

Medicine Show

Big Audio Dynamite

Get three coffins ready.
Huh? Ah! Covered wagon, Medicine Show
Take you to a place where the healing flows, oh-ho
Weak in spirit we got the juice
Won't save your soul it'll shine your shoes, oh
Treated king to kangaroo
Santa Fe to Timbuktu, oh-ho
Don't be fooled by imitation
This is the stuff that cured a nation
We took the tube and the high plains too
Never stopped long just passing through
A drop of the laughter of the maids of France
Makes a hopeless cripple dance, oh
It was really vile weather
When we got tarred and feathered
You could hear the six-guns sound
As they chased us out of town
Whoa-ho...In India we're all the rave
Discovered that it's great as aftershave, oh-ho
Dropped in the sea just off Japan
Swapped twenty bottles for an aqua-walkman, oh
Immunity from ridicule
Improves your brains if you're a fool, oh-ho
And I read in the Middle East
Traded some for a hostage release
Now if you're bald it'll give you hair
If you've got straight trousers it'll give you flares
Feeling up you'll get depressed
Out of style here's a brand new dress, oh
It was really vile weather
When we got tarred and feathered
You could hear the six-guns sound
As they chased us out of town Who the hell is that? One bastard goes in, another one comes out!
Turn him around! Turn around!
Turn him around! Turn around!
(Laughing)
I'm innocent of anything! You making some kind of joke?
Oh, no.
(Laughing)
I don't think it's nice, you laughing. The stuff we sell is just the best
Passing all consumer tests, oh-ho
Days of heaven, nights of sin

Voodoo stick and shark's fin
When all around you seems like hell
Just one sip will make you well, oh-ho
Multi-purpose in a jar
If you ain't ill it'll fix your car
In days of yore for all bad feelings
Washing socks and stripping ceilings
Nowadays it's used medicinally
For all known human malady, ohIt was really vile weather
When we got tarred and feathered
You could hear the six-guns sound
As they chased us out of town

Whoa-ho...Wanted in fourteen counties of this state, the condemned is found guilty of the crimes of murder, armed robbery of citizens, state banks, and post offices, the theft of sacred objects, arson in a state prison, perjury, bigamy, deserting his wife and children, inciting prostitution, kidnapping, extortion, receiving stolen goods, selling stolen goods, passing counterfeit money, and contrary to the laws of this state, the condemned is guilty of using marked cards and loaded dice. Therefore, according to the power invested in us, we sentence the accused here before us, Tuco Benedicto Pacifico Juan Maria Ramirez...

...known as the Rat...

...and any other aliases he might have, to hang by the neck until dead. May God have mercy on his soul. Proceed.Duck, you sucker!

(Gunfire)

I don't have to show you any stinkin' badges!

(Gunfire & yelling)

(Laughing to fade)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>