

238-1000

What's the matter mr.

Whats the matter mister, did your wife leave you behind
Did she run off with another man with whom she wined and dined
Did she do it because with you she felt too confined
Are you sad because without her you are no longer defined

Whats the matter mister, why are you angry all the time
Don't you know that hatred of you fellows is a crime
Breath a bit more deeply and you'll find the world sublime
Instead you seem to always rub your soul into the grime

Whats the matter mister, why do you need another drink
Perhaps its time to belly up and find a better shrink
Your life is ebbing quickly you don't have the time to blink
I bet your rotting corpse will carry quite a unique stink

Whats the matter mister, can't you live without the lord
Don't you find it funny that a myth you have adored
Watching you preach and hold on tight leaves me pretty bored
Funny how in the USA such critiques are called untoward

Hey mister throw me some beads
Hey mister eff your good deeds
I know you really don't care
Hey mister, lay your soul bare