

Cherry Poppin' Daddies, Sockable Face Club

Face Club, pal
I stepped to the urinal
I went and fished with my fly
I'ze tryin' to get a stain off
When I noticed a guy
He was punishin' the Bishop
And zeroed in on my pride
The subtle comedy amused me
But I'm afraid I had to make the peeper die

You're in my Sockable Face Club
You gotta punchable face, bub
Grab him, nab him
Everything you do makes me feel like you need to get a blackened eye
You gotta a sockable face

Then there was heard a symphony of punchin'
It shattered his glass jaw
Woke up in blood and beer and munchin'
On some red tongue slaw
He kind of laid there burblin' and there arose a stench
Like a million baby diapers
Then something caramelized on his pants

You're in my Sockable Face Club
You gotta punchable face, bub
You are a sockable guy who how can I say
What I want to get through to you

Pal, punch you in the eggs and make 'em runny
Get up and gallop and go
Your mama's face in my locket
Your friends are diggin' the Ho'
I learned from Larry, Mo, and Curly
Not to take no guff
But sneaky peeky got me surly
I'm a Semper Fi, the kind of guy
Who likes to play rough

Drama, drama, drama, drama -- your face

Hey, there guys step aside, the cleanin' guy is here
To lay that mop and bucket down
Clean up blood and beer
He needs a cigarette 'cause he hates work
And he has to put up with a lot of jerks

You're in my Sockable Face Club
You gotta punchable face, bub
You're a disgrace to the human race
You got a stupid look on your face