

# Prisoner Of Funk

The Bobs

I've been having dreams of what may come to be  
What a nightmare  
Haven't found a job since I got my G.E.D.  
What do I care  
And in my dreams I am a short order cook  
Slinging burgers and fries till the dawn  
There's a jukebox in the corner playing loud  
Funky bass lines  
The counter man he sings his orders out in harmony  
There's a counter full of people singing background  
Everything I say  
Is repeated one bar later  
Five guys in the corner booth are clapping  
Clapping on 2 & 4  
When I spin up a shake  
It sounds like budget synthesizer strings  
Bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans  
There's bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans  
(Lord, lord)  
Bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans  
I said  
There's bums in the back alley playing percussion on the cans  
I'm a prisoner of funk  
I've got a jukebox for a brain  
What happened to the way it used to be  
Lord set me free  
Let me wake up again  
(Wake up now, you're gonna drown in funk, wake up)  
Burgers dancing on the grill it seems  
All the food is dancing in my dreams  
Leather boys line up to get their orange whips  
Popping fingers and a-singing  
Scooby dooby do wha  
Fat mama cass comes in digging into a bag of chips  
Her voice sets the place to ringing  
Yea, yea  
The mustard and the ketchup make a red and yellow rainbow  
Squirting high into the air  
Watch those funky fried potatoes  
I'm a prisoner of funk  
I've got a jukebox for a brain  
What happened to the way it used to be  
Lord set me free  
Let me wake up again  
(Wake up now, you're gonna drown in funk, wake up)  
Yea  
I said yea  
I said yea ahhhh  
Yea ahhhh  
Yeah ohahhhh  
A ha, ah aha  
I been having dreams  
Yea, yea, yea, yea