

Orange Monkey

"Highway to bubtwah"

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Why do we always play that crazy stuff, i mean glam
rock is coming back in a new way, and i'm
going to be here ready to master my skill

How?

Well first you have to love to draw, and second you
have to call ITT Tech.

I wuz pickin' out some Mr Clean, to make my drunkin
dad's forehead shine. On the returning
flight I saw this guy, he wuz pickin' up trash off the side
of the road. I stopped to chat,
Cuz i'm in to that, Sort community service stuff ya
know. He told me a tale bout how all my
worries would be thrown out the window like litter. For
15 a month, it would all me mine along
with this catchy phrase.

Why don't you just run out of gas and leave me alone
with my happy people (*2)

I know you think what's mine is yours, but yours is 'bout
to be an ass woopin. So put you
shovel back inside your trunk, my brand new lines are
not for the takin'.

Come on Mr, your the only mile on this highway with 7
lanes, and did you know when you
drive on the wrong side of the freeway at night, the
silky white reflectors turn to YOUR
GONNA DIE RED

That's when he said

Why don't you just run out of gas and leave me alone
with my happy people (*2)

I wuz drivin' round love street with my ultra cool crome
jalopy. I saw this girl she was
find in her heels, with long blond hair and a string

bikini. She sold breaded crack, a tasty
lil' snack, that makes your lips *Smack* like that girl
from Welches. Her shoes were really
snug, then I saw the ugly mug, of the copper coming
down around the corner. I stepped on the
gas so he wouldn't kick my ass

Like Jason and his Grandma!

BLAM!!!!

Why don't you just run out of gas and leave me alone
with my hooker people (*2)

Fuck Communism

Why don't you just run out of gas and leave me alone
with my happy people (*4)

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