

## Adam Sandler "Technical Foul"

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Look you've got to understand  
It's just been me and Eleanor for sixty-seven years  
So she gets nervous around strangers  
I wouldn't show that picture to any one

Or they might try to take you two guys back to the  
laboratory  
Listen we got rules in this house, and you better follow  
Them or you'll find yourself outta of here  
This might be harder then I thought

If you're coming from street, with dirty shoes on your  
feet  
That's a technical foul  
If you switch the radio to some modern music show  
That's a technical foul  
If you don't shut the door after using the fridgerator  
That's a technical foul, a technical foul

If you touch the thermostat, you'll get hit with a bat  
'Cause that's a technical foul, you'll feel my wrath  
If your hair clogs the drain, you'll know the meaning of  
pain

Cause that's a technical foul, I'll show you no mercy  
This is such bull shit, hey in this house we say bull spit  
Or it's a technical foul, a technical foul

Let me get this straight  
You expect me to change my entire lifestyle in one  
night  
Because you guys are a couple of psychotic control  
freaks  
You got it bub or you can go rot in the gutter  
It's up to you Yankee Doodle

Well, I don't want to do that  
But let me run a few questions by you  
So I don't screw up accidentally

If I don't spray Lysol, after moving a bowel  
That's a technical foul, okay?

If I decide to wash my ass with your monogrammed  
towel  
That's a technical foul

Please say, hienny  
If I make fun of your crazy feeties  
Or give sugar cookies to Miss Diabetes  
That's not only technical foul but, possibly a homicide

Can I sleep past three?  
If you do you'll get a T  
Take a wizz in those flowers  
I'll say hit the showers  
Use this horn as a bong  
Adios Tommy Chong

Make some long distance calls  
You'll get a kick in the balls  
Can I walk around with my morning erection?  
If you want an automatic ejection  
'Cause that's a technical foul

But I'd like to see it anyway, just kiddin'

There are certain rules which apply in one's life  
With your sister, friends or imaginary wife  
I can't believe, I haven't killed myself  
Respect carries over me on the court  
Here with Wigs Magee, and a fury elf

Whether you're Jewish diabetic or especially short  
She's ironic and he's a troll  
I see, she's strange in my royal carry  
My imaginary wife is short and hairy  
They took my wig, I remember the look in their eyes

How did my life get stuck in this shit hole?  
Why oh why won't someone retrieve my wig, wig, wig?  
Guess I have to deal with your demands  
But please don't touch me with your alien hands

I got no right to growl  
The whistle she's on the prowl  
Without my wig, I look like an owl  
Oh, my God, don't laugh at her

Or it's a technical foul  
Or it's a technical foul  
Or it's a technical foul

