

Smokin in the Boys Room

Brownsville Station

How you doin' out there? Y'ever seem to have one of those days where it just seems like everybody's gettin' on your case, from your teacher all the way down to your best girlfriend? Well, y'know, I used to have 'em just about all the time. But I found a way to get out of 'em. Let me tell you about it! Sitting in the classroom Thinking it's a drag Listening to the teacher rap Just ain't my bag The noon bells ring You know that's my cue I'm gonna meet the boys On floor number two! Smokin' in the boys' room Smokin' in the boys' room Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school. A-checkin' out the halls Makin' sure the coast is clear Lookin' in the stalls No, there ain't nobody here Oh, my buddy Fang, and me and Paul To get caught would surely be the death of us all Smokin' in the boys' room Smokin' in the boys' room Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school. All right! Oh, put me to work In the school book store Check out counter And I got bored Teacher was lookin' For me all around Two hours later You know where I was found Smokin' in the boys' room (Yes indeed, I was) Smokin' in the boys' room Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school. One mo'! Smokin' in the boys' room Oh, smokin' in the boys' room Now, teacher, I am fully aware of the rules But everybody knows that smokin' ain't allowed in school!

Songwriters

LUTZ, MICHAEL G. / KODA, MICHAEL Published by

Lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc., BMG RIGHTS MANAGEMENT US, LLC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damonlyrics.com/>