

Fun Lovin' Criminals "Dickholder"

Visit "[Dickholder](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

The only easy day is yesterday
Go on and pull me underwater
I know you really can't be that blind, son
But I think you think you're that much smarter

It makes it that much more defined
Now cough it up and call your mother
I see you just can't find the time
But time found me without much bother

I saw that boy become a man
He bathed in blood just like his father
And while in golden gloves and gown
He found he wasn't that much smarter

Now what's in you that is your own
Not something you found on the highway
I remember that time so long ago
When you bought your soul and threw a party

Now paint your face, take to the trees
There's more to you than just your cover
You've got them all down on their knees
You've got them fucking one another

You Dj'd blue and you Dj'd black
So long as they count to a thousand
Now get it on, don't break your back
And don't walk through the public housing

Now, hey, Dickholder who's your man?
The scraps you catch you past the table
You make it all sound like your plan
But what you'd do to get that label?
I see you're a bitch

Hey come over here baby
Hey, Dickholder who's your man?
The scraps you catch you past the table
You make it all sound like your plan
But what you'd do to get that label?

Dickholder

Visit [Fun Lovin' Criminals](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.