

Hands Off the Bayou

Pavement

Run, run to the east confession trash
We don't need your thrills or your call-book cash
Let just, nature's got plans to keep you up there
Swamps, fiddles that whine, about the Mayor
Our caves are divine, they've got conditioned air
Fan-tail, backwash factory, rooms will stay up here
Hands off of the bayou
(Get some bombs)
Heels, stay in your state, it's a new south trap
What, what is the bait? Ya silly aqua-cat
War, college exam, you know I learned a lot
About the fiction you tossed and the father's fat and lost
Your fail less father lost, your chivalry is lost
Your chivalry in shame
Hands off of the bayou
(Get some bombs)