**Loserman**

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Aldehydic Music Production and Vulgate Versions

Loserman, they call me Loserman,

Got nothing in my hand, they call me Loserman,

Ain't got no family plan, ain't got no hide to tan,

Ain't got no brain to scan, they call me Loserman.

I got my row to hoe, got my hard way to go,

I got what you don't know, that strikes me apropos,

I'm just a gigolo, I'm just a guy named Joe,

I'm just an also-ran, they call me Loserman.

Round six I hit the bricks,

Door-to-door with my bag of tricks,

It takes a good amount of joie de vivre,

Which all things considered

I cannot achieve,

Another brother maybe swing the swag,

But sad and shabby is the bag I drag,

I'm as rich as a pygmy,

Even ditches don't dig me,

When the rats come out to play you'll find me

Hangin' round the corner singin'

                         [Loserman scat riff]

Like Edgar Allen Poe, drink Amantillado,

I must pursue that glow, that may take three or fo',

I can't be status quo, don't know which line to toe,

Don't know which fit to throw, or which-a-way to stow.

I spend that cookie dough, I drive that Dyna-Flow,

I play the pipes of Pan, I play what no one can,

I flip a buffalo, it comes up tails of woe,

Here comes that big white van, they call me Loserman.

I got to pack, Jack, hit the track,

A moving target takes a lot less flak,

I'm set to garner universal heed

But I'm leaving shortly at dispersal speed,

A lot of front from those who sit on high,

Too much assumption, too much shit on rye,

I ain't cut out for a flunky,

I'm a mo' betta monkey,

When the wolves are on the way you'll find me

Slidin' down the alley singin'

[Loserman scat riff]