

Geri Halliwell

"Fun Lovi"

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Fun Lovin?Criminals, The - 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, 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 didnt know better.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

I hold the fort left, right and center
the number running hardass punk, flygirl bender.
Check the photo
finish Im in this to satisfy parole, not posing or playing
the role,
see I got more gumbas than Bobby De Niro and if I was
you Id
act like Nixon and Spiro. So smoke your pot and drink
your rock
and chill where its shady. I got more endurance than In-
A-Gadda-
Da-Vida baby.

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

Up to no good, with no place to go but down. . .

Getting it on to the grave spot, getting it on.

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