

## The Grave and the Constant

Fun Lovin' Criminals

I used to wear dress blues, I used to get my cues from the dude  
s in  
D.C. with the wing tip shoes.  
My boss said it was Parris or Prison, the judge said son you be  
tter  
make a decision.  
I chose the former because I heard it was warmer, April in Parr  
is, hell  
south of the border. They put me together, tougher than leather  
. Set  
me on your ass because they didn't know better.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

I hold the fort left, right and center  
the number running hardass punk, flygirl bender. Check the phot  
o  
finish I'm in this to satisfy parole, not posing or playing the  
role,  
see I got more gumbas than Bobby De Niro and if I was you I'd  
act like Nixon and Spiro. So smoke your pot and drink your rock  
and chill where it's shady. I got more endurance than In-A-  
Gadda-  
Da-Vida baby.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

Up to no good, with no place to go but down. . .

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.