Last Child

Van Halen

Take me back to a south Tallahassee
Down cross the bridge to my sweet sassafrassy
Can't stand up on my feet in the city
Got to get back to the real nitty gritty

Yes sir, no sir
Don't come close to my
Home sweet home
Can't catch no dose
Of my hot tail poon-tang sweatheart
Sweathog ready to make a silk purse
From a J Paul Getty and his ear
With a face in a beer
Home sweet home

Get out in the field,
Put the mule in the stable
Ma, she's a cookin'
Put the eats on the table
Hate's in the city and my love's in the meadow
Hand's on the plow and my feets in the ghetto

Stand up, sit down
Don't do nothin'
Ain't no good when boss man's stuffin'
Down their throats with paper notes
As babies cry
When you're rockin' the street
Home sweet home

Mamma take me home sweet home
I was the last child, just a punk in the street.

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written by STEVEN TYLER, BRAD WHITFORD
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