

Which one of you, has got to be so sad for,
And what'd ya look ashamed about,
Always on downer, that just sounds like you.
And your waiting for some things to jump out of that tree,

(Haven't got a clue about the next bit) I'm so green,
I've got to be seen to believe.
I had to ask mister fix it,
Everybody on this stagecoach likes robbin' an' bashin'

Big blacks and blonds smokin' miles and miles of hash,
That's sweet,
The bigger the tree the better the time.
Yeah I can see now, how your looking for someone still,

A lot more funkier, a lot more oh,
Well that's the way it seems is what the way you are.
(Don't know this bit), and a roof drops in,

And said hello goodbyes and a few months later your mine,
At this rate even sooner,
Still a lot more funkier, still a lot more you.