

Dickies, The

"Cross-Eyed Tammy"

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Doesn't have a boy to call her own
Nobody to call her on the phone
You can always see the sun in her eyes
And her mammaries are twice their size
Tammy's so cross-eyed to me
You can take her out upon the town
She'll be looking up while looking around
If you've had enough than take her home
Take her back into the twilight zone
In her sweater she looks better
And I think you'll find
Cross-eyed Tammy's got
A lot on her mind

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