

Black Mail

Sloppy Seconds

Well, your father's in Bermuda
And the milkman's overjoyed
Your maid is into bondage
And I've got Polaroids

And I was on the corner
When you wrecked your mother's Porsche
But why should I inform her
About your poor misfortune?

'Cause everyone has secrets
But sometimes you get caught
So if it's just between us
My silence can be bought
Blackmail . . . blackmail

I was looking through your closet
When I found your water bong
Your stash of Turkish hash
And a twelve-inch rubber dong

And I won't tell your family
About your last abortion
So you can call it "bribery"
But I prefer "extortion"

Well, my counselor is a dealer
And the football coach is queer
The school nurse and the dean of boys
Are having an affair

And someone shot the rent-a-cop
And I'm the only witness
But I won't tell you who it was
'Cause it's none of your business