

Feelings Hijackers

"Soul Rollin'"

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Na na na na na na na na
You've got my Soul Rollin'
Catch me a ride down to Humboldt
See if these crumbs, float in with the gumbo
It'll cost a couple hund though Redwood speedin'
caught
a ticket on a bum note
But my cherry is swung low Rolled it too tight, I can
barely get one toke
And I'm lovin this sunstroke
Cause I ain't gotta gun tote, party with the young folk
Soul Rollin'
Passed out drunk and got your dough stolen T-F-H a
title I'm cold holdin
It's like a world of shit with no colon
Play my hand, I'll gladly fold
And go and panhandle down on Abbey Road
You damn near had me sold
Picture me an old man in a shabby robe
Nah, I do my dirty work first 3D billboards and thirty-
foot smurfs
Absurdly looked cursed
Out for the best but I got a pretty good worse
So be proud of yourself
Tonight we gonna party like two thousand and twelve
Be proud of yourself
Tonight we gonna party like two thousand and twelve
What the hell...
Whoo!
You've got my Soul Rollin'
Na na na na na na na na

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