

Fistfight At The Wafflehouse

Brian Haner

Six foot two and a mouth full of chew
And a trucker hat that said john Deere
 He was dousing his eggs in ketchup
Smelling like whiskey and beerIn came a five foot red head
 And threw hot coffee in his face
 He went down with her on his back
And they began clearing the placeFistfight at the waffle house
 Don't try to hide from an angry green eyed spouse
You're in the only places that's open past 3amDon't try to play her for a fool
 She was first in her class at Cosmetology school
 After four long months of marriage
 You would think they might figure it out
 But it was just like their senior prom night
 Fistfightin' at the Waffle house
He covered up his face rolled up in a ball like an armadillo on the dirty floor
 She had her knee on his gullet and yanking on his mullet
 They have been in this position before
 With a coffee cup in one hand
 She rolled him underneath the booth
 She swung it back and I can hear it crack
And she chipped his last good toothFistfight at the Waffle house
 Don't try to hide from an angry teenage spouse.
She left the engine running and the baby sleeping out in the car
 She was crying when she laid into him
 Mascara running down her ache ridden Cystal Meth skin
 you can smell the lice medication in her hair
 The curse words flying from her mouth
 It was just like her wedding night
 Firstfightin' at the Waffle House
 She was quick as a cat
 She did it so many times
 You would think her hands woulda got sore
 When we thought it would end
 She started hitting him again
And telling him what it was forThis is for the time you got drunk on wine and wrecked our new used car
 This is for the time you hocked my wedding ring to get some ones for the titty bar
And this is for making me live in shack with four pit bulls and your drunken brother Tom
 And this is for the time you drink a bottle of Jack
 And started kissing on my momFistfight at the Waffle house

She bit his Lenard Skynard tattoo and he passed out
Then she hopped into her nova and drove it away!

Her torn halter top was ling on the floor

He picked it up and staggered out that door

Climbed up on his tractor and followed her home just as meek as a mouse

But they'll be back next Saturday NightFistfight at the Waffle house

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Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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