Trash

Jimmie's Chicken Shack

A simple formula, music and love
Screw yourself, forgetting all of the above
If we can't join the fools, maybe we'll beat them
If you're not playin' ball, then you can eat themAn easy lay, yeah, there's no such luck
With such a little brain, how can I talk so much?
She said, "Get it straight, or get it gone
You're not the only one who can make me cum"Tell your mom, to stop callin' me
Don't lift your leg, on my family tree
Auf weidersehen ah, my mon amie
Just tell your mom, to stop callin' me trash
Stop callin me trashWe're pilin' up, in the corner
Can't change the mess in me, I tried to warn her
But you can't blame the kids for what they're born into
Still it just makes me sick, to take a whiff of youAnother stupid game, we'll just make up the rules
As we go along, makes us so dumb we drool
And it's a bitter taste but you'll get used to it
Just try it on for size, that stinky shoe that fitsAnd tell your mom, to stop callin' me
And get your ax out of the stump of my family tree
If this is real than I don't think I wanna be,
Just tell your mom, to stop callin' me trashThey sure don't make 'em like they used to
Swimmin' in cesspools ready for the bargain bin
I may not wanna but I guess I have to chose
To stay alive or jump right inSo I guess I'll have to jump right in
I'm gonna jump right in
Come on and jump right in
Come on and jump right in
Come on and jump right inAnd tell your mom to stop callin' me trash
And tell your mom to stop callin' me trash
And tell your mom to stop callin' me trash
And tell your mom to stop callin' me trashTell your mom, takes one to know one trash
Tell your mom, to stop stealin' my stash
Tell your mom, to stop sendin' me cash
Tell your mom, I'm on the radio trash

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