

Well, that wasn't very nice of you  
Things aren't so glossy  
Without a posse  
Oh deary dear  
I've no business being here  
Well now as I bow out  
At the funeral of my youth  
It was so lonely  
It was so lovely  
It was so lovely

You're just so easy on the eye  
You're so easy on the eye  
We said farewell  
And we synchronized our watches  
And arranged for the meeting of our crotches  
On the other side of the planet  
On the other side of the world

Well, that wasn't a very nice thing to do  
They never suspect the emotional wreck  
Put that in your pipe  
(You might want to write that down)  
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full  
The Fonz said  
There's nothing wrong with being wrong  
But was he right, was he right?  
I don't know, was he right?

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