Bad Chardonnay

Graham Parker

Don't give me any lip son Don't give me any grief I've been around the block and back from Maine to Tenaris Yeah and I've got my act together, ok it's just an act But it's served me well for a long, long time Here's my secret Jack: You need a real long finish that never quits like English treacle on hominy grits a buttery flavor that goes on and on with a hint of grease and a nose too long you've got to do it your own way on cigarettes and bad chardonnay yes cigarettes, yes cigarettes and bad chardonnay ba-ba-ba-bop-a-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay (It's all bad...It's all good) Well I've seen this mighty continent From the back seat of a van Well the scenery just disappears like the members of your band From LA across to New York, Seattle to New Orleans On rocket fuel and gasoline and everything in between You need a real long finish that never quits like English toffee on hominy grits a buttery flavor that goes on and on with a hint of grease and a nose too long you've got to do it your own way on cigarettes and bad chardonnay yes cigarettes, yes cigarettes, and bad chardonnay ba-ba-ba-bop-a-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay ba-ba-ba-bop-a-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay ba-ba-ba-bop-a-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay Well I've hit the bottom many times And it's not always that bad In fact, it's kind of comforting like a friend you never had When the walls collapse around you and kaleidoscope explodes You feel so small and meaningless you finally let go You need a real long finish that never quits like English treacle on hominy grits a buttery flavor that goes on and on with a hint of grease and a nose too long you've got to do it your own way on cigarettes and bad chardonnay yes cigarettes, yes cigarettes and bad chardonnay yes cigarettes, yes cigarettes and bad chardonnay ba-ba-ba-bop-a-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay ba-ba-ba-bop-a-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay

(It's all bad...It's all good)

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