30 Foot Fall "Fuck Ya'll, We're From Texas"

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Humidity doesn't bother me Neither does the pouring rain Cause 5 minutes later it's better or worse But it never stays the same

It's hot and it's dusty
My armpits are musty
And my cowboy hat is soaked
A man on a three wheeled bike
Sets me up with a 50 cent snow cone

At a quarter to two eatin' Mexican food Free chips and beans and rice SMILE WHEN YOU SAY TEXAS And everything will be alright

We've got Willie Nelson And Serial Killers And King Of The Hill And the moonshine distillers And Texas is the only place to have killed

The president in his car
Heavy laws for petty crimes
Paying off probation fees
A system designed to fuck you up
That's why our prisons are our
Fastest growing indusrty (fuck the system)

In 1980 John Travolta Filmed Urban Cowboy here Lookin' for love in all the wrong places And drinking Gilley's beer

In the basement of the Alamo We've got Pee Wee Hermans Bike

FUCK YA'LL WE'RE FROM TEXAS Where the stars are big and bright All night Yee-Haw Visit <u>30 Foot Fall</u> page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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