

Pass Me The Key

Ya ever been caught just walking along
Minding your manners and singing your song
When out from the bushy weeds
Jumps Honest John and his foxy deeds

His little slave's got a chilling stare
Wrapped in lawyers and her serpent hair
Says: Man, you're gonna be shown
But I couldn't respond. I was turned to stone

Please, I got to call
I can't believe that this is even happening at all
Some folks won't get ahead
Till they've taken your butter for their fresh-baked bread

The witch's garden's got a perfect rose
She's got a perfect cat. She's got a perfect nose
And she haunts all the kids a while
With her perfect poison and her hideous smile

Her worthy son's into collecting birds
He's got the prettiest swan in the whole wide world
And he keeps her under a veil
So the neighbors won't see her. In her grief, she wails:

Please, I got to see
I can't believe that this is really happening to me
Some folks won't mean a thing
Till they got your fingers tied upon their strings

Front page reads: Breakout at the city zoo
Big gorilla coming into my room
The badge on his collar shines
And he holds my face to it as he pulls the blinds

Big Bill's smallest is a .44
He likes to talk about guns. He likes to think about war
And the living dead don't bug him no more
Down deep in their cages no one hears 'em roar

Please pass me the key
I can't believe how hard it's come to be to be free
Some folks won't stop at all
Till they got your number written on their wall