

My My My

Grant Lee Buffalo

Fine fine, strychnine free the mind cure the blind
Ho ho, recline to the country a-goldmines
I got it comin' out-a my ears
Fine fine, take your time, stay put in the alpines
Ho ho, Cocteau you get mixin' the moonshine
He'll teach you how to walk through mirrors
My, my, my, you're petrified
My, my, my, you're sick inside
My, my, my, you're stupefied
And I know it's like
Touche Broadway no place for a padre
No way hose ya hike back to the country
Well, those brooks are tremblin' there for you
Nix nix on the card tricks, carve your name in the candle stick
Make haste, double click, they may call you a lunatic
Oh, man, but they haven't got a clue
My, my, my, you're glorified
My, my, my, you're sick inside
My, my, my, you're certified
And I
My, my, my, you're sanctified
My, my, my, you're squinty eyed
My, my, my, my tongue is tied
But I know it's like
Delta high tide pack your bags and take a bride
Brush fires mud slides plug your ears and overtake your eyes
Be still and it'll pass by you
My, my, my, you're mortified
My, my, my, you're chicken fried
My, my, my, it's a nationwide
Tonight
My, my, my, you're spirit guide
Up and fled, stole your ride
My, my, my, you're stupefied
But I, I know it's like
Fine, fine, fine, fine
Fine, fine, fine, fine
Fine, fine, fine, fine
Fine, fine, fine, fine
Fine, fine, fine, fine
Fine, fine, fine, fine