

Network, The "Right-Hand-A-Rama"

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I'm taking a ride to the liquor store
I'm looking for a beer and a little bit more
I'm gonna spend all the money she had
on a nude girl in a dirty old mag
50 cents cheaper than the real thing
even though it may be a little bit disgusting
can't call a bitch and it ain't got no drama
it's called a new sensation called the right hand-a-rama

I don't know why
I don't know why
It sure feels good
most every time

alright

Pamela and her five sisters
are giving me a bad case of nasty blisters
a third degree burn going straight to my head
I guess my pipes are a little bit rusted
close encounters of the strangest kind
I got the heebee-jeebees for the hundredth time
It didn't work out the way it was planned
all I got now is a beer in my hand

I don't know why
I don't know why
It sure feels good
most every time

I'll tell you why

alright

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