

# Strap On That Jammy Pac

Ween

Strap on that there jammy pac.  
Get a grip on your soul.  
Sip on that there family flask,  
And I'll guide you towards the door.  
She don't feed me in the mornin',  
And I can't take no more!  
So strap on that there jammy pac,  
And get up off my floor.  
Strap on that there jammy pac  
And slide a double dime my way.  
Dry off your distributor cap,  
And hip me to the game you play.  
She's jonesin' for a jammy

With a girl that I call "Tammy",  
So strap on that there jammy pac,  
It's time for you to pay.  
Strap on that there jammy pac.  
She hypnotized one dude.  
Stains you like a heart attack.  
Van Winkle says "Fuck you."  
Never made me no supper.  
A boy like me needs it, too!  
So strap on that thar jammy pac,  
It's time to pay your due.

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