

# Cake Bake Betty, Oklahoma City

They're waving off our pulse,  
We gotta shoot em 'fore the sun heats up the south,  
My finger in my mouth,  
I'll start the engine,  
We won't ever make it,

Oh, I've got to give one last farewell,  
I'll take him up to my hotel,  
This rendezvous won't take too long,  
I'll make him whole,  
I'll make him strong,

Well can you see my hell?  
I didn't think that all his mercy'd keep to well,  
I don't kiss and tell,  
I've done the city cuz the cops been on my trail,

I've got to give one last farewell,  
I'll take him up to my hotel,  
I'll shoot him up,  
I'll let him down,  
And when I'm done,  
You'll see yourself,

I got the funds,  
I got the money,  
I got the money,  
We won't ever drive,  
Oh well, I got the funds,  
I got the money,  
I got the money,  
We won't ever drive, oh

I'm not shaking for an Oklahoma City boy,  
No, said I'm not shaking for an Oklahoma City boy,  
No, I'm not shaking for an Oklahoma City boy,  
No, said I'm not shaking for an Oklahoma City boy,

And I'm so tired,  
I'm so tired,  
And I'm so tired,  
Put your finger in my cup,

We're so broken,  
We're so broken,  
Oh! We're so broken,  
Put your finger in my cup,

Well don't you wanna come out?  
Well don't you wanna make the pain medicine?  
Make it well  
We're in the business so,  
Well its a pity when you never shared the wealth..