

If You Miss

Laika

Jump at the sun
And if you miss
You can't help
But grab some stars
(don't give me an answer I'll wish I never asked)

44 robbers
I got up at half past
Four forty-four robbers around my door
Fourty-four and maybe more
What the hell they want me for?
Stubble faces & gap-toothed grins
Ain't no way I'm lettin' them in no way
You can't come in
Fourty-four robbers stinkin' of gin uh huh
I ain't lettin' you in I'll hit you with a rolling pin
So small can't hurt a fly
Get in my way and I'll sure as hell
Try to kick your butt down the block
Can't wait yellin' for the cops fifty dealers
And fifty thieves starring at the drive-in on my street shit
Over my shoulder theres popeye and bluto looking nasty
Can I remember my judo?
It's always like this
Going out alone so damn scared
Might never leave home
I've got my freedom
I've got my pride all means nothin' with these men outside
Puffing and preening and strutting their stuff
Blocking my way out
I've had enough! give me justice
Hand it over now gotta get a gun or maybe just leave town... se
e ya!
Sly stallone and al capone are giving me grief on the telephone
All I want is a swiss cheese sarnie
When I at the deli stands big arnie hey jean-claude
Move aside I'm just having a beer on my own
Don't mean hulk hogan can take me home
I've got my mace but my loud-as-fuck whistle is so innefective
I just pray the epistles for help to come someday soon
But until then I'll stay in my room