

Joe Jackson "Right"

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Fuck this bull shit spit flat beer back
Rock star dumb luck sick joke clap trap
Damn thin shoe lace yank spit jerk snap
Bomb kike scam bank tear down dead flag

I got a right to bite the hand
That feeds the greed that pays the band
I got a right to fight the man
That takes the cake that feeds the clan

I don't like the way you look at me
You don't like what I do in bed
Maybe I should get some deputies
And come and break your fucking head
Oh, no, no that won't do at all

Ignorance is a kind of bliss
A smack in the mouth is a kind of kiss

Me thinks I doth protest too much
And no matter what the people say
I'm gonna have to get in touch
With my inner adult someday
La la la, la la la, di dah

Suck this dick head fuck that lite crap
Kiss kiss puke hate rack suit riff raff
Bash slut mash butt beat that spic brat
Stab Dyke snap neck kill punk scum bags

I got a right to light the flame
That fries the guys that take the blame
I got a right to bite the hand
That feeds the greed that pays the band

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