44 Robbers

Laika

I got up at half past four
Forty-four robbers around my door
Forty-four and maybe more
What the hell they want me for?
Stubbly faces and gap-tooth grins
Ain't no way I'm lettin' them inNo way, you can't come in
Forty-four robbers stinkin' of gin
Uh huh, I ain't lettin' you in
I'll hit you with a rolling pin
So small can't hurt a flyGet in my way and I'll sure as hell try
Kick your butt down the block
Can't wait yellin' for the copsFifty dealers and fifty thieves
Starring at the drive-in on my street
Shit, over my shoulder there's Popeye and Bluto
Looking nasty can I remember my judo?
It's always like this going out alone
So damn scared might never leave homeNo way, you can't come in
Forty-four robbers stinkin' of gin
Uh huh, I ain't lettin' you in
I'll hit you with a rolling pin
So small can't hurt a flyGet in my way and I'll sure as hell try
Kick your butt down the block
Can't wait yellin' for the copsI've got my freedom, I've got my pride
All means nothin' with the men outside
Puffing and preening and strutting their stuff
Blocking my way out, had enough
Give me justice, hand it over now
Gotta get a gun or maybe just leave town, see yaSly Stallone and Al Capone
Are giving me grief on the telephone
All I want is a Swiss cheese sarnie
When at the deli stands big Arnie
Hey Jean-Claude, move aside
That taxi's mine, I'm taking that rideWhen I go out to get the Sunday paper
What's my man to think someone might rape her
I'm just having a beer on my own
Don't mean Hulk Hogan can take me homeGot my mace but my loud-as-fuck whistle
So ineffective I just pray the Epistles
For help to come, someday sooner
Until then I'll stay in my room

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