The Bait

Andrew Dice Clay

Its all coming back to me today
All of the bait
The god of email wants me to stay
I should obey
My father told me "Go for the pay" (go for the pay, oh no)
But god knows I just want to escape
All of the wait
The more that I want what they tell me
The more I can see
Becoming a fool was half the fee
Ugly indeed
Why can't we find home?
Wandering on our own
We'll never have to know
But we're still searching for a home
And when it comes I know
We'll never feel alone
I've seen everything pass through this town
All of the new
The luckiest kids wearing the crown
Don't have a clue
My mother knew it could get me down
Left me to wonder who'd allow
The 'why' in the 'how'
Why can't we find home?
Wandering on our own
We'll never have to know
But we're still searching for a home
And when it comes I know
We'll never feel alone
Oh
Woo they gun it down
They gun it down
Woo they gun it down
They gun it, they
Woo they gun it down
They gun it down
Woo they gun it down
They gun it, they

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