

Beckton Dumps

Humble Pie

Oh yeah
I can't seem to open my eyes
But I must get out of this bed
'Cause the phone keeps ringing downstairs
And I know that this ain't no place for a sleepy head.I go down to my chest, oh yeah!
Put on my old string vest
Swing it on, babe.Well I feel like I'm in need so I go back up for a smoke
And then I slip back in my easy chair then I give my lucky dog a stroke
Well he just gives me a wink and I know what that mean now
Well it mean that I need to put on his lead
If I don't want a mess on my cheap pan.
That's cool 'cause I know I can trust him
To grab the fuzz if they bust in
Get him, boy, oh yeah.Well what does it take to make a jelly roll?
Who can you sell?
When I wake up to a grey day
How do I slip away so easily?Oh!Baby!
Baby!
Well I feel too old to get a hair cut
And I ain't had a shave in months
Now when I don't go out, I keep my door shut
And I get on back to good old Beckton Dumps.Drowning, now warn you
I'll be right back.I won't go there.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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