

Slapstick

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Step right up for the great pie fight

I do the jiggle with a funny face
A Charlie Chaplin messiah
I'll break into the safe
and light a bonfire

Well if I dotted to dot my feelin's
Now wouldn't that make you feel good
But I prefer my mystery to your bullshit anal world

I'm jumpin' out of my skin
Cuz thats the mood that I'm in
Stevie's got the atmosphere thats gonna bounce you outta the herd baby
Cuz theres only one way
And I don't want you to pay
Let the charming phosphorescent song light your miserable way

Savoir fare is everywhere
Gimme Slapstick
Apples, Peaches, I love Punkin' Pears
Gimme Slapstick

So stick your hands up little babies
Your in the cakewalk part of your life
Everything is uphill from here
But your starin' up at the big knife

They're gonna bore your ass to pieces
and stick the grip tape to your bones
You'll remember all the fun you had
But realize it was just a loan... Still

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I want to get it I wanna get it I wanna get it up
I wanna make you slap your knee... Understand me... Call out for tech
support...
Thumb your nose at the tortured times... come on baby... Huh

You'll realize that you lost something
When you lose this fantasy world
And the nine to five'n baby thought police
Get you marchin' on to the dirge
They're cobblin' up those Frankensteiny boots for you to wear
You will find it baby hard to move when they stiffin' up your big hair

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