

Tripe Face Boogie

Little Feat

Well I was buffalo-ed in Buffalo
And I was entertained in Houston
New York, New York you gotta choose one

It's a tripe face boogie
Going to boogie my sneakers away yeah yeah

Well I, I don't want your money
And I don't want your time,
Please don't jive me Honey
And I'll give you, give you back your dime

It's a hype face boogie
Going to boogie my sneakers away yeah

I don't dig potato chips
And I can't take torts [?]
Got to tripe my guacamole baby
It's quackers and tripe my sauce

It's a hype face boogie
Going to boogie my scruples away yeah
Hype boogie, hype boogie
All night long...

[Solos]

You bring your guitar
I'll bring the wine
Gonna tripe my guacamole baby
Just a one more time

It's a hype face boogie
And I say 'lookout'!