

# Fink For The Man

The Datsuns

Slick it back  
Gimme some grease  
You got it  
I want it  
So baby so sweet

Jet black hair  
Leather on thigh  
You make me flip baby  
Whoa  
Everytime

But you don't give a damn  
You're just a fink for the man  
You sure let me know  
You don't give a damn  
You're just a fink for the man  
You make me flip  
Get up and go

The midnight riders hanging round your neck  
I wish it was me  
Oh, we could be just the best

I seen your letters  
They're written with spit  
Your taking care of business  
But baby  
You flipped

I seen your letters  
They're written with spit  
And you're Fink for that man  
You're buying us a big bag of trouble baby  
But I know that's your plan