

## Fun Factory

### "The Grave And The Constant"

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I used to wear dress blues, I used to get my cues from  
the dudes in  
D.C. with the wing tip shoes.  
My boss said it was Parris or Prison and the judge said:  
"son you better  
Make a decision."  
I chose the former because I heard it was warmer, April  
in Parris, hell  
South of the border. They put me together, tougher  
than leather. Set  
Me on your ass because they didn't know better.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it  
on, getting it on. (4x)

I hold the fort left, right and center  
The number running hardass punk, flygirl bender.  
Check the photo  
Finish I'm in this to satisfy parole, not posing not  
playing the role,  
See I got more gumbas than Bobby De Niro and if I was  
you I'd  
Act like Nixon and Spiro. So drink your rock and smoke  
your pot  
And chill where it's shady. I got more endurance than  
In-A-Gadda-  
Da-Vida baby.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it  
on, getting it on. (4x)

I'm up to no good, with no place to go but down. . . (6x)

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on, getting it  
on, getting it on. (4x)

We're up to no good, with no place to go but down. .  
. (13x)

