

The Grave And The Constant

Fun Lovin' Criminals

I used to wear dress blues, I used to get my cues
From the dudes in D.C. with the wing tip shoes
And my boss said it was Paris or prison
And the judge said, "Son, you better make your decision" I chose the former because I heard it was warmer
April in Paris, hell south of the border
They put me together, tougher than leather
They set me on your ass because they didn't know better
Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on,
on, getting it on
Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on, getting it on
Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on, getting it on
Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on, getting it on
Now I hold the fort left, right and center
The number running hard ass punk, fly girl bender
Check the photo finish, I'm in this to satisfy parole
Not posing not playing the role
See I got more gumbas than Bobby De Niro
And if I was you I'd act like Nixon and Spiro
So drink your rock and smoke your pot and chill where it's shady
I got more endurance than in-A-Gadda-Da-Vida baby
Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on,
getting it on
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Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on, getting it on
Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it on, getting it on
I'm up to no good, with no place to go but
down
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Songwriters

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