

# The Dandy Warhols, Welcome To The Third World

Hey there, you know I don't see a dog like you  
You hang around in the cold blackness  
And watch it all  
Guess you just love the ladies  
Why don't you walk your ass on up  
Say, "Hey girl, you dance pretty good for a almost white girl"  
And uhhhhhm ummmm  
Your lips they sure do match my wallet  
Hey  
Oh I get so tired  
But you know  
Somebody gotta keep the shotguns off the dancefloor  
Say, why don't you finish that now girl?  
And we can stroll out into the midnight air  
And skin up a fat one  
Yeah, you gonna dig on this, yip  
A nice big fat one, yeah, fat one  
Makes you a little bit insecure  
See, that's good for a dog like you  
Chills out your ego  
I mean, what you gonna do boy?  
Which tells you you gotta turn the heat up  
You gonna say, "why don't we go back to my place, so we can talk";?  
About Dostoevsky  
Huh? Hey, where'd she go?  
The girl is gone now, where'd she go now? You're alone now  
Oh, this ain't like college town  
No, welcome to the third world  
The boys like the girls and the girls like the money  
You gotta spread it around  
You see, the girls like the boys and the boys like the honey  
After bee, after bee, after bee (or after me, after me, after me)  
The boys like the girls and the girls like the money  
Spread it around, uh oh  
'Cause you like the honey, ooooooh  
Oh yeah, the honey  
Keeps the bears all stuck in their chairs 'til it's too late  
And it's way too late  
Yip, it's all way too late, oh  
Yip, see the crowd gets a little bit thin  
And a little bit crazy  
You see, just like that  
That's right  
I would