

# Fun Lovin' Criminals, Dickholder

The only easy day is yesterday,  
Go on and pull me underwater,  
I know you really can't be that blind son,  
But I think you think you're that much smarter

It makes it that much more defined (?)  
Now cough it up and call your mother,  
I see you just can't find the time,  
But time found me without much bother,

I saw that boy become a man,  
He bathed in blood just like his father,  
And while in golden gloves and gown (?),  
He found he wasn't that much smarter

Now what's in you that is your own,  
Not something you found on the highway,  
I remember that time so long ago,  
When you bought your soul and threw a party

Now paint your face, take to the trees,  
There's more to you than just your cover,  
You've got them all down on their knees,  
You've got them fuckking one another

You Djed blue and you Djed black,  
So long as they count to a thousand,  
Now get it on, don't break your back,  
And don't walk through the public housing (?)

Now, hey, Dickholder who's your man?  
The scraps you catch ?????? past the table,  
You make it all sound like your plan,  
But what you do to get that label?

GUITAR SOLO

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DICKHOLDER!