

Vinx, Choosey Mama

Well I went down to the market square get myself some fruits and nuts
I saw a lady this real fine lady waitin for the mornin bus
So skipped on cross the parking lot
Say what yo name how bout some lunch, she say
"No man you'll never do";

She was a choosey mama, choosey mama, choosey mama
A choosey mama, she's always dressed to go to dinner
But she never want to eat

Sing along with the Vinxmon, oh I love my job

So I slipped cross town to the record store, get myself tickets for the show
I saw that lady, that same fine lady browsin thru the rock 'n roll
So made my way to her section "excuse me mam";
I was so polite, "Why do you treat me so nastily";
She say "Man you're just not my type";

She was a choosey mama, choosey mama, choosey mama
A choosey mama, she's always dressed to go to dinner
But she never want to eat

So I went down to the venice beach, do some time on my tan
And there go that lady that so fine lady lyin nekid in the sand
So got me hat and Coppertone, ask if I could rub her thighs
Well she just smile and then she grab some sand
And threw it in my eye

She was a choosey mama, choosey mama, choosey mama
A choosey mama, she's always dressed to go to dinner
But she never want to eat
Fish