

# Didjits, The Pot Thief

I'm a wasp in the Garden of Eden  
I got your emergency number  
I'm a crimewave preacher  
With a red-hot stinger  
Lookin' for some teenage booty tonight

Message on my lips and my magic fingertips  
Will go dancing up your leg deep into  
Your sinnin' brain  
I'm falling down the hole, chasing my black soul  
Crawlin' down the wire through that ring of fire

Help me, preacher!

Message on my lips and my magic fingertips  
Will go dancing up your leg deep into  
Your sinnin' brain  
I'm falling down the hole, chasing my black soul  
Crawlin' down the wire through that ring of fire

Help me, preacher!

He's the salvations checker, he's your soul protector  
Drive the paddy wagon of your love  
Help me, preacher, put my fire out tonight