

Bobs, Prisoner Of Funk

I've been having dreams of what may come to be
What a nightmare
Haven't found a job since I got my G.E.D.
What do I care
And in my dreams I am a short order cook
Slinging burgers and fries till the dawn
There's a jukebox in the corner playing loud
Funky bass lines
The counter man he sings his orders out in harmony
There's a counter full of people singing background
Everything I say
Is repeated one bar later
Five guys in the corner booth are clapping
Clapping on 2 & 4
When I spin up a shake
It sounds like budget synthesizer strings
Bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans
There's bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans
(Lord, lord)
Bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans
I said
There's bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans
I'm a prisoner of funk
I've got a jukebox for a brain
What happened to the way it used to be
Lord set me free
Let me wake up again
(Wake up now, you're gonna drown in funk, wake up)
Burgers dancing on the grill it seems
All the food is dancing in my dreams
Leather boys line up to get their orange whips
Popping fingers and a-singing
Scooby dooby do wha
Fat mama cass comes in digging into a bag of chips
Her voice sets the place to ringing
Yea, yea
The mustard and the ketchup make a red and yellow rainbow
Squirting high into the air
Watch those funky fried potatoes
I'm a prisoner of funk
I've got a jukebox for a brain
What happened to the way it used to be
Lord set me free
Let me wake up again
(Wake up now, you're gonna drown in funk, wake up)
Yea
I said yea
I said yea ahhh
Yea ahhh
Yeah ohahhh
A ha, ah aha
I been having dreams
Yea, yea, yea, yea