

Knucklehead

The Skels

Fancy Apple lap top cost 5 grand
Fresh girl in a T-shirt still looks best
Travel to a sunny quiet land
Layin' on the beach I miss my pests
Life's turning up the pressure
It's makin' me aggressive
The music sounds like dead ham
The DJ is a con man
He's sayin', "I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
Knucklehead, what can you do?
What can you do?"
One day I went out to buy a truck
I found one that looked so huge and big
Once I got that sucker on the road
I was looking down at everything
And I really liked that
Everyone obeyed me
I thought this is power
Like that religious hour
When the preacher says
"I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
Knucklehead, what can you do?"
"I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
Knucklehead, what can you do?"
Something from you, something from you
Something from you, something from you
Something from you, something from you
Something from you, something from you
Once the phone starts ringing I stop thinking
Sittin' at the TV I'm just blinking
Go to the computer and I'm punching
What's this information that I'm munching
The leader and the followers
The rock star and the model
The general and the perverts
They're poking me where it hurts
Ouch
Said, I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
Knucklehead, what can you do?
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you

Knucklehead, what can you do? I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
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Knucklehead, what can you do? I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
I, I, I want something from you
Knucklehead, what can you do?

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