

Smoke Blower

Flatfoot 56

Don't blow your sunshine up my...
Big bad wolf come right on in.
I'm your little pig here within.
You think you're big, you're bad, you're good.
You're just another wolf in this pig's hood.
You run your mouth spewing lies.
Can't catch me and that's no surprise.
You better find some other house to blow down.
One where there ain't no pigs around.

House of straw. House of sticks.
Can't shake this house of bricks.
House of straw. House of sticks.
Can't shake this house of bricks...
Can't shake this house of bricks.

Don't blow your sunshine up my...
Big bad wolf, what happened to you?
You never learned to speak about what was true.
But now I'm aware about what you said.
Little Red Riding Hood, grandma's dead.
I've said everything I can say to you.
So go ahead, do what you do.
You know that truth and lies don't mix,
like dead pigs in a house of bricks.

House of straw. House of sticks.
Can't shake this house of bricks.
House of straw. House of sticks.
Can't shake this house of bricks.
House of straw. House of sticks.
Can't shake this house of bricks.
House of straw. House of sticks.
Can't shake this house of bricks.

You huff, you puff, you blow yourself down.
You huff, you puff, you blow yourself down.
You huff, you puff, you blow yourself down.
You huff, and you puff, and you blow yourself down,
Smoke Blower.