

Last Call For Russell's Balls

Ten Foot Pole

Russell's new uptight trust-fund princess reigns
Stares down her coke-burned nose and sets new rules
Forbids his listening to punk rock music
Tried to burn his copy of The People's History

His face is blank, bloodless, inexpressive,
All passion drained by the unhallowed leech

Last call for Russell's balls
The demon must be fed
Last call for Russell's balls
They're hanging by a thread

Russell says it's true love more like sick games
A bitter brawl at midnight in the street
Some cars have stopped to watch the loud commotion
Laughing at the wicked witch of West Hollywood

Strings held tight a dancing marionette doll
A painted smile on a wooden face

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A phone call woke up Russ in the middle of the night
As she reached down his trousers with sharp scissors
and a light
Caught the blades before the amputation was complete
It seems the rearview mirror's where she would've hung the meat

Born-again with pride, Russ hands her the broomstick
Says it's time for her to fly away forever

Last call saved Russell's balls
The demon's face turned red
Smoke shot out her ears
When he kicked her of bed

He saved himself this time
From the evil bride-to-be
So clearly serpentine
Now she's just a memory