

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-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay

(It's all badIt'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

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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-ba-bop-a bad chardonnay
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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

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(It's all badIt's all good)