

Lars Frederiksen And The Bastards

"Six Foot Five"

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Coco March morning northern California back in 1973
He grew up quick and told that he was nothing till the
day he turned 16
Broke outta town though he left a trail of violence a
mile wide
No one knew little Jay Woods would end up Six Foot
Five.
Five days a week he's working late shift at the C.B.S.
Lumberyard
On the weekend he plays a little Rock And Roll on his
100 dollar bass guitar
How do you survive on those nickels and dimes his
mother once did say
Put down your guitar get a good job cause Rock and
Roll doesn't pay no it don't

Skinhead Roots Reggae Rock & Roll on parole
He said I don't wanna be more no fucking more
Big Jay's got no problem unless you wanna start one I
suggest that you don't
Stay if you wanna make trouble he's quick to bust your
bubble and send you on your way
Bustin our jaws his friends are outlaws
From their boots to their mutton chops
Most hated crew you know that they are true to the
punx in the bastards

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