

Didjits

"Who's Ready To Get High"

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Who's ready to get high!
Little mambo Sammy puts his fingers on the strings
The lightening flies right off his tips
And the little girlies scream
He pops the pills into his mouth
And walks up to the mike and shouts
Who's ready to get high!
I think that evil Satan
He is looking for my soul
He's sittin' on my front porch

Playing cards and then he folds
His turns his shiny head
And then he holds up his syringe and says!
Mumble stumble riff raff Gary
He puts in his reply
Harpies come torment his soul
And spit into his eye
He shakes 'em off, unrolls his bag
And holds it up to the sky and says
Who's ready to get high!

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