

Oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh  
Oh oh oh oh

Well angel, morning Sivanna  
Well ain't been gone too far  
But heading out towards Ponomo  
Where you won't be alone

Where there's 'is thrift store manager in a poke camadee  
And a gas mask on his arm  
And one by one by one  
We'll all be gone

We'll all be gone by the fall  
We'll all be gone by the falling light

Brick layer  
With a hat down on his feet  
I'll say no more  
I won't lead no Calvary

How long?  
Will you disregard the heat?  
Half beat  
It's no misnomer though

I've the feeling that I better go  
So  
I slide right out the door, oh