

# Jimmys 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,  
then you can eat them  
if you're not playin ball,

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

Tell your mom, to stop calling me  
auf weidersehen (ah, my) mon amie  
Don't lift your leg, on my family tree,  
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  
into,  
But you can't blame the kids, for what they're born  
still it just makes me sick, to take a whiff of you.

as we go along, makes us so dumb we drool  
Another stupid game, lets just make up the rules,

And its a bitter taste, but you'll get used to it,  
And tell your mom, to stop calling me  
and get your axe out of the stump of my family tree  
Just try it on for size...that stinky shoe that fits...  
Just tell your mom, to stop callin me TRASH...  
They sure don't make 'em like they used to:  
If this is real than i don't think i wanna be,

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