

Sharon Jones And The Dap-Kings, When The Ot

Oh, the way you like
To get your taste, uncle
Oh, the things you led your way
But every dog has his day, uncle
And it just can't go on, it just can't go on this way

But a day will surely come
When the other foot drops, uncle
You're gonna pay for all you done
When the other foot drops, uncle
There won't be no where to run
When the other foot drops, uncle
You gonna be found out
When the other foot drops, uncle

You can bet you're gonna lose your clout
You've been tramping around this world like you're the only one living
But soon enough, you're gonna get back some of what you been giving
The lies that you've been spinning
Are running out of thread
And your crafty little pencil
Is running out of lead

A happy day is surely gonna come
When the other foot drops, uncle
Yeah, your alibi will fail
When the other foot drops, uncle
Ain't nobody, nobody gonna make your bed
When the other foot drops, uncle
Ain't got no place to hide
When the other foot drops, uncle

You gonna pay for every time you lie
Yes, you ought to be ashamed
Of all you've said and done
But before the cards are on the table
You better pack up and run (repeats)