

Fink for the Man

The Datsuns

Slick it back
Gimme some grease
You got it, I want it
So baby, so sweet Jet black hair
Leather on thigh
You make me flip, baby
Whoa, every time But you don't give a damn
You're just a fink for the man
You sure let me know
You don't give a damn
You're just a fink for the man
You make me flip, get up and go The midnight riders
Hanging 'round your neck
I wish, it was me
Oh, we could be just the best I seen your letters
They're written with spit
You're taking care of business
But baby, you flipped I seen your letters
They're written with spit
And you're Fink for that man
You're buying us
A big bag of trouble baby
But I know that's your plan

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