

Fate's Right Hand

Rodney Crowell

Cool as a rule, you don't learn in no school
You can't brown nose the teacher from a dunce hat stool
It's the hum and the rhythm, the birds and the bees
The mommas and the poppa's and the monkeys in the trees

Brothers and the sisters livin' life on the street
Play a hunch, pull the punch, you'll likely get beat
By the junk food, tattooed, white dude, true blued
Honky with an attitude comin' unglued

Fate's right hand
I don't understand at all

Billy loves women like a junky loves dope
Give him just enough rope the monkey gon choke
She's a Bill Blass combo, maxed out mombo
DKNY caught him in a lie

Ken Starr word man were talkin' absurd
Spendin' forty million dollars just to give the man a bird
He's a king, she's a queen, the rap won't stick
Get it on with a rubber and you won't get sick

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Redrum, dot com, dim sum, smart bombs
Double cappuccino and a heart like a tom tom
Ozone long, gone, that's it, I quit
Natural inclination says enough of this

Brat pack, black Jack, heart attack, crack
We need another news channel like a hole in the back
There's a 187 on the 405
We all go to Heaven on a hard disk drive

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Hard rain, fish seine, hurricane Jane
Don't forget about Carla, when you're talkin' about poon tang
Slow song on the bone, rec hall dance
Double date Debbie with a pole in my pants

First comes love like it always did
Or we wouldn't be talkin' bout The Houston Kid
Podunk piss chunk old dead skunk drunk
Trot line Freddy's got his dogs in the trunk

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I don't understand at all
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Man, I don't understand at all