

# The Stranglers, Ain't Nothin' To It

Back up boy forty five feet  
Always looking for a freebie  
Why don't you let up sometime  
Hawks out here with his axe n' me with this lead sheet on  
Trying to scuffle up those two's n' fews  
For uncle so's I can bail out my full orchestration  
Looks like he got me but this cat wouldn't feed  
Grass to a horse in a concrete pasture  
He's so tight he wouldn't buy a pair of shorts for a flea  
Just look at him n' dig that vine  
All off tome his strollers look like he's ready to  
Jump he's playing ketchup n' I got to tighten his wig  
Hold it down n' I'll come up with line two like I said  
Ain't nothin' to it, just here  
Ain't nothin' to it, just here  
Ain't nothin' ain't nothin' to it just here  
I saw that dinner up the street guzzlin' foam in  
The drinkden and the sharks are droppin' the shucks  
Like the yellow kid trying to tighten her and  
Weaving the four f's all around her  
I nixed her out long ago, man, she's too sometimey  
She will and she won't  
She do and she don't always on the fence and  
Sleeps with her glasses on  
Man  
Man  
Ain't nothin' ain't nothin' to it just here  
She's faust to me, so skip it and forget it  
She's faust to me, so skip it and forget it