

Fall

"2 X 4"

Visit "[2 X 4](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

He was agin the rich
He was agin the poor
He was against all trepidation
He was agin the rich
On the loose again
He was agin the rich
There's a new fiend on the loose
On the back of the exhaust clip
Clipped on rich and poor alike
Come to roost again once more
Ol' Nick doesn't go from digs to digs no more
Hit him on the head with a 2 by 4
Nowadays he has a Georgian glazed porch
Used table leg to club son in law
New fiend in your home again
He said show me my quarters and glasses
There's a new fiend on the loose
Jolting in his tradition
It's a fear of the obtuse
He's got patents on the moaning

Visit [Fall](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

