

# 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 timeoh 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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