

Weekend Players

"Strap On That Jammy Pac"

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Strap on that there jammy pac.
Get a grip on your soul.
Sip on that there family flask,
And I'll guide you towards the door.
She don't feed me in the mornin',
And I can't take no more!
So strap on that there jammy pac,
And get up off my floor.
Strap on that there jammy pac
And slide a double dime my way.
Dry off your distributor cap,
And hip me to the game you play.
She's jonesin' for a jammy
With a girl that I call "Tammy",
So strap on that there jammy pac,
It's time for you to pay.

Strap on that there jammy pac.
She hypnotized one dude.
Stains you like a heart attack.
Van Winkle says "Fuck you."
Never made me no supper.
A boy like me needs it, too!
So strap on that thar jammy pac,
It's time to pay your due.

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