Mama´s Boy

The Blue Van

You prance around like you're the king of the city
Always getting down with the nitty gritty
You smoke a bone, but you don't inhale
Always bragging about the time you spent a night in jail
I can always tell a clown and I call your bluff
Always show your tail when the tough gets rough

You give up, you break down, 'cause your mama's boy

Everyone around they can tell you're a faker
Think the Ramones is a t-shirt maker
You get down, but you don't get high
So run on home to your ma and cry
I can always tell a clown, even in disguise
When it comes to being dumb you really take the price

All I hear you do is brag and scream and shout
Still you don't have clue what it's all about