

# Get Out!

## Mad Cowboys

It's 8:05, this is Phyllis in the office  
The cat is out on the patio  
If it jumps one more time  
Your butts are in the street  
I am sick and tired of your activities  
Of your cat and your untruths with me  
I'm gonna call you tomorrow, when your home  
And you can explain a lot of things to me  
Because I'm sick and tired of your bullshit, goodnight  
My place is not a home  
It don't make no difference but I found  
That I need, a place to stay  
And if I listen what the landlord man say  
You should have seen all the flops in my house  
We was jumpin' on [Incomprehensible] and kickin' ceilings  
Nowadays people listen to me  
When I say, 'Get out'  
They're drivin' me fuckin' nuts over here chief  
I gotta get rid of these fruitcakes  
Hold me and don't let go

It don't make no difference that you're a ho  
'Cause I need a place to stay  
A new disease was just the price I paid  
In days of old that's how it used to be  
Oh, yes indeed  
That girl is dead to me now  
And I sing, uh  
So let the lovin' take a hold over me  
Let the lovin' take a hold over me  
Follow me Long Beach posse  
'Cause all I see is your fussin' and fightin'  
1992 so let's all start unitin'  
Put your heads together be the best you can be  
Let this jam take us to 1993  
Stay positive, the love will come back to me  
A hold over me  
But some jealous punk, snuck up around the back  
He tried to take the lovin' over me

Oh, I got into a fistfight  
And wound up in jail all night

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