

Ween, Strap On That Jammypac

Strap on that there jammy pac
Get a grip on your soul
Sip on that there family flask,
And I'll guide you towards the door
She don't feed me in the mornin'
And I can't take no more
So strap on that there jammy pac,
And get up off my floor

Strap on that there jammy pac
And slide a double dime my way
Dry off your distributor cap,
And hip me to the game you play
She's jonesin' for a jammy
With a girl that I call Tammy,
So strap on that there jammy pac,
It's time for you to pay

Strap on that there jammy pac
She hypnotized one dude
Stains you like a heart attack
Van Winkle says "Fuck you."
Never made me no supper
A boy like me needs it, too
So strap on that there jammy pac,
It's time to pay your due