

Scissors for Lefty

"Lay Down Your Weapons"

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The sound of numbers
Last time, 5-4-3-6-2-1-8-9
Its over, I've served, my time
Certainly am ready to walk the straight line

I've been a locked up a long time baby, since I was nine
Paid the piper for naughty naughties
All I want is to kick start my life

Oou, oou oou, oou, oou, oou, ou,
Combing the sand
Lay down, lay down, oh women
They'll be scoping me with my six pack frame
Fly me a first class, I be off to Hawaii,
Lay down, lay down, the Island
Welcoming me, with a coconut honey

Sure a lotta people here at the airport
Lotta people be waiting in line
I think I'll light me up a Cuban cigar
One for now, then one for the ride

I've been a locked up a long time baby, since I was nine
I just got out yesterday man, bought myself this New
York steakknife

Oou, oou oou, oou, oou, oou, ou,
Here comes the badge
Lay down, lay down your weapons,
Or well bag you here at the baggage claim
Hey, you've got the wrong man, please stop dealing in
absolutes
Lay down, lay down your weapons
I saw handcuffs then it clicked in me

Oou, oou oou, oou, oou, oou, ou
They're never ever gonna gonna catch me
I never once did anything wrong
Instead of pleasantly asking a question
You threaten me, and say I am wrong

Oou, oou oou, oou, oou, oou, ou,
Make your demands
Lay down, lay down your weapons,
Or this loved one here gets it in the head
I was a baby born into hard time
You ain't taking me, you ain't taking me,
You ain't taking me, you ain't taking me....

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