

Sucker

The Wolfgang Press

I'm not singing about April showers
I'm not singing about the rain
They're going to stick my name in the papers
I send them all away

I want to sing about ball and chains
And ride the mystery train
I wrote the horror of John Paul Getty
Sold that man for free

You sucker
You're going to limp down to that scene
Face this, sucker
You're going to trip and miss that seat
You sucker aren't safe sucker

I'm going to set my place in the mountains
I'm going to wear it out of phase
I want to sing about the kinds of people
That others want erased
Some of us think and some of us pray

Not you, sucker
You just seat and reap
You sucker
You're going to trip and miss that seat
Sucker, sucker

You, you want to seek
You're going to trip and miss that seat
We, we're going to fish
We're going to make you eat that meat

She's going to suffer
Mensch is going to suffer
We all are going to suffer
The people here are going to suffer

The whole damn place will suffer
Whilst you just reap that f**k up
Break, break, break, break, sucker
You suffer sucker, sucker, sucker