

Midnight Cabaret

Chris Trapper

I took off my clothes,
threw 'em down to the floor
and then I left behind my wallet
and walked out my front door
I was standing stark naked
right there in the street
With nothing covering my chest
and nothing covering my feet
Until the old lady screamed
"somebody call the police..
Lock him up, lock up the super freak"

This ain't no two bit town or midnight cabaret
And then the jury looked down and said
"son what have you got to say?"
I'd rather look like a fool
than go my whole damn life afraid

Well, people leaving for work, they just sat
still in their cars
By the way everybody was acting you
would have thought I was armed
But I was just feeling back to nature,
like I could finally be free
'Til the police car pulled up and said
"son, come with me"
I said "officer, I'm tired of being
judged by my looks.
People keep putting down the cover and
never reading the book"

You can't bury a brand name
with you in your grave
and if you walk around naked,
think of the cash you'll save.
You can pack up your suitcase
in two seconds flat
And you won't have to worry
'cause everybody will know if you're fat
May the wind always be with you
at your back
And may you never be afraid
of anything you lack