

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