

U.P.O. "Beetle Boot"

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Mackn with trish in the dark on the docks turn the
ambulance sirens up emergency baby i aint one to wait
i gonna get yer britches off any day now there gonna
drop the bomb and were gonna be a bucket of bones
we got an hour till day we got to go all the way and
shoot the rockets in the rescue zone (chrous) roll over
baby say hello daddy king adoption papers ready
come to dixie a dysfunctional home hostage all alone
old soup on yer apron babe I'll lick it off i woke up to the
alarm on my radio those AM airwaves all ways set me
off the old men talk all day they talk about the same
old things dirty sheets and a dirty hand full of blow
thrift store opened and i gotta buy a pair of shoes gotta
get her number and im gonna make a telephone call
lets go splah some booze i wanna drink it off you told
me to get a barel(and ride it down niagra falls)

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