

Lyrics To The Songs

By Phil Johnson and

Roadside Attraction

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**For more information on any of the
pieces here, please contact
Phil@RoadsideAttraction.com**

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Two Of Me

**by Phil Johnson and Roadside
Attraction
from the CD "Ribbed For Your
Pleasure"
Copyright 2001**

If I was me I'd kick my ass

If I was me you'd never last

But I'm not me

What the hell am I gonna do?

She got he

And I'm the one that got screwed

Stop the ride , I wanna get off

We share a brain, I'd make it stop

But how?

Chorus

There's two of me

But only one loves her

The other inside will commit homicide

She loves me

If the other doesn't kill her I'll feel fine

Why won't you leave us alone?

You make me heave, wretch a lot and groan

But you won't go

I'ma have to get rough now

Run for the door

I set fire to your stuff now

You better run before you're in too deep

Cuz I can take you out when you're asleep

Chorus

Interlude

If I was me, you'd be dead

If I was me, I'd bludgeon in your head

But I'm not me

What the hell am I gonna do?

She got he

And I'm the one that got screwed

Stop the ride , I wanna get off

We share a brain, I'd make it stop

But how?

Chorus

Whale Blubber

**by Phil Johnson and Roadside
Attraction**

**from the CD "Ribbed For Your
Pleasure"**

Copyright 2001

You and were talking

About how much we love each other

Saying things that lovers say

Promises kept til our dying day, oh yeah

I turned to you, one thought in mind

Hoping that you'd make the sacrifice

Hoped you wouldn't run away

Hope you wouldn't hate the things I'd say

I'd lie down in the rain

I'd swallow all the pain

Of a hundred thousand invertebrates

Chomping at my brain

But would you eat whale blubber for me?

I'd blow a grizzly bear

Shave off all my body hair

I'd sucker punch and old grandma

Just because I care

But would you eat whale blubber for me?

Love is like a junk yard

Full and worth so much to someone

That someone is us

Our junk yard of lust, oh yeah

I turn to you on bended knee

You pass the joint and I could see your love

Your love for me is so unreal

I'm hoping that you'll prove it with a meal

I'd lie down in the rain

I'd swallow all the pain

Of a hundred thousand invertebrates

Chomping at my brain

But would you eat whale blubber for me?

I'd lick up all the crust

From the tire of your truck

I'd have gay sex with Donald Duck

I just don't give a ah-ah-ah

But would you eat whale blubber for me?

Blue Collar Anthem

**by Phil Johnson and Roadside
Attraction**

from the CD "A Nut Unbroken"

Copyright 2005

Who wants to hear another sappy song
About the power of rock n' roll
Or the trials of a love affair gone awry again

Who wants to hear me dedicating all my
love
To a girl that no one knows
In a place I'll never go

There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the worker to the chief

And this is my blue collar anthem
For those who just don't care
They've seen it all before and lived it more
And found it isn't fair

And this is my blue collar anthem
For a dream that isn't there

Who wants to hoist beer and come along
with me

On a rock n' roll fantasy

Where she done you wrong but it's alright
again

Find a way to get away, take this job and
shove away

You come full circle yeah

But you're doing what you can, you're doing
what you can

There must be some kind of way out of here
Said the worker to the thief

Chorus

Those empty words, now they're meaning
even less

When life weighs on your chest

They're just a symbol of the innocence
that's lost

When the fun is over, now you pay the cost

Chorus

Asshole

**by Phil Johnson and Roadside
Attraction**

**from the CD "I Know I Shouldn't
Say This, But..."**

Copyright 2005

I know you've got aspirations
Of being the boss one day
Who put that stick up your ass anyway
Poster boy for company castration
You grovel and you kiss the ground
Go deep you just might make your whole face
brown
You're the assistant manager company boy you
sad pathetic fuck
Chorus
You're and asshole
And I don't like you very much
That water cooler might look better
Stuck right up your butt
Cuz you're and asshole
I can't believe you're still employed
The company's public image
Must be one big hemorrhoid
Cuz you're an asshole
You're an asshole Oh oh

You stick your nose deep in everyone's business
Well stay the hell out of mine
You know it'll come back to bite you in time
I might just tell everyone here tonight
That little thing I know about you
I saw you in the closet sniffing glue
And fellating a sheep in the copier room while
the CEO tells you that

Chorus

You must be related to someone
It's the only way you coulda got here
Underqualified, understatement of the year
A left handed rabid crack-head chimpanzee
Could do the job better than you
You could even screw up flinging poo
You're the stupidest person that I've ever met
And I just wanna ring your goddamned neck
Chorus
This song might offend a few
But hopefully no one in this room
But if you're not singing then it's true
That I'm singing this here song about you

Chorus

LCW

by Phil Johnson and Roadside Attraction

from the CD "I Know I Shouldn't Say This, But..."

Copyright 2005

If I could see with you eyes

If I could breathe with your lips

If I could love with your heart

Then I could start

To be just like you

Chorus

A lying cheating whore

Who never does me right

Blows my friends on poker

Only goes into my jeans to strip my wallet clean

You're a lying cheating whore

If I could dress like a slut

Make more home deliveries than Pizza Hut

If I could show my tits to every biker that passed

Then I'd have man boobs

And boy would that suck

Chorus

But you're a lying cheating whore

Who's special cherry pie

Reminds me of a sewer line

Who drops trou at the drop of a hat

You'd make a good rat trap

You're a lying cheating whore

You'll never know

How hard I cried

When you said those three little words

... It's too small

Chorus

But you're a lying cheating whore

Whose hole is much too big

It's an archeological dig

They found the last poor schmuck

Who fell in when you fucked

You're a lying cheating whore

If I were drunk

You might still be hot

But only followed by a penicillin shot

Cuz you're a lying cheating whore.

Afrodizzyac

by Phil Johnson and Roadside Attraction

From the DVD “Raising A Rockus”

Copyright 2007

Ain't no one seen a brotha like the brotha that we seen

His afro casts a shadow as big as his meat see

The girls line up to say “Take me Papi!”

Every coochie left happy and a little bit sloppy

He supa dupa fly for a supa spy

Foils every attempt to make the world cry

By his arch nemesis, victim of a nasty cut

This poor little bastard we call Left Nut

Afrodizzyac is the top spy for the secret government agency called as the Bureau Of Official Tits And Yonis or B.O.O.T.A.Y. It is his responsibility to protect the women of the world from nefarious criminals such as Left Nut and they're pathetic schemes to horde the world's supply of poontang.

He's flyer than Spanish Fly

Super pimp spy with his hair held high

Chorus

Afrodizzy gets all the girls

He got one on each arm as he saves the world

Step back Jack

It's Afrodiszyac

Afrodizzy he don't get paid

He said the best reward is getting laid

Watch yo crack

It's Afrodiszyac

The saddest of the baddest is a sucka named Left Nut

He's hung like a baby, voice squeaks like a tight butt

He can't grow no hair cuz he was young when he got cut

He's pasty and he's nasty and at times a little gassy

He's looking for love in all the wrong places

Dastardly deeds pilin' up the court cases

Sprayed in the face with all kinds of maces

The phone sex girls even turn him down.

Mortimer Q. Leach, aka Left Nut, met with a tragic Catholic School accident at the age of 13 resulting in the loss of both his testicles. The wonders of modern science provided him with two Teflon-coated replacement nuts. 10 years later while hitting on a girl named Kitty in a bar called the Booby Trap, Mortimer was not only turned down flat, but kicked so hard in the groin that his right Teflon testicle flew out his nose and rolled away never to be seen again. Mortimer took the name Left Nut and swore to have his revenge by kidnapping and making sweet sweet love to every woman in the world.

Chorus

Left Nut is on a mission to go fuck up the world

Capture all the women, get busy with all the girls

Afrodizzy swoops down from above

Into Left Nut's attempt at love and says

"Homie, you ain't got the balls to play with fine ladies like these."

You got to bring 'em roses

(And he did)

You got to wine and dine

(And he did)

You got to whisper sweet

(And he did)

You got to let her be the one to start to get nasty

Lick up her thighs to make her real happy

Give the carnal kiss like only I can

Now sit down punk, cuz Afrodizzy's the man!

Chorus

Brown Ring Around

The Collar

**By Phil Johnson and Roadside
Attraction**

**From the DVD “Raising A
Rockus”**

Copyright 2007

Everyone can hear you coming from five
miles away

In your juiced up Chevrolet

Windows rattle with the noise

They're going thump thump thump

I pull up next to you at a red stop light

Looking to my right, see you wear ear plugs

You're Forrest Gump Gump Gump

You're Forrest Gump Gump Gump

And I hope that you're chest implodes

When your speakers blow out

Chorus

Brown Ring Around The Collar

Do you know that your head's up your ass
today?

Brown Ring Around The Collar

I would ask that you please do not
procreate

Brown Ring Around The Collar

Is it hard to eat? Is it hard to poop?

Brown Ring Around The Collar

Are you stuck in an endless fecal feedback
loop?

Got an order for me and the five other guys

Hit the fast food joint with wide open eyes

Not a drink in sight, but you don't realize

You're a chump chump chump

You ask for here or to go and I say

Do I look that hungry anyway, Asshole?

You stare right back at me with those two
blank eyes

Like a lump lump lump

And I hope that you choke on the fry

That you stole from the trash

Chorus

Hey pendejo

Hey bobosso

Hey pendejo, yeah!

Hey pendejo

Hey, hey, hey, what!

God damn stupid people piss me off

98 degrees in the shade and you're waiting
in line

Six hours at a time in a place made for play

Miss fashion plate's gotta have her high
heels on

She's going clump clump clump

Your ankles swell to the size of two small
dogs

By the end of the day

At least swap the nine inch heels away

For some pump pump pumps

And I hope that your heel breaks off

And birds shit on your dress

Chorus

The End

**If you enjoyed the tracks on this CD, be sure to check out the
albums the come from and all the other releases on my
website: www.RoadsideAttraction.com**