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
Everytime

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
Your 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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