

Praise Be

Hooverphonic

Praise be to the working man
I used to be a scientist working in a lab
Creating all my viruses, creating them real fast
67 Nobel prizes, really in my prime
Until one day my rats they said:
Hey boy you've got time
I've got time
I'm fed up with these rats
I'm starting up a movement with a bunch of killer cats
He's got time
He's out every night
Starting out with drinking and always ending up in fights
No lazy days were ever meant for me

Buddha, Buddha, Buddha, Buddha
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I've got time
You've got time
And so I went to Asia
And so I went and ran
Hiding from the notorious law and looking for some sun
I was chasing that old dragon
Got hooked on Chinese wine
Greyhound was my middle name
And in Chao-Min I did time
And boy, there I really had some time