

# FLA

Lynyrd Skynyrd

That's right

Well, the dogs are barkin' and I'm out rockin'  
Nobody home to throw them a bone  
I was thinkin' just the other day  
Yeah, on my way back to U.S.A.

Oh, junk mail and bills in a letter box  
Out on the line are my dirty socks  
Had to jump the fence and break my lock  
Yeah

Oh my God, I'm back in FLA  
I got so much to do but I'm only here for a day  
Wish I could pay for it while I'm in it  
Seems like I'm there only for a minute  
Me and the bank own a house down in FLA  
Yeah

What in the world am I gonna do  
Clock on the wall says a quarter to two  
Well, the boys are on the bus and they're waitin' on me  
I got soap in my eyes and I can't see

Telephone's ringin', baby's on the line  
Tired of being here doin' my time  
Gotta hit the road runnin', gotta get goodnight  
Yeah

Oh my God, I'm back in FLA  
I got so much to do but I'm only here for a day  
Wish I could pay for it while I'm in it  
Seems like I'm there only for a minute  
Me and the bank own a house down in FLA

That's right  
Well, let's do

Oh, wish I could pay for it while I'm in it  
Seems like I'm there only for a minute  
Me and the bank own a house  
Yeah, me and the bank own a house  
Oh, a run down shack in FLA

Yeah, that's right

FLA, FLA, FLA  
Yeah