

If 6 was 9

David Lee Roth

If the sun refuse to shine
I don't mind, I don't mind
If the mountains fell in the sea
Let it be, it ain't me

White collared conservative walking down the street
Pointing your plastic finger at me
I got my own world to live through
And I ain't gonna copy you

Now if 6 turned out to be 9
I don't mind, I wouldn't mind
If all the hippies cut off all their hair
I wouldn't care, I don't care, dig

White collared conservative walking down the street
Point your plastic finger at me
I've got my own world to live through
And I ain't gonna copy you

Ooh yeah
Ooh yeah
So let me live my life the way I want to
Fall mountains
Just don't fall on me, baby

Look out
Straight ahead