

# I Wanna Be Committed

Sweet

I wanna be committed  
I wanna be committed

I thought I was a space-age cowboy  
I thought I was a sweet and sour chow-boy  
I thought I was a thinker  
A juvenile drinker

I thought I had some kind of a brain  
'Til they told me I was just a rumor  
A cheap and nasty looner  
Well, it turned out I was just insane

I wanna be committed, insanity permitted  
I wanna be committed for my mind  
I wanna be committed, don't let me be remitted  
I wanna be committed if you don't mind

Well, at the dance last Saturday night  
He was a rockin' and a rollin'  
And holding her tight  
'Till he got his hands on her

But when he started out to play  
She kept pushing him away and he got a funny feeling  
He was walking on the ceiling  
And someone was heard to say, "If you don't mind, Sir"  
I don't mind"

I thought I was a teenage dream-boy  
With a brain made of solid plastic alloy  
I thought I was a tripper, there ain't nobody hipper  
But it turned out I was going down the drain

I wanna be committed, insanity permitted  
I wanna be committed for my mind  
I wanna be committed, don't let me be remitted  
I wanna be committed if you don't mind

I wanna be committed  
Insanity permitted  
I wanna be committed for my mind

I wanna be committed  
I wanna be committed  
I wanna be committed for my mind