

Ooh

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

Looking out
Push the button
Don't make the grade boy
Don't ask for nothing Stupid people
Think it's funny
Dropping these bombs boy
Looks who keeps on running I found a girl
Not that nothing pleases
She wants that I should be
Exactly all that she says I make her lazy
She makes me strong
She won't believe it
Till she hears it in a song Another night that kills
The music heals
Bring your own stereo
They smoke banana peels You're going crazy
But you don't care
I left directions
So I guess I'll meet you there Calendar girl
Got something for Jesus
She want to pass Him off
As subject for her thesis He makes her crazy
She thinks He's wrong
I don't know what I think
Till I put it in a song Entertainers
We sleep till dawn
We've got computers
We leave them on Live in castles
The richest bums
We eat for free in town
While smoking up the lawn

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