

# And The Relatives, Dixie Cups

Gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, gimme, I  
Need it, need it, need it, need it, need, I  
Finicky, finicky, finicky, I  
Need it, want it. No I don't.  
I can't remember what I owe the world  
When there's an air-conditioned jacket.

Here, use my license. I don't care.  
Have a drink. Have five while you're there.  
Relax in your apartment.  
Imagine maid service. Talk shit. Shit.

Sing a song to yourself about how much you love your fingers.

What kind of person names a neighborhood 'Plantation'?  
Kick all the bigots involved in organization.  
I'll have a smoke and be on my way  
Through the heart of Suburbia, a flaccid day.

Hey! Hey! Hey!  
A flaccid day!  
Hey! Hey! Hey!  
A flaccid day!