## Sublime, Freeway Time In La County Jail

On the freeway in the county the sun don't shine.

I feel, I feel, I feel, I feel a Báti man.

And outside my cell deputies creep

And in this cell all I do is sleep and I dream,

that I'm free.

And I'm back on the reef,

where I throw my net out into the sea,

All the fine hinas come swimming to me.

They hold me and they promise me things,

And when the tides high I cry like a little baby.

Don't give me no right kind a love no Sunday morning.

Don't want no puppy loving.

Hold me babe, a new stylee.

Hungry babe, a new stylee.

And a angry dog is a hungry dog.

And a hungry dog is a angry dog.

I feel like rocking, I wanna with you!

I'm alive gotta contact home. Gotta contact my baby girl.

But I wood never could get up. Why does it have to be so damn tough?

With mayates and the eses, yes their steady on the floor.

I'll be damned if a man with a shake in his hand will make me feel, I feel a Bati man.

And I know, that I'm there someday.

I'm back on the reef,

where I throw my net out into the sea,

All the fine hinas come swimming to me.

Hold babe promise me.

With no protection on my erection I won't get no VD.

Don't give me no right kind a love no Sunday morning.

Don't want no puppy loving. Gwarn.

Hold me babe, got a new stylee.

And a angry dog's a hungry dog.

He's a naked man is a naked man.

And a wicked dog is a hungry dog.

I feel like rocking, I wanna with you!