Sockable Face Club

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Face club, pal I went and fished with my fly I stepped to the urinal When i noticed a guy He was punishin' the bishop I'ze tryin' to get a stain off And zeroed in on my pride But i'm afraid i had to make the peeper die The subtle comedy amused me You're in my sockable face club You gotta punchable face, bub Grab him, nab him You gotta a sockable face Everything you do makes me feel like you need to get a blackened eye Then there was heard a symphony of punchin' It shattered his glass jaw Woke up in blood and beer and munchin' On some red tongue slaw He kind of laid there burblin' and there arose a stench Then something caramelized on his pants Like a million baby diapers You gotta punchable face, bub You're in my sockable face club You are a sockable guy who how can i say What i want to get through to you Pal, punch you in the eggs and make 'em runny Your mama's face in my locket I learned from larry, mo, and curly Get up and gallop and go Your friends are diggin' the ho' Not to take no guff Who likes to play rough I'm a semper fi, the kind of guy But sneaky peeky got me surly Drama, drama, drama, drama -- your face Hey, there guys step aside, the cleanin' guy is here Clean up blood and beer To lay that mop and bucket down He needs a cigarette 'cause he hates work And he has to put up with a lot of jerks You're in my sockable face club You gotta punchable face, bub You're a disgrace to the human race You got a stupid look on your face

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