

## 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