

1 Welllllllllll...

Got my pantsies in a ruffle, bout³ to¹ get into¹ a scuffle
'cause I can't complete my hustle, till you open up the door.
Need to pick up "this & that," then I promise that I'll scat
But don't call on me to rat, it's not favors I'm askin' for.

³I've³ been¹ standin' here for hours
or well...at least a minute or so,
I'll even clean out the showers
where them molds & mildews grow.

Can't ya see these urgencies
they turn into emergencies,
if you don't open up the door
-not make me wait here anymore.

2 Welllllllllllll...

Got my pantsies in a ruffle, doin' the hard timin' shuffle
But ignoring me won't muffle, my pleas to be let in.
Man, the sun is beatin' down on me, I tell ya it's a travesty,
that you can't just come turn a key; at best, a cryin' sin.

The cows, they came home long ago
My beard is even startin' to grow,
This is going way too slow,
My breakfast food's a' turnin' bitter.

Every time that you say "scram"
it puts me in another jam
Honest, this ain't no flim-flam
Would you please just reconsider?

(Instrumental, and de, de, de, de, de)

3 Welllllllllllllll...

Got my pantsies in a ruffle
But I done run out of rhyme
Guess I'll come back another time
...like maybe.....when you run the in-line...

Weelllllllllll...

(Instrumental to end)

END

For: The MAD HATTER, at
Mule Creek State Prison