

Dandy Warhols

"Welcome to the Third World"

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Hey there, you know, I don't see a dog like you
You hang around in the cold blackness
And watch it all, guess you just love the ladies
Why don't you walk your ass on up

Say hey girl, you dance pretty good
For a almost white girl, and um, um
Your lips they sure do match my wallet
Hey, oh I get so tired but you know

Somebody gotta keep the shotguns
Off the dance floor
Say, why don't you finish that now girl?
And we can stroll out into the midnight air

And skin up a fat one
Yeah, you gonna dig on this, yip
A nice big fat one, yeah, fat one
Makes you a little bit insecure

See, that's good for a dog like you
Chills out your ego
I mean, what you gonna do boy?
Which tells you you gotta turn the heat up

You gonna say why don't we go back
To my place, so we can talk
About Dostoevsky

Huh, hey, where'd she go?
The girl is gone now, where'd she go now?
You're alone now
Oh, this ain't like college town

No, welcome to the third world
The boys like the girls
And the girls like the money
You gotta spread it around

You see, the girls like the boys
And the boys like the honey
After bee, after bee, after bee

(Or after me, after me, after me)

The boys like the girls
And the girls like the money
Spread it around, uh oh
'Cause you like the honey, ooh

Oh yeah, the honey
Keeps the bears all stuck
In their chairs 'til it's too late
And it's way too late
Yip, it's all way too late, oh

Yip, see the crowd gets a little bit thin
And a little bit crazy
You see, just like that, that's right

I would

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