

(Carnival music plays behind speaking carnival barker) "Step right up, Step right up – See Miss Golda Mae do the mysterious dance of the space maidens – Watch crack shot Randy, the boy with the tripod fingers, as he performs unbelievable feats with his rifle – Be amazed at Bubba Louise and her fingernail illustrations – step right this way, right this way –

And now if you'll turn your attention to the big stage and give a big hand for Men of Extinction!"

Side Show Showdown

I fucking guarantee there'll be a gospel quartet
a gospel quartet
a gospel quartet

I fucking guarantee there'll be a gospel quartet
at the Side Show Showdown tonight

Why don't you come and listen to The Sodom Quartet

The Sodom Quartet

The Sodom Quartet

Why don't you come and listen to

The Sodom quartet

at the Side Show Showdown tonight

There will be plenty of singing

And loud bell ringing

With fire and brimstone

At the stroke of midnight

I fucking guarantee there'll be a gospel quartet
at the Side Show Showdown tonight

Then you will be hearing The Gomorrah Triplets

The Gomorrah Triplets

The Gomorrah Triplets

Sodom's followed up by

The Gomorrah Triplets

at the Side Show Showdown tonight

There will be plenty of singing

And loud bell ringing

With fire and brimstone

At the stroke of midnight

I fucking guarantee there'll be a gospel quartet
at the Side Show Showdown tonight
at the Side Show Showdown tonight

Picky Asshole

(Spoken)

I don't mind you smokin' but wipe that lipstick off your face

In the ashtray of a morning' your butts look out of place

(Now sung)

Pick up them stockings put em in the washing machine

Pick up them stockings put em in the washing machine

Turn the knob to delicate and get them stockings clean.

You keep sleepin' in the same spot there's a low spot in my bed

You keep sleepin' in the same spot there's a low spot in my bed

Once in a while just put your feet up by my head!

I'm a picky picky picky, picky picky asshole man,

I'm a picky picky picky, picky picky asshole man,

When you talk about picky that's the kind of asshole

I am

It makes me uneasy when you stand around thata way

It makes me uneasy when you stand around thata way

Straighten on up or slouch down all the way!

Don't break the yellows I like my eggs real neat!

Don't break the yellows I like my eggs real neat!

Now ladle on hot grease and put the plate down at my seat!

chorus

When you sleep over don't leave your toothbrush touching' mine!

When you sleep over don't leave your toothbrush touching' mine!

I just lay in bed thinking about them germs mixin' all the time!

Are you really gonna wear them shoes with that nice dress?

Are you really gonna wear them shoes with that nice dress?

Take a weedwacker to your hair if you wanna look a mess!

chorus

Shorty For Short

Met him in a come as you are karaoke bar in Tokyo
He wore a Panama hat, a paisley cravat, and an old kimono
Ooooh, things'll get better someday
They call him Shorty for short, a likeable sort
In so many ways

Slathers on English Leather, helps him get it together
for another day
Down to the coffee bar, a cappuccino or two and a Milky Way
Ooooh, uno mas, sil vous plait
They call him Shorty for short
A likeable sort, most people say

Dressed to the nines, his life is a play
Kicks are spit shined, good for tapping the blues
away

Mr. rootin' tootin' razzmatazz with a snappy retort
A litter whippersnapper with a mind of his own
steering hard to port
Ooooh, everything's goin' your way
They call him Shorty for short
A likeable sort, any given day

Dressed to the nines, his life is a play
Kicks are spit shined, good for tapping the blues
away

Smart as a whip, stiff upper lip, always up for fun
Likes to chat about Shaw and Mardi Gras, whoops!
It's time to run
Ooooh, talks til there's nothin' to say
They call him Shorty for short
A likeable sort, no matter what come may

Until I've Forgotten How To Fall

When you no longer trust the earth's rotation
And gravity's no longer your close friend
Teetering on the edge of oblivion
Then you slip and nearly hit your head

Down like a tree that's been uprooted
Then you notice that your brain is in a spin
Until I've forgotten how to fall
I won't be getting up again

My home once had a true and firm foundation
I tried so hard to keep the flooring neat
Then broken empties cluttered up the pathway we
walked
And my shoes disintegrated on my feet

Scattered all along a lonely highway
Like a cheap trailer in a strong whirlwind
Until I've forgotten how to fall
I won't be getting up again

Some might think I've had a few too many
Some might think I simply lost my way
But every time I make it to my knees once again
My guidance system seems to go astray

All alone again I find I'm flattened
I guess the floor is where I've always been
Until I've forgotten how to fall
I won't be getting up again
Until I've forgotten how to fall
I won't be getting up again

Before They Shot Kids

There was a time, when I was young.
No one cared what we did.
But that was before (back before)
They shot kids (they shot kids)
So long before (long before)
They shot kids.

You could talk to a bum in a alley for fun,
And share a cigarette with him.
But that was before (back before)
They shot kids (they shot kids)
So long before (long before)
They shot kids.

Meet at the fort in the vacant lot
Just your pals and you
'Neath a board on the floor was a secret hatch
Where we stashed a playboy, woo-hoo!

Hot wire a car and go for a ride.
Try a sip of gin when you're ten
But that was before (back before)
They shot kids (they shot kids)
So long before (long before)
They shot kids.

The folks would ring the supper bell
Finish your plate you're not through
Then back to the curb to your buddies again
For a new adventure or two.

Picked up by police who'd call your Mom
Wait til your father gets home.
But that was before (back before)
They shot kids (they shot kids)
So long before (long before)
They shot – kids.

(sounds of children at play fade away)

Shut up or I'll Shoot

"Don't move, anybody - why you dirty double-
crosser ...(gunshot -- scream) ... looks like he's done
for..."

Shut up or I'll shoot
Don't flap them lips, all your points are moot
If it bit you in the ass you wouldn't know the truth

Shut up or I'll shoot
You better zip that lip you big galoot
Stop slapping them gums unless you're bullet proof

Your mouth keeps moving all night and all day
You keep talking but have nothing to say

So, shut up or I'll shoot
Then I'll kick your ass to boot
Guess you better just be on your way

If your tongue keeps waggin' you better duck
Stop your yappin' or you're shit out of luck

So, shut up or I'll shoot
Here's my gat, time for you to scoot
Stop that snappy patter, you're gonna pay
Shut up or I'll shoot today

There Stands the Tower

There stands the tower
in gold bears my name
I get what I want
I Got fortune and fame

With my tiny finger
pointed and poked
made light of the poor
of women I've joked

I'll spit out stories
lies it is true
to bring into question
who won't let me through

I tempted and stretched
sucked and cajoled
No veil on contempt
for all I behold

These ain't sour grapes
what I'm telling' you
do as I say
don't do as I do

your fear and your anger
the tools that I use
best follow me now
what have you to lose.

blood is the coin
of the realm that I make
division and horror
in the path that I take

confused and incited
convinced some to hate
if I don't get what I want
then what I want I will take

I've bragged and I boasted
for I have no shame
Won't give it up
won't accept any blame

These ain't sour grapes
what I'm telling' you
do as I say
don't do as I do

your blind acceptance
Whats needed of you
don't get in my way
whatever you do

for those who betray me
I have no use
their weakness condemns them
there is no excuse

you've found your protector
in me place your trust
drop all logic and reason.
to follow you must

I'll say anything
the truth I will bend
my promises empty
like dust in the wind

These ain't sour grapes
what I'm telling' you
do as I say
don't do as I do

Never Give a Monkey a Gun

Never give a monkey a gun
It won't take him long to figure
How to pull that trigger
When that happens you had better run
Oh, never give a monkey a gun

Monkeys do paint pictures and I've seen them
smoke cigars
I've seen them playing poker with big movie stars
They flip around and smack their lips and drool
But you better think them monkeys ain't no fool

I thought a monkey was the one thing I could trust
But these monkeys are leaving us in the dust
Imagine all the damage that will be done
When the monkeys flip the safety and start having
fun

Never give a monkey a gun
Never give a monkey a gun
It won't take him long to figure
How to pull that trigger
When that happens you had better run
Oh, never give a monkey a gun

Never take a monkey to a big gun show
He'll be back for more before you will know
When he gets a magazine that's full
That monkey really shows you how to shoot the bull

If you think guns are a big problem now
Just wait until the monkeys start to show you how
When they get their paws on an AR-15
They'll have you jumpin' like you're on a trampoline

Never give a monkey a gun
Never give a monkey a gun
It won't take him long to figure
How to pull that trigger
When that happens you had better run
Oh, never give a monkey
Never give a monkey
Never give a monkey a gun

Who's Gonna Play Brad Pitt?

Wel-I-I-I-I

I can play G
I can play O
I can play D
I can play God

And you can be his S
You can be his O
You can be his N
You can be his Son

She'll play the son's M
She'll play the son's O
She'll play the son's M
She'll play the son's Mom

But whoooooooooo
Who's gonna play Brad Pitt

I'm packing my B
I'm packing my A
I'm packing my G
I'm packing my Bag

I'm checkin' my M
I'm checkin' my A
I'm checkin' my P
I'm checkin' my Map

I'm starting' my C
I'm starting' my A
I'm starting' my R
I'm starting' my Car
Searching' for Whooooooooo
Who's gonna play Brad Pitt

I'll be on my way
Lookin' high and low
Lookin' night and Day
Til I find the one
Whooooo
Who's gonna play Brad Pitt

Wel-I-I-I-I
I can play G
I can play O
I can play D
I can play God

And you can be his S
You can be his O
You can be his N
You can be his Son

She'll play the son's M
She'll play the son's O

She'll play the son's M
She'll play the son's Mom

But whoooooooooo
Who's gonna play Brad Pitt

I'll be on my way
Lookin' high and low
Lookin' night and Day
Til I find the one
Whooooo
Who's gonna play Brad Pitt

It'll have to be B
It'll have to be R
It'll have to be A
It'll have to be D
Only Brad
Brad's gonna play Brad Pitt

Road Rage Saturday Night

I'm gonna pack my pistol
You pack yours, too
And we'll go steppin' all right
The car's full of gas
There's a good forecast
We can roll until daylight
There'll be plenty of fun
After setting sun
You can still line up your sight
We won't take no crap
From no kinda sap
On a road rage Saturday night

Just south of town
There's a real cool sound
I hear it's outta sight
But if we see some fool
Who blows his cool
And just can't be polite
We'll follow him down
And if he starts to frown
Flip him off at the next stop light
Ammo's cheap
As you sow, you reap
On a road rage Saturday night

On a road rage Saturday night
Everyone's uptight
Reach down for your gun
You can bet your life they'll be on the run

I'll get behind 'em
And tailgate close
Teach them a thing or two
If they hit the brakes

And get the shakes
We'll show them what to do
There's a ditch up ahead
When I see red
I'll run 'em out of sight
Don't mess with me
I got I-E-D – (intermittent explosive disorder)
On a road rage Saturday night

chorus

I'll get behind 'em
And tailgate close
Teach them a thing or two
Don't mess with me
I got I-E-D
On a road rage Saturday night
On a road rage Saturday night

Getalong Paul

who's zat yonder
getalong paul
give him a hollar
getalong paul
whats he saying?
getalong paul
paper or plastic?
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

hep you to the car m'am?
getalong paul
toss him a quarter
getalong paul
run to the lot now
getalong paul
stack them carts
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

stack them boxes
getalong paul
tag them cans
getalong paul
mop that bathroom
getalong paul
unpack them taters
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul

move on along now, getalong Paul

get a head of lettuce
getalong paul
hep them shoppers
getalong paul
Grab a case of Nehi
getalong paul
make that grapette
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

take it to her car now
getalong paul
this weeks pay check
getalong paul
fourteen dollars
getalong paul
get yerself a cool drink
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

that about do it
getalong paul
hi to the family
getalong paul
have a nice Sunday
getalong paul
come back Monday
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

be a good worker
get along Paul
raise ya half a dollar
get along Paul
for you know it
get along Paul
This store'll be yours
get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

where you headed
get along Paul
join the Navy
get along Paul

ship out tuesday
get along Paul
gulf of Tonkin
get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

see the world
get along Paul
now you're a man
get along Paul
heard you's back now
get along Paul
you need a haircut
get along Paul
paul get along now get along paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

wha'd you see thar
get along Paul
nothin but murder
get along Paul
how 'bout a job now
get along Paul
stores still open
get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

who's zat yonder
getalong paul
give him a hollar
getalong paul
whats he saying?
getalong paul
paper or plastic?
getalong paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
Paul get along now get along Paul
move on along now, getalong Paul

I go to bed at 12:30
Get up a quarter to 1:00
You call that sleepin'?
(I don't think so)
I'm just havin' way too damn much fun

Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Like a stain on your collar
From a girl with rub off eyes

A warm Jax beer and a chicken wing
A saltine cracker or two
You call that eatin'?
(I don't think so)
I ain't got time to get much eatin' done

Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Like a stain on your collar
From a girl with rub off eyes

Quart of gin for breakfast
Six-pack at 3:00
Ya call that drinkin'
(I don't think so)
Take more than that to even make a dent in me

Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Like a stain on your collar
From a girl with rub off eyes

Wear my socks for a year
Same as my underwear
Ya call that stinkin'?
(I don't think so)
I can smell myself and I smell just fine to me

Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Don't get too close to me
You'll get a rub off high
Like a stain on your collar
From a girl with rub off eyes

(same lyrics as intro version)

At its ending: laughter, applauding, cheering, and
“Mr. Schmarty Pants stop your kvetching, Mr.
Schmarty Pants...” is being sung.
Head engineer: “Will you please close the door—
close the door!”

(door slams)

Head engineer: “That’s just not gonna fuckin’
work...”

Head engineer: “All right, that thing is over. Uh, what
we got next?”

Asst. engineer: “We got Rudy Cacao and the Trans
Plantation Boys.”

Head engineer: “All right, then. You fellas ready?”

Rudy: “Yes, sir!”

Head engineer: “What’s this one called?”

Rudy: “Spread Your Little Thing Out.”

Head engineer: “All right, tape’s rollin’. ‘Spread Your
Little Thing Out,’ take 1.”

Spread Your Little Thing Out

Spread your little thing out
So you want a job in old DC
Spread your little thing out
You might could get a job with me
Spread your little thing out
Oh look at little Mr. Pinky
Spread your little thing out
I’ll be nice if you’re nice to me

Flop your little thing out
I’m a priest, you can trust me
Flop your little thing out
God would want me to see
Flop your little thing out
Now I’ll show mine to thee
Flop your little thing out
It’s a secret, just you and me

Spread your little thing ou-out
Flop your little thing ou-out
Spread your little thing ou-out
Flop your little thing ou-out

Spread your little thing out
I might put you in my movie
Flop your little thing out
How’d you like to be on TV
Spread your little thing out
I can make you a star you’ll see
Flop your little thing out
In this town you’re gonna need me

Spread your little thing out
Won’t you come to our party
Spread your little thing out
Have another drink on me
Spread your little thing out
Here’re some fellas for you to meet
Spread your little thing out
They’re from my fraternity

Spread your little thing ou-out
Flop your little thing ou-out
Spread your little thing ou-out
Flop your little thing ou-out
(repeats to end)

Real news cast comments overlay as it goes out...

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| <p><i>Pistol Grip Wallet</i> Men of Extinction Cool Groove Records CD 115 Jim Colegrove and Roscoe West Gold Tooth Music, BMI © 2019</p> |
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