

Laika, 44 Robbers

I got up at half-past four
Forty-four robbers around my door
Forty-four and maybe more
What the hell they want me for?
Stubble faces, gap-tooth grin
Ain't no way I'm lettin' them in

No way, you can't come in
Forty-four robbers stinkin' of gin
Uh huh, I ain't lettin' you in
I'll hit you with a rolling pin
So small, can't hurt a fly
Get in my way and I'll sure as hell try
To kick your butt down the block
Can't wait, yellin' for the cops

Fifty dealers and fifty thieves
Starring at the drive-in on my street
Shit, over my shoulder there's Popeye and Bluto
Looking nasty, can I remember my judo?
It's always like this, going out alone
So damn scared, might never leave home

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Got my freedom, I got my pride
All means nothin' with the men outside
Puffing and preening and strutting their stuff
Blocking my way out, I've had enough!
Give me justice, hand it over now
Gotta get a gun or maybe just leave town
See ya

Sly Stallone, Al Capone
Are giving me grief on the telephone
All I want is a swiss cheese sarnie
When at the deli stands Big Arnie
Hey Jean-Claude, move aside
That taxi's mine, I'm taking that ride
When I go out to get the Sunday paper
What's my man to think, "someone might rape her"?
I'm just having a beer on my own
Don't mean Hulk Hogan can take me home
I've got my mace but my loud-as-fuck whistle
Is so ineffective I just pray the epistles
For help to come someday soon
But until then I'll stay in my room