

Smokin' In The Boys' Room

Words & Music:
Brownsville Station

C# [*slide up to*] D [4x]

[*spoken over vamp*] How you doin' out there? Y'ever seem to have one of those days where it just seems like everybody's gettin' on your case, from your teacher all the way down to your best girlfriend? Well, y'know, I used to have 'em just about all the time. But I found a way to get out of 'em. Let me tell you about it!

D C# D
Sitting in the classroom thinking it's a drag.
Bb A Bb [*sliding up as with the other riff*]
Listening to the teacher rap just ain't my bag.
The noon bells rings you know that's my cue.
I'm gonna meet the boys on floor number two.

CHORUS:

G D
Smokin' in the boys' room. Smokin' in the boys' room.
A G
Now, teacher, don't you fill me up with your rules.
A G D
'Cause everybody knows that smokin' in the lav is cool.

Checkin' out the halls makin' sure the coast is clear.
Lookin' in the stalls, no, there ain't nobody here.
Oh, my buddy Fang and me and Paul.
To get caught would surely be the death of us all.

CHORUS:

Oh, put me to work in the school book store.
Check out counter and I got bored.
Teacher was lookin' for me all around.
Two hours later, you know where I was found.

CHORUS: [*2x - second time lyrics are:*]

Smokin' in the boys' room. Oh, smokin' in the boys' room
Now, teacher, I am fully aware of the rules
'Cause everybody knows that smokin' in the lav is cool.

