

Freeway Time in L.A. County Jail

Sublime

On the freeway in the county the sun don't shine.
I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel a Bati man.
And outside my cell deputies creep
And in this cell all I do is sleep and I dream,
that I'm free.
And I'm back on the reef,
where I throw my net out into the sea,
All the fine hinas come swimming to me.
They hold me and they promise me things,
And when the tides high I cry like a little baby.
Don't give me no right kind a love no Sunday morning.
Don't want no puppy loving.
Hold me babe, a new stylee.
Hungry babe, a new stylee.
And a angry dog is a hungry dog.
And a hungry dog is a angry dog.
I feel like rocking, I wanna with you!

I'm alive gotta contact home. Gotta contact my baby girl.
But I wood never could get up. Why does it have to be so damn t
ough?
With mayates and the eses, yes their steady on the floor.
I'll be damned if a man with a shake in his hand will make me f
eel, I feel, I feel a Bati man.
And I know, that I'm there someday.

I'm back on the reef,
where I throw my net out into the sea,
All the fine hinas come swimming to me.
Hold babe promise me.
With no protection on my erection I won't get no VD.
Don't give me no right kind a love no Sunday morning.
Don't want no puppy loving. Gwarn.
Hold me babe, got a new stylee.
And a angry dog's a hungry dog.
He's a naked man is a naked man.
And a wicked dog is a hungry dog.
I feel like rocking, I wanna with you!