While growing my hair They heard a strange air Played on a french horn All shaven and shorn

Blow your thing do your mind Come on in waters fine Freak and shout laugh about Make sure you're not left out That's what you have to do If you want to be one of the few

When just out of school
I felt such a fool
Did I do it wrong
Some didn't belong

While covered in ink I had time to think Daub here for a time But be clandestine