Creepin'

Fattburger

(Bowm bowm bowm bow-dum...bowm bowm bowm bow-dum)
Like a honeybee beating on my screen door,
I got a little buzz and my head is sore,
And from my bed I can feel the sun,
Lord I hear the morning come.
Just a creepin'
Creepin', creepin', creepin'.
You shot outta hell like a bullet from a gun,
A flip of a switch,
A thief on the run,
And since the day you left me baby,
I can feel the lonely,
I can hear the crazy.
Just a creepin'
Creepin'
Just a creepin'
Creepin'
Head for the future,
Run from the past,
Hide from the mirror,
And live in a glass,
What dreams forget the whiskey remembers,
Kinda like molasses in late December.
Just a creepin'
Creepin'
Oh, creepin'

[Album version:]
Your cocaine kiss and caffeine love,
[Music video version:]
Your caffeine kiss and nicotine love,
Got under my skin and into my blood,
That need you back comes over me,
Like ivy crawlin' up a hickory tree.
Just a creepin'
Creepin'
Just a creepin' creepin'
Creepin'
Head to the future,

Run from the past,
Hide from the mirror,
And live in a glass,
What dreams forget the whiskey remembers,
Kinda like molasses in late December.
Just a creepin'
Creepin'
Ah, come on!
Break it down, down, down, down...
Just last night I saw the light,
At the end of that tunnel on the other side,
Thought I found my way outta this pain,
Only to find your memory train.
Creepin', creepin', creepin', creepin'...

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