

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 beer
In 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 place
Fistfight 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 3am
Don'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 tooth
Fistfight 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 Crystal 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 for
This 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 mom
Fistfight 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
Fistfight at the Waffle house
Fistfight at the Waffle house
Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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