

Fun Lovin' Criminals "Where The Bums Go"

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I feel it's pull, it's caressing claws
The dead end blocks, graffiti walls
It permanates, it desecrates
It looks like shit but it taste great

Where the bums go, woo
Where the bums go, woo
Where the bums go, woo

See, it's clientÄ"le come straight from hell
With missing limbs and woo, some funky smells
My bacon bits were not like this
I curse the day it passed my lips

Where the bums go, woo
Where the bums go, woo
Where the bums go, woo

Bums, bums, bums, bums

Where the bums go, woo
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Fuckin bums, yeah

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