

# Sassy Britches (Kung-Pow mix)

## Self

i once knew a girl named sassy britches  
and she would call my name 3000 times a day  
she was running round town burning bridges  
and now my ride homes never quite the same  
i once knew a girl named sassy britches  
and i swear unto you it's her god given name  
i told her friends they're stuckup bitches  
and now my napkin's soaked with bloodstains  
the more you learn the less you know  
i'll bet everything is fine  
i'll bet everything is fine  
the more you see the less you show  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
her family showered me with countless riches  
yet i'm in a bit of a bind  
i need much more than that  
maybe i can sell her cooking - classy, tasty, delicious dishes  
then give my spiel about how it's imported  
the less you seed the more you grow  
i'll bet nothing is on time  
i'll bet nothing is ever on time  
the more you see the less you show  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
i need something i can't find  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
this shit happens all the time  
i still know a girl named sassy britches  
and her voice comforts me flying right thru thin air  
now i've taken time off work to protest her wishes  
but noone's ever around  
is there anyone there  
the more you learn the less you know

i'll bet you're all out of line  
i'll bet you're all out of line  
(turn around with the wrong reaction)  
(fake us out with a cheap distraction)  
the more you reap the more you owe  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
oh yeah everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time  
oh yeah, everything is fine  
this shit happens all the time oh miss britches, sassy and sweet  
tell me what more could a young girl be  
i've got a punk rock band called love  
we've got songs that consist of  
8-bar sections, gritty and brash  
we got a gig opening for the clash  
everyone clowned us, sassy oh sassy  
what makes a punk rocker treat us so nasty  
mountain dew and a pierced eardrum  
what makes a punk rock act so dumb  
velvet postcards i'll send ya miss britches  
bit my tongue and received nine stitches  
bitches and ho's always come to the shows  
popping sugar and butterscotch in the nose and it shows  
cause they'll lose their hair like ted danson  
snatch up all the kiddies and then hold 'em all for ransom  
burn all your bridges and then build 'em back with plastic  
little old ladies makin' cookies from elastica  
and it don't stop there!  
ex-bass players all have blue hair  
boo-boop-be-doop-a-shang-a-lang-coccoa-puff  
kurt haggadorn has a self big-muff  
betcha makes ya dizzy watch the big wax spin  
turn it up to 20, just a suggestion

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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