

# Lloyd's Summer Vacation

Jace Everett

Now lloyd was unaccustomed to the company he kept  
That night he pulled out all the stops  
Yeah, it was nothing but the best  
He proffered kosher funnel cakes  
Hell, he powdered every plate  
Poured them all some manischevitz  
So they wouldn't mind the wait

He was all like,  
"come in, come in now. Please, please take a seat"  
While his giggling girls, they twittered down the hall  
But you could almost smell the tension  
Through the windows, from the street  
Yeah, you could almost read the writing on the wall

Yeah the writings on the walls

Folks greased up their little torches  
And they pitch forked 'round the house  
They cried, "we'd like to get to know them lloyd,  
Why don't you send them out?"  
Slipping through the front door, lloyd he begged them to decist  
Then he made them all an offer even he could not resist

Meanwhile, his guests are getting restless  
As they scrape back in their chairs  
Poke their beaks out of the windows and glower down the stairs  
They yanked ol' lloyd back in the house told him,  
"good god man, pack up the kids, pack up the wife,  
And fire up the van!!"

Soaking up the rain  
With a shaker full of salt  
Gotta get away  
You better, you better  
Soaking up the rain  
With a shaker full of salt  
Gotta get away

So lloyd packed up the family  
And they headed it ouf town  
(this was before the ocean died, see, and walls burned to the ground)  
They said, "just keep on drivin' man. Maybe hide out in the woods."  
So very few instructions  
Even fewer understood

Now mamma, don't look back in anger  
Mamma don't look back at all  
But she never could contain herself  
(no it's really not her fault)  
She had her mothers crystal china and her daddys crystal balls  
Then a flash, then a bang, then a shaker full of salt

Soaking up the rain  
With a shaker full of salt  
Gotta get away  
No it ain't her fault

Soaking up the rain  
With a shaker full of salt  
Gotta get away

Poor old what's her face...

Later in the evening after everything they'd seen  
Those whispering, giggling girls cooked up a nasty little scheme  
The buggers and the beggars would have shook their heads in shame  
But they didn't get the chance man, they was soaking up the rain!

A little drop of poison in a jigger full of wine  
You keep it in the family, it all works out in time  
See lloyd was not the kind of man to love and leave a lady  
He raised up two strong daughters  
Then he made his own grand babies!