

# The Ditty Bops, Fish To Fry

Hey there little man  
Get out of my fryin' pan  
I got bigger fish to fry than you  
It's high time you listen to me  
I choose my battles carefully  
So get out of here son  
Let me show you the door  
You'll be in trouble then  
If by the time I count to four  
One two three four  
You been messin' with my mind  
To waste my time is most unkind  
I got better things to do  
Than to play these pointless games with you  
Get down off that horse  
Before I knock you off  
Put away your big guns  
You're acting out of fear  
But I'm not scared of you  
On the way out watch your rear  
One two three four  
Hey there little man  
Get out of my fryin' pan  
I got bigger fish to fry than you  
You been talkin' off my ear  
This is the end but you're still here  
Out of here son  
Let me show you the door  
You'll be in trouble then  
If by the time I count to four  
One two three four