

## Duty Free

Vic Chesnutt

no chocolate in the duty free shop  
two drops of scotch  
gonna end up on his crotch, tonight  
all alone, sitting on the throne  
some native tounge on the TV  
blaring like an old Peavey

he don't aim to be rude  
he's fighting with his inner prude  
some pommes frites and you know  
it's gonna drip on to his lap  
yes, see the man slapping it off

travellin' will do him in  
trudging through the waves of people  
'till his heart is cluttered and feeble

if you take him out of this loop  
he may be very easily duped  
still he beats the stampede for the duty free  
he's using up all that old currency  
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