

Six Foot Five

Lars Frederiksen and the Bastards

Cold March morning northern California back in 1973
He grew up quick and told that he was nothing till the day he turned 16
Broke outta town though he left a trail of violence a mile wide
No one there knew little Jay Woods would end up Six Foot Five.
Five days a week he's working late shift at the C.B.S. Lumberyard
On the weekend he plays a little Rock And Roll on his 100 dollar bass guitar
How do you survive on those nickels and dimes his mother once did say
Put down your guitar get a good job cause Rock and Roll doesn't pay no it don't

Skinhead! Roots, Reggae, Rock & Roll, on parole
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He said I don't wanna be poor no more, no I don't wanna be poor no more,
no I don't wanna be poor no more, no I don't wanna be poor no fucking more

Big Jay's got no problem unless you wanna start one I suggest that you don't
Stay if you wanna make trouble he's quick to bust your bubble and send you on your way
Bustin our jaws his friends are outlaws
From their boots to their mutton chops
Most hated crew you know that they are true to the punx and the bastards, yeah!

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