

Sockable Face Club

Cherry Poppin' Daddies

Face Club, pal
I stepped to the urinal
I went and fished with my fly
I'ze tryin' to get a stain off

When I noticed a guy
He was punishin' the Bishop
And zeroed in on my pride
The subtle comedy amused me

But I'm afraid I had to make the peeper die
You're in my Sockable Face Club
You gotta punchable face, bub
Grab him, nab him

Everything you do makes me feel like you need to get a blackened eye
You gotta a sockable face
Then there was heard a symphony of punchin'
It shattered his glass jaw

Woke up in blood and beer and munchin'
On some red tongue slaw
He kind of laid there burblin' and there arose a stench
Like a million baby diapers

Then something caramelized on his pants
You're in my Sockable Face Club
You gotta punchable face, bub
You are a sockable guy who how can I say

What I want to get through to you
Pal, punch you in the eggs and make 'em runny
Get up and gallop and go
Your mama's face in my locket

Your friends are diggin' the Ho'
I learned from Larry, Mo, and Curly
Not to take no guff
But sneaky peeky got me surly

I'm a Semper Fi, the kind of guy
Who likes to play rough
Drama, drama, drama, drama -- your face
Hey, there guys step aside, the cleanin' guy is here

To lay that mop and bucket down
Clean up blood and beer
He needs a cigarette 'cause he hates work
And he has to put up with a lot of jerks

You're in my Sockable Face Club
You gotta punchable face, bub
You're a disgrace to the human race
You got a stupid look on your face