

# 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 in No 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 fly Get in my way and I'll sure as hell try  
Kick your butt down the block  
Can't wait yellin' for the cops Fifty 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 home No 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 fly Get in my way and I'll sure as hell try  
Kick your butt down the block  
Can't wait yellin' for the cops I'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 ya Sly 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 ride When 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 home Got 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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