

## Try not to stutter

NoMeansNo

I got a two ton wreck wrapped around my neck  
A weekend bender, on bustend suspender  
I've aged three years, cried a couple of tears  
I told the cop i coul'nt remember  
When i saw you  
Where you were  
Who you were with  
I only wish that you both would phone  
And try not to surrender  
I told the judge i couldn't remember

And as you are answering all of their questions  
I have just got one suggestion

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I was Jo Cool for an indian summer  
A camp fire wag, a long distance runner  
I had the big eyes following my every move  
But icouldn't let down or I'd lose  
There was a snot nose kid trying to blow my cover  
If they won't buy that I'll tell them another  
Then two of the boys shot down my noised  
The one with the van and his brother

They casually mentioned a couple of kids  
An unspoken challenge, ok here

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She was of to base to know the meaning of fear  
With her cutt-offs swaying from here to there  
The music's her maker, the giver the taker  
That's what i hear  
She smiled so fine, but not very friendly  
With a studied wink, „Oh Baby you sned me!“

You've got a box full of trophies that's what i hear

And as you try to fashion the perfetct time  
There's just one thing to keep in mind

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(you can mumble, soft and low, mutter mutter so they think you know,  
but there's just one thing that has got to go)

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