

# Freeway Time In LA County Jail

## Sublime

On the freeway in the county the sun don't shine  
I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel a Bati man  
Outside my cell deputies creep  
And in this cell all I do is sleep and I dream  
That I'm free  
And I'm back on the reef  
Where I throw my net out into the sea  
All the fine hinas come swimming to me  
They hold me and they promise me things  
And when the tides high I cry like a little baby  
Don't give me no right kind a love no Sunday morning  
Don't want no puppy loving  
Hold me babe, a new stylee  
Hungry babe, a new stylee  
And a angry dog is a hungry dog  
And a hungry dog is a angry dog  
I feel like rocking, I wanna with you I'm alive gotta contact home  
Gotta contact my baby girl  
But I would never could get up  
Why does it have to be so damn tough?  
With mayates and the eses, yes their steady on the floor  
I'll be damned if a man with a shake in his hand will make me feel, I feel, I feel a Bati man  
And I know, that I'm there someday I'm back on the reef  
Where I throw my net out into the sea  
All the fine hinas come swimming to me  
Hold me baby, promise me  
With no protection on my erection I won't get no VD  
Don't give me no right kind a love no Sunday morning  
I don't want no puppy loving, Gwarn  
Hold me babe, got a new stylee  
And a angry dog's a hungry dog  
He's a naked man is a naked man  
And a wicked dog is a hungry dog  
I feel like rocking, I wanna rock with you!

Songwriters

BRADLEY JAMES NOWELL Published by

Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnyrics.com/>