

Have You Ever Chopped A Wolf

Dance Club Massacre

One night road trip to Chicago.
I drove down with my friends.
This is our last chance for grace.
For starters we'll dine with what we thought to be kings and queens.
Turned out to be just Palumbo.
Well here we are the Westin Palace, wild packs spread out in the lobby.
We chose a different route, the bar.
Would ya look at this?
The enforcer, the champ, mid-carders galore.
How did we end up here?
This can't be real.
I'm doing shots and bumping elbows with the whole damn show.
The bar is closed yet we're still here.
On this night we're one of them.
Finally that wheelin' dealin' (kiss stealin') limousine-ridin', jet flying (stylin' and profilin') son of a gun makes his entrance.
The entire pack howl in his presence in respect.
This party has now officially begun.
One week before the king steps down from his throne.
So long, nature boy.