

I stick it to the mailman
I'm pinned against a pot plant
I'm sick of all the sun-tan
Oily with the ray-ban

Take that to the bank and call it a check
Masked without a weapon

I'm skinny as a spit pan
Dealing with the shit plan
Playing with my bad hand
Just another rock band

Take that to the man
and call it a check
Trapped within a contract

Hey there boy while you were catching the black widow
The rest of us were watching Melrose

I wanna swim in the wattershed
I wanna listen to the flowerhead
I lost a gallon and still I bled
I keep on thinking I get ahead

Pissed at all the disc jam
Pissed about the 5-ham
Pissed about the green state
I miss it and I can't wait

Hey man can't you tell it's still a problem?
See you at the devil's tower

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