

Polka On The Fiddle

I´m cruising fast goin far yipee-I-yeah I love my car
Yipee-I-yeah I love my car cruisin´ fast and far

I had a drink the other night yipee the pigs were out of sight
Yipee the pigs were out of sight had some more drinks at night

My frinds and me were on the fiddle yipee-I-yeah sittin´ in the middle
Yipee-I-yeah sittin´ in the middle we all were on the fiddle

If ifs and ans were pot and pans there´d be no need no need
No need for tinkers hands and late at night we start to fight
And when they hit me on the clutch I was as sober as a judge