

If Six Was Nine

Todd Rundgren

[Whisper:]

Yeah, sing the song Bro'

If the sun refused to shine
I don't mind, I don't mind
If the mountains fell in the sea
Let it be, it ain't me
All right, 'cause I got my own world to look through
And I ain't gonna copy you

Now if six turned out to be nine
I don't mind, I don't mind
If all the hippies cut off all their hair
I don't care, I don't care
Dig, 'cause I got my own world to live through

And I ain't gonna copy you

White collar conservatives flashing down the street
Pointing their plastic finger at me
They're hoping soon my kind will drop and die
But I'm gonna wave my freak flag high (high)

Fall mountain, just don't fall on me
Go on Mr. business man, you can't dress like me
You don't even know what I'm talking about
I'm the one that's got to die
When it's time for me to die
So let me live my life the way I want to
Sing on brother, play on drummer