The mystery man came over
And he said I'm outta sight!
He said for a nominal service charge
I could reach nirvana tonight
If I was ready, willing and able
To pay him his regular fee
He would drop all the rest of
His pressing affairs and devote
His attention to me

But I said look here brother Who you jiving with that cosmik debris? Now who you jiving with that cosmik debris? Look here brother, don't waste your time on me

The mystery man got nervous
And he fidget around a bit
He reached in the pocket of his mystery robe
And he whipped out a shaving kit
Now I thought it was a razor
And a can of foaming goo
But he told me right then when the top popped open
There was nothin' his box won't do
With the oil of aphrodite, and the dust of the grand wazoo
He said you might not believe this, little fella
But it'll cure your asthma too

And I said look here brother Who you jiving with that cosmik debris? Now what kind of a guru are you, anyway? Look here brother, don't waste your time on me (don't waste your time)

I've got troubles of my own, I said
And you can't help me out
So, take your meditations and your preparations
And ram it up your snout!
But I got the crystal ball, he said
And held it to the ligh
So I snatched it, all away from him
And I showed him how to do it right

I wrapped a newspaper 'round my head
So I looked like I was deep
I said some mumbo-jumbo, then
I told him he was going to sleep
I robbed his rings and pocketwatch
And everything else I found
I had that sucker hypnotized
He couldn't even make a sound
I proceeded to tell him his future, then
As long as he was hanging around
I said the price of meat has just gone up
And your old lady has just gone down!

And I said look here brother-who you Jiving with that cosmik debris?

Now is that a real poncho or is that a sears poncho? Don't you know, you could make more money as a butcher? So, don't waste your time on me Don't waste it, don't waste your time on me