

The First Six Rows

Kevin Bloody Wilson

They said I sounded just like Elvis, when I was still at school,
It's time I sang an Elvis song I'd make the sheilas screw,
I'd curl a my lips and check a my hips and crum off my guitar,
And as a sat there I won't tell 'em west I'd really kick some ass
But it was a little boy scout, down the street from us,
But when I closed my eyes I'd seen the Sydney Oprah House,
The kids all on their push bikes there and peddlin' to their chicks,
But they all pissed off right up the back when I stood up to sing.

And I thought how come no cunt sits in the first six rows'a chairs?
They screech and stomp and scream for more but the first six rows
are bare,
They all ask for concerts souvenirs and lockets of me hair
So how come no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs.

So I changed me style to western, Saint Williams and all that,
Just the rear gestionmn, and western's where I'm at,
I bought meself a satin shirt and sparklin' rhinestone suit,
And half a dozen frangers just in case I scored some roots,
Then I shot through from the city and I stormed the country towns,
And sang with Natal Nuances just to get that western sound,
I sang picture shows and fitness camps and even shearin' sheds,
And each time I come on stage to sing Jesus stuff me dead.

How come no cunt sits in the first six rows'a chairs?
They clap and whistle all me songs but the first six rows are bare,
I sweat and shave and bare me soul but still can't understand,
How come no cunt ever sits, in the first six rows'a chairs?

It was fate I suppose that changed things, some might say it's luck,
'Cause me tonsils and me adenoids and me sinuses start playin' up,
And I thought Jesus Christ almighty how's a bloke supposed to sing?
And I sound like Willie Nelson, and the band start pourin' in,
And I started my own concert at the Sydney Oprah House,
The roar'a the grease paint the smell'a the crowd Jesus it was grace,
'Cause the audience went crazy and I'm a star now and I'm rich,
So I don't give a fuckin' rat's ass where the bastards sit.

And I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs,
A sold out sign in every show so I don't really care,
'Cause we sell umbrellas now with me records and cassettes,
And I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs.

No I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs,
Special mantinades every Saturday so I don't really care,
We sell gumboots and sell weskers with me records and cassettes
And I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs.

No I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs,
'Cause I signed meself a contract with them cunts at CBS,
They sell flippers marks and snorkel fuck the records and cassettes,
And I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs.

No I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs,
With all this extra merchandising I'm a millionaire,
I've got a Rolls Royce in me shadow what the wife has fixed inside
And I don't care if no cunt sits, in the first six rows'a chairs.