

Ugly Kid Joe, Funky Fresh Country Club

Funky fresh tunes and youre walking down the street
And youre trying to find the girl that you really want to meet, yeah!
Youre flying past the reef, and youre drinking shrunking heads
You wake up in the morning and you wish that you were dead

As you stagger home in the blackest form of night
The rollers out in force, baby they're looking for a fight
You try to play the game, you try to pass the test
But the only thing in sight baby is the sight of your arrest

Jail cell - living hell
Chains off me Im free
Doing time - one more time
Mine, all mine, all mine

Now the country club is cold and the country club is mean
The attendants at the country club ain't something to be seen
If youre messing with my girl, youre messing with your life
Cause Im gonna cut you with a big, big knife, you bet your fuckin life!

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I wanna tell you a story baby
I hope you wanna hear
I wanna tell you a story baby
I hope you wanna hear

Going downtown in the back of a car some mothafucka left the door ajar
Remember what your parents said; Be home by eight and in your bed

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