

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.