Sassy Britches

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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