

Toploader, If Six Was Eight

Locked up and frocked up below
Into what we know
Tied up and fried up and told
When I'm like a lowing flow

My butterflies sweet
And much to fast
And to late
If six was eight
And philandering oh today, yeah
But if six was eight
Six was eight
Oh, no nah nah

Dressed up for the bus stop
No show
But it's no joke
Your henpecked a dialect and go go
But so slow

My butterflies sweet
And much to fast
And to late
If six was eight
And philandering oh today, yeah
But if six was eight
Six was eight
Oh, Ohh

If six was eight
If six was eight
If six was eight
If six was eight, Ohh
If six was eight, Ohh
If six was eight, Wohoho
If six was eight, Wohoho
If six was eight