

FLA

Lynyrd Skynyrd

That's right Well the dogs are barkin' and I'm out rockin'
Nobody home to throw them a bone
I was thinkin' just the other day
Yeah on my way back to USA
Oh junk mail and bills in a letter box
Out on the line are my dirty socks
Had to jump the fence and break my lock
Yeah Oh my God I'm back in FLA
I got so much to do but I'm only here for a day
Wish I could pay for it while I'm in it
Seems like I'm there only for a minute
Me and the bank own a house down in FLA
Aw yeah What in the world am I gonna do
Clock on the wall says a quarter to two
Well the boys are on the bus and they're waitin' on me
I got soap in my eyes and I can't see
Telephone's ringin' baby's on the line
Tired of being here doin' my time
Gotta hit the road runnin' gotta get goodnight
Yeah Oh my God I'm back in FLA
I got so much to do but I'm only here for a day
Wish I could pay for it while I'm in it
Seems like I'm there only for a minute
Me and the bank own a house down in FLA That's right Oh wish I could pay for it while I'm in it
Seems like I'm there only for a minute
Me and the bank own a house
Yeah me and the bank own a house
Oh a run down shack
In FLA
Yeah
That's right FLA FLA FLA
Yeah

Songwriters

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