

The Dandy Warhols, Welcome To The Third World

Hey there, you know I don't see a dog like you
You hang around in the cold blackness
And watch it all
Guess you just love the ladies
Why don't you walk your ass on up
Say, "Hey girl, you dance pretty good for a almost white girl"
And uhhhhm ummmm
Your lips they sure do match my wallet
Hey
Oh I get so tired
But you know
Somebody gotta keep the shotguns off the dancefloor
Say, why don't you finish that now girl?
And we can stroll out into the midnight air
And skin up a fat one
Yeah, you gonna dig on this, yip
A nice big fat one, yeah, fat one
Makes you a little bit insecure
See, that's good for a dog like you
Chills out your ego
I mean, what you gonna do boy?
Which tells you you gotta turn the heat up
You gonna say, "why don't we go back to my place, so we can talk"?
About Dostoevsky
Huh? Hey, where'd she go?
The girl is gone now, where'd she go now? You're alone now
Oh, this ain't like college town
No, welcome to the third world
The boys like the girls and the girls like the money
You gotta spread it around
You see, the girls like the boys and the boys like the honey
After bee, after bee, after bee (or after me, after me, after me)
The boys like the girls and the girls like the money
Spread it around, uh oh
'Cause you like the honey, oooooh
Oh yeah, the honey
Keeps the bears all stuck in their chairs 'til it's too late
And it's way too late
Yip, it's all way too late, oh
Yip, see the crowd gets a little bit thin
And a little bit crazy
You see, just like that
That's right
I would