

# Red Hot Chili Peppers Lyrics

## "Apache Rose Peacock"

Sittin' on a sack of beans  
Sittin' down in New Orleans  
You wouldn't believe what I've seen  
Sitting on that sack of beans

Lunatics on pogo sticks  
Another southern fried freak on a crucifix  
Hicks don't mix with politics  
People on the street just kickin' to the licks

*[M1]*

Yes my favorite place to be  
Is not a land called Honah Lee  
Mentally or physically  
I wanna be in New Orleans

Oh good brother just when I thought  
That I had seen it all  
My eyes popped out, my dick got hard  
And I dropped my jaw

I saw a bird walkin down the block  
Name Apache Rose Peacock  
I could not speak I was in shock  
I told my knees to please not knock

*[M1]*

A little boy came along  
Name of Louis Armstrong  
Said that girl who left me silly  
She liked the looks of me and my willy

So I found her in the quarter  
Good God how I adored her  
Oh she made me feel so cozy  
When she told me I could call her Rosey

*[M2]*

I kiss your hair your skin so bare  
I'll take you with me girl anywhere  
You fare well in stormy weather  
I never met a girl that I liked better

Twinkle twinkle little star  
Shining down on my blue car

Drivin' down the boulevard  
She was soft and I was hard

Apache Rose gotta rockin' peacock  
Hottest ass on the goddamn block  
Rockin' to the beat of the funky ass meters  
She has one of those built in heaters

[M2]

Voodoo gurus casting their spells  
Cockatoo drag queens shakin' their bells  
Silver sound escapes the trumpet  
Watch your leg someone might hump it

Chicken strut your butt let's rock  
Gettin' it on under your frock  
Flowing like a flame all through the night  
My girl's insane but it's all right

[M1]

Writer(s): John Anthony Frusciante, Anthony Kiedis, Chad Smith, Michael Balzary

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