

Mustard Plug, To Be

I tied on my boots and strapped on my bracelet
to go out and meet some new faces.
Went to the store to buy some dark gin,
and now I know my night's ready to begin.
A dozen friends in my big 'ol car,
my '62 Buick can't take us too far.
Out for the night, it'll be so rude,
gotta hold us down before the night is through.

In Grand Rapids, there's nothing to do.
When you're down it's the same way too.
Gotta get up, do the best that you can.
To be a fool, is to be a man.

Well I went to the party with the big 'ol keg.
They said the way I drank, they thought I had a hollow leg.
Standing around, starting to groove,
with my beer in hand I think I'll plot my next move.
I spot a pretty girl giving me a wink
trying to catch my eye, or so I think.
Such a fool I am, should not have overlooked
that her eyes were only clouded by the smoke.

Well I went to Denny's to buy me some food,
said it's the only place that can put me in the mood.
I order my fries and always complain,
but the way they taste I think I'd rather eat them plain.
But I'm still with my friends, still having fun
talking shit while the night is still young.
But I bet they watch me drink as much as I'm able,
I know they'll laugh when they find me passed out on the table.