

Adam Sandler "Dee Wee"

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He said he'd be here at seven
The clock just hit 7:22
It's too cold outside
To wait for my ride
Watching mama try out a new doo (Bruins)

He said he'd be here at seven
But it just hit 7:35 (already?)
Here in Brockton, Mass.,
I got my thumb in my ass
Mama's combing up a big beehive (Celtics)

Where the fuck is he?
Where the fuck is he?

The bitch doesn't even bother calling
Even though it's 7:44 (I fell asleep, pally)
I'm feeling kinda antsy
Mama's getting fancy
Slicking back a wet pompadour (Red Sox)

He said he'd be here at seven
It's closing in on 8:01 (Trimmin' the 'stache,
kid)
Me lookin' like a sap
In a wool knit cap
Mama's next move is a bun (fuckin' Patriots)

Where the fuck is he? (My pants are still in the dryer,
dude)
Where the fuck is he? (I couldn't find my fuckin'
snowboots, pal)
I wish I had a car (Huge, huge hangover)
Oh, no (Massive hailstorm, massive hailstorm,
massive)

That stupid little punk
He's probably fuckin' drunk
I bet he drank a case
Wanna pop him in the face right now
Mama's eyebrow

Wicked good
Wicked good (Oh, GOD)
Wicked good
Wicked good (Fuck yeah)
Wicked good
Wicked good (Pisser?)

Well my friend is still a no-show
And I'm getting' fucking pissed (Why?)
'Cause I could've gone with Charlie
In the side of his Harley
Mama's on the phone with a stylist (Fuck Charlie!)

So I guess I ain't going out tonight
'Cause the digits say 12:09 (Shit-faced)
But call the operator
'Cause one perm later
Mama's hair sure do look fine (Heffenreffer!!!)

Where the fuck

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