

To Little To Late

Slightly Stoopid

But when I look inside
I've got this bad bad feeling about her
You know she cheated and she lied
And she's throwing it all away
But if you come to me
Tryin' to tell me that you're sorry
You better get down on your knees
And start to pray
And how many times must I come up
With all of the answers
But give me the meaning and the reasons
That you're giving it up today
But if you come to me
Tryin' to tell me that you love me
You better get down on your knees
And start to pray
I never needed anybody
Quite like this
Don't try to tell me how to be
Don't try to tell me how to act
But then you might get smacked
But right in the head
And then you turn around baby
And you might be dead
And I know that I'm feelin' kind of numb in my fingers
But straight down to my toes
But let me feel her up and use her up
Until she gets mutherfuckin' cold, whoa whoa
Baby, won't you step in line?
Just let me grab another piece of your big behind
You better come on girl
And give it to me now
But it's just the beat
Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, pick it up
Baby, won't you step in line?
Just let me grab another piece of your behind
You better come on girl
And give it to me now
I'll catch the longest barrel rides, no
Deep in the barrels where we ride, yeah yeah
It takes 12 beers to get me right, no, no, no, yeah yeah
I'll catch the longest barrel rides, no
In the bed is where I lie, yeah yeah
It takes 12 beers to get me right, no, no, no, yeah yeah
Low tide jetty is where we play