Miss Jones, Miss Jones got a yellow bird

Got a pretty yellow bird that she be keeping in a cage

Miss Jones got a yellow bird

But she don't want her pretty yellow bird to get laid

Get laid, get laid

But a be - Boy's gotta get paid

Get paid, get paid

Sitting at the corner shop
Sun dress, dirty flip flops
Handful a lollypops
Listenin to hip hop
She knows, everyone that comes around her grows
Walkin' down a dirt road
Blowing open doors
And I know better but I keep getting heated
Jonesy want a fronted but don't want her baby gettin' treated
In the wrong way
But I gotta come alone
It's been a long day so I put it a song, Say

And I saw her at the fruit stand
And she smiled as if to say
"I know that you are watching"
When Miss Jones jerked her away
My cutie, waved from the car window
With one finger and a grin
And as the car got smaller all I could think about was sin

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Even though I'm grown
I got it for this little bitty full blown
But Miss Jones, got her in the home
I'm alone
With her polaroid in my hand
I try to hide the fact that I live in a trash can
Man, now she got me in the zone
Called up to her house, but somebody hung up the phone
Dial tone, damn, I'm hiding in the grass
All up in the yard to get a look at her ass

I know she's too young for me
Yo, she asked me to the fair
I wish she would ignore me
Hard to pretend not to care
My friends all say she's skanky
But I dig her arm pit hair
And when I get my licence
I'm gonna ask her to a picnic, yeah

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Innocence and Beauty, such a deadly combination (2x)

Finally pulled her from the gridlock
Climax to the plot
Took her to see Kid Rock
Touched her on her wet spot
Now I gotta open, no Miss Jones scoping
Time for poking
And I know, I don't really want it this way
But Miss Jones kept her from my clutches everyday
So I go, hey, it will never be the same
And I don't even know her mutha-fucking name

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(2x)