

Big Balls

Will Oldham

Balls they come up happy
When I place them in your hand
And I will acknowledge
With a cocking of my head
When the faces rise against us
Cause we're moderate or meek
They'll see we've got the only balls of them all

I've got big balls, o I've got big balls
I've got big balls, and they're dirty big balls
And he's got big balls, and she's got big balls
But they're not the only balls of them all

We could be eating pudding
But we'd rather place our balls
In their mouths when they are eating
And let 'em be themselves
Well, the world is bound to splinter
Still in Paris they will cry
"We've got the only balls of them all"

I've got big balls, o I've got big balls
I've got big balls, and they're dirty big balls
And he's got big balls, and she's got big balls
But they're not the only balls of them all

O balls will make you happy
O balls all the time
Press your balls against the mirror
Now you're pressing them to mine !

Well, my balls are always bouncing
To the left and to the right
They've found themselves a color
And they peer into the night
Once you've mouthed my testicles
You'll know I'm not a liar
I've got great balls of fire

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