

Network, Right Hand-A-Rama

I'm taking a ride to the liquor store
I'm looking for a beer and a little bit more
I'm gonna spend all the money she had
On a nude girl in a dirty old mag
50 cents cheaper than the real thing
Even though it may be a little bit disgusting
Can't call a bitch and it ain't got no drama
It's called a new sensation called the right hand-a-rama

I don't know why
I don't know why
It sure feels good
Most every time

Alright

Pamela and her five sisters

Are giving me a bad case of nasty blisters
A third degree burn going straight to my head
I guess my pipes are a little bit rusted
Close encounters of the strangest kind
I got the heebee-jeebes for the hundredth time
It didn't work out the way it was planned
All I got now is a beer in my hand

I don't know why
I don't know why
It sure feels good
Most every time

I'll tell you why

Alright