

Buck, Get My Goat

You get my goat; I'll slit your throat
I'll cut your head off while I'm at it

We've got a date so don't be late; I don't think eight is all that early

You're never ready, you're never ready
We're going steady, so what's your problem?

I'll give you something to cry about!

I could care less about how you dress
Just bring plenty of money let's make the scene before things get mean
And, baby, don't call me honey

You're never ready...

I'll give you something to cry about!