roll
(He doesn't know the way)
Meet Jack the bastard
Oh no, oh no no
Meet Jack the bastard
He's a man MAD
He's another Attila the Hun
Someone pissed in his Wheaties
No picnic for the father and son
Searching for gold in a coal mine
Just turn your fingers black
From Seattle to the Caroline's
With a dead monkey on your back
He's a son of a bitch
He's bruised and he's pissed, he's alone
Oh no, oh no no
Meet Jack the bastard