

O.J.

Loudon Wainwright III

Well, I need a lot of OJ
I'm afraid I gotta say
Freshly squeezed from my TV set
Every single day
Marcia Clark and Johnny Cochran
They provide vitamin C
I love Lance, Christopher Darden
And that crusty old F. Lee

If I lived in California
Or some other Western state
Then I could get it in the morning
And I wouldn't have to wait
For my fix of OJ
It's just like a shot of dope
With all it's aspects of Greek tragedy
It's better than a soap

Oh, and the white folks, black folks, brown folks at the bar and on the stand
Oh, in the matching glasses there's the bearded yellow man
There's blood and mud and tears and gloves and coverage never stops
Experts, next door neighbors, sex and drugs and dogs and cops

Marcia's marriage broken, Johnny beat up his ex-wife
Tell me, with this cast of characters who needs to get a life?
I'll bet Bailey and Shapiro they still hate each others guts
The dream team needs Colin Ferguson, somebody really nuts

Hey, let's not forget the victims, even though they're hardly there
Except for drops of blood and DNA on socks and hair
Sometime's it's all in Spanish, tell me did you know
That when she says, "I don't remember," what she really means is, "No."

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Kato Kaelin is a hero, Fong and Fuhrman both are bums
Every juror gets a book deal, everybody wants some crumbs
And it may all end in mistrial, we may do it all again
Maybe we'll get a verdict in the year 2010

OJ rolls his eyes toward Heaven - does he deserve to burn in hell?
And the camera rarely leaves him, it's got a tale to sell
And we're glued to our TV sets, focused on one soul
It's bigger than the budget, Bosnia, the Super Bowl

And I wanna visit Bundy, take a trip to Rockingham
I wanna drive a Bronco - I've forgotten who I am
All those legal experts on Geraldo, they're so sharp and smart and cool
They work the system - it's not perfect, you perfect that in law school

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Those experts, nest door neighbors, cleaning ladies, dogs and cops