

# 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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