

## Split Ends

Split Enz

Writing letters to my frenz  
Telling them all about split ends  
Watching flowers hit the floor  
Why can't he see, there's so much more  
Four of one, twenty of another  
It's all the same to me brother  
Never know these days mother  
I might still be your lover (yeah)

Nothing else is so obscene as  
Coffee beans and smoke machines  
Take your daughter for a ride  
Let her know your on her side  
Guess there's no words can beat  
The Sunday treat where rigamortis meat  
Wish you never found your feet  
Sniffing tow jams really neat

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