

Backyard Babies "Can't Find The Door"

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Excuse me
I need a little more money
Just a drink to score
But I can tell you honey
I need a hundred more
I gotta give myself
What Im looking for
Gotta feed my head now, ones for all
With two scary Bloody Marys and a Thunderball, baby
Its gonna be alright now, baby
Its gonna be alright, Im doing fine
I said one, two, three and a little bit more
Oh, my God, I cant, cant find the door
I cant find the door
I cant find the door
I cant find the door
I cant stand straight
But I can think right
With my Frisco San Fransisco Im still growing up
Mature all the way to the Lucifer cup, baby
Its gonna be alright now, baby
Its gonna be alright, Im doing fine
I said one, two, three and a little bit more
Oh, my God, I cant, cant find the door
I cant find the door
I cant find the door
I cant find the door
I aint want no Soda
And no female Ginger Ale
'Cause I need special treatment so I can go home
Maybe Ill make it to the five o clock loan, man
Its gonna be alright now, baby
Its gonna be alright, Im doing fine
I said one, two, three and a little bit more
Oh, my God, I cant, cant find the door
I cant find the door
I cant find the door
I said one, two, three and a little bit more
Oh, my God
one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine
Wheres the door?
Wait a minute honey

Oh, my God, yeah

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