

El Jefe

Clutch

Like a fly to doo doo
You need me like a bird needs wings
Or little bunny fufu who needs to bop the field mice
So all the kids can sing They call me El Jefe
El primo de los matadors
The master of the metaphor,
A chaw chewin' troubadour
The one you've come to love and adore,
And I've come to take you away Take you away
Take you away
Take you away Take you away
Take you away
Take you away
I'll make you go goo goo
Like a baby that sees candy right before its eyes
I'll kiss your little boo boo
Make it better than it's ever felt before They call me El Jefe
El primo de los matadors
The master of the metaphor,
A chaw chewin' troubadour
The one you've come to love and adore,
And I've come to take you away I'll take you away now
I'll take you away now Can you do the two step flesh-tone slide?
Well I'll teach you
Can you do the achy breaky eyeball dance?
Well I'll teach you
Can you do the two step flesh-tone slide?
Well I'll teach you
Can you do the achy breaky eyeball dance?
Well I'll teach you They call me El Jefe
The boss and the point man
And I've come to take you away
They call me El Jefe
The boss and the hit man
And I've come to take you away
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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