

Cherry Poppin Daddies "Sockable Face Club"

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Face club, pal I went and fished with my fly I stepped to
the urinal When i noticed a guy He was punishin' the
bishop I'ze tryin' to get a stain off And zeroed in on my
pride But i'm afraid i had to make the peeper die The
subtle comedy amused me You're in my sockable face
club You gotta punchable face, bub Grab him, nab him
You gotta a sockable face Everything you do makes me
feel like you need to get a blackened eye Then there
was heard a symphony of punchin' It shattered his
glass jaw Woke up in blood and beer and munchin' On
some red tongue slaw He kind of laid there burblin'
and there arose a stench Then something caramelized
on his pants Like a million baby diapers You gotta
punchable face, bub You're in my sockable face club
You are a sockable guy who how can i say What i want
to get through to you Pal, punch you in the eggs and
make 'em runny Your mama's face in my locket I
learned from larry, mo, and curly Get up and gallop
and go Your friends are diggin' the ho' Not to take no
guff Who likes to play rough I'm a semper fi, the kind
of guy But sneaky peeky got me surly Drama, drama,
drama, drama -- your face Hey, there guys step aside,
the cleanin' guy is here Clean up blood and beer To lay
that mop and bucket down He needs a cigarette 'cause
he hates work And he has to put up with a lot of jerks
You're in my sockable face club You gotta punchable
face, bub You're a disgrace to the human race You got
a stupid look on your face

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