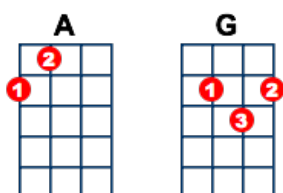
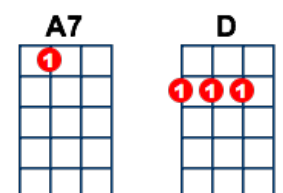
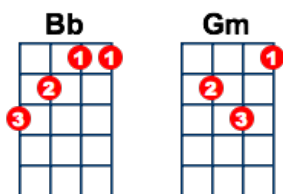
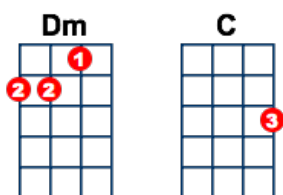


A Chat With Your Mom

By Lou and Peter Berryman



Oh, the pirates in their fetid galleons, daggers in their skivvies

With infected tattooed fingers on a blunderbuss or two

Signs of scurvy in their eyes and only mermaids on their minds

It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

Chorus

We sit down to have a chat, it's F-word this and F-word that

I can't control how you young people talk to one another

But I don't want to hear you use that F-word with your mother.

And the lumberjacks from Kodiak vacationing in Anchorage

Enchanted with their pine tar soap and caribou shampoo

With seven weeks of back pay in their aromatic woolens

It's from them I would expect to hear the F-word, not from you.

Chorus

