

# Network, Right Hand-A-Rama

I'm taking a ride to the liquor store  
I'm looking for a beer and a little bit more  
I'm gonna spend all the money she had  
On a nude girl in a dirty old mag  
50 cents cheaper than the real thing  
Even though it may be a little bit disgusting  
Can't call a bitch and it ain't got no drama  
It's called a new sensation called the right hand-a-rama

I don't know why  
I don't know why  
It sure feels good  
Most every time

Alright

Pamela and her five sisters

Are giving me a bad case of nasty blisters  
A third degree burn going straight to my head  
I guess my pipes are a little bit rusted  
Close encounters of the strangest kind  
I got the heebee-jeebes for the hundredth time  
It didn't work out the way it was planned  
All I got now is a beer in my hand

I don't know why  
I don't know why  
It sure feels good  
Most every time

I'll tell you why

Alright