

Ebin

Sublime

Out my window, cool and bright
Day so slowly into night
Funny, how things look the same
Now that my friend Ebin's changed

Ebin was a cooley that I used to know
Now he's down in the P.L.O.
He's cold kickin' it live with the K.K.K.
No JVC, No JFA

Cooly was sportin' black tennis shoes
He was looking for something to use
With a pistol in his pocket and a bottle of boose
Well, it could be me or it could be you
Oh, feels like my whole life is rearranged

Ebin you've changed
Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, you
Oh, oh, you've changed
Oh, you've changed, how you've changed?

I give you a hard time, didn't have to stay
Got outta jail just the very next day
It's plain to see, my friend Ebin is a Nazi
He was a Nazi yeah, yeah, yeah

Hooked on rock just the other day
Now he's down with the C.I.A.
He got covert operation in Vietnam
With a hit man assassin' like a long strong arm

He went down to protect his country
Eat Mexican food and make lots of money
Come back up north and drive a big white car
Take himself a plane down to Nicaragua
Well, it feels like I'm the only one to blame

Ebin you've changed
Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, you
Oh, you've changed
Oh, you've changed, Oh, you've changed

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Got outta jail just the very next day
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