

Hog Child

Strawberry Alarm Clock

Hog child bringin' myself down
Hog child, there's one in every town
No one seems to know why you're around

Yeah
You think you're wild, yes, you think you are
Lard piled up inside your car
Hide at the backstage, go grab yourself a star

Teen time magazines, you have them all
Pictures of them all you have up on your wall

Oh yeah

Oh, plaster casters card up on your door
Seems they just don't want to anymore
Whoo, falling down, you bounce across the floor

Hog child, what you gonna do?
Piggy woman, is this really you?
Don't be sad now, just reduce your blues

And all so soon you'll find
How to leave these bungling zeppelin blues behind
Hog child blues behind
Yeah