

## Ugly Kid Joe

# "SWEET LEAF / FUNK FRESH COUNTRY CLUB"

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written by Tony Iommi, Bill Ward, Geezer Butler, Ozzy Osbourne (Sweet Leaf), Whitfield Crane and Eric Philips (Funky Fresh Country Club)

When I first met you, didn't realize  
I can't forget you, for your suprise  
you introduced me, to my mind  
And left me wanting, you and your kind  
Oh yeah!  
Straight people don't know, what your about  
They put you down and shut you out  
you gave to me a new belief  
and soon the world will love you sweet leaf  
Oh yeah!  
Funky fresh tunes  
And you're walking down the street  
And you're trying to find the girl  
That you really want to meet  
You're flying past the reef  
And you're drinking shrunking heads  
You wake up in the morning  
And you wish that you were dead  
As you stagger home  
In the blackest form of night  
The rollers out in force baby  
They're looking for a fight  
You try to play the game  
You try to pass the test  
But the only thing in sight baby  
Is the sight of your arrest  
Jail cell - living hell  
Cains off me I'm free  
Doing time - one more time  
Mine, all mine, all mine  
Now the country club is cold  
And the country club is mean  
The attendants at the country club  
Ain't something to be seen  
If you're messing with my girl  
You're messing with your life  
Cause I'm gonna cut you  
With a big, big knife

You bet your fuckin' life  
Now as you stagger home  
In the blackest form of night  
The rollers out in force baby  
They're looking for a fight  
You try to play the game  
You try to pass the test  
But the only thing in sight baby  
Is the sight of your arrest  
Jail cell - living hell  
Cains off me I'm free  
Doing time - one more time  
Mine, all mine, all mine  
I wanna tell you a story baby  
I hope you wanna hear  
I wanna tell you a story baby  
I hope you wanna hear  
Going downtown in the back of a car  
Some motha'fucka' left the door ajar  
Remember what your parents said  
Be home by eight and in your bed  
Now as you stagger home  
In the blackest form of night  
The rollers out in force baby  
They're looking for a fight  
You try to play the game  
You try to pass the test  
But the only thing in sight baby  
Is the sight of your arrest  
Jail cell - living hell  
Cains off me I'm free  
Doing time - one more time  
Mine, all mine, all mine

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