

# Jimmie's Chicken Shack, Trash

A simple formula, music and love  
screw yourself, forgetting all of the above

If we can't join the fools,  
maybe we'll beat them,  
if you're not playin ball,  
then you can eat them

An easy lay, yeah, there's no such luck  
with such a little brain, how can i talk so much?  
She says get it straight, or get it gone  
You're not the only one, who can make me cum....

Tell your mom, to stop calling me  
Don't lift your leg, on my family tree,  
auf weidersehen (ah, my) mon amie  
Just tell your mom, to stop callin me TRASH

We're piling up, in the corner,  
can't change the mess in me, i tried to warn her  
But you can't blame the kids, for what they're born  
into,  
still it just makes me sick, to take a whiff of you.

Another stupid game, lets just make up the rules,  
as we go along, makes us so dumb we drool  
And its a bitter taste, but you'll get used to it,  
Just try it on for size...that stinky shoe that fits...

And tell your mom, to stop calling me  
and get your axe out of the stump of my family tree  
If this is real than i don't think i wanna be,  
Just tell your mom, to stop callin me TRASH...

They sure don't make 'em like they used to:  
Swimmin in cesspools ready for the bargain bin  
i may not wanna but i guess i have to chose  
to stay alive, or jump right in....  
so i guess i'll have to jump right innnnnn,  
Im gonna jump right innnnnn  
Come on and jump right in  
And tell your mom, to stop callin me TRASH (4x??)  
Tell your mom, takes one to know one TRASH  
Tell your mom, to stop stealin my STASH  
Tell your mom, to stop sendin me CASH  
Tell your mom, I'm on the radio TRASH....