

Hey, hey cowboy, hey cowboy  
Ain't I seen you hanging around the nashville?  
Didn't you used to be a packy back in the west end?  
Is that right, is that right?  
Well I see you been through so many changes  
Heavy changes  
I can't say I'm hip to where you're coming from  
I can't say I hip to where you're going

Well I see something's growing in the back of your mind  
I give you the willies  
You don't like my kind  
But I can sing like a jingle  
Sting as bad as any

Hey, that you? Is that still you?  
You're looking mighty new wave  
I hardly recognize you with that shish kabob through your face  
But that's all right, yeah, that's all right  
I guess you're trying to make a statement  
You been out on the street  
Looking for somebody to carve on  
Well you can ramble,  
Just don't go carving on me

'cause I don't mind the fashion  
I've lived with your mind  
I dig on the passions  
The rest is just crap  
I can sing like a jingle  
And sting as bad as any

Hey, don't I know you?  
Ain't I seen you before?  
Yeah, you're the one doing a pyramid party  
Down in marina del ray  
With their spoon and friends  
Still going through them changes  
You got your pants full of money  
And your nose in the air  
You're a record producer  
I don't really care  
'cause I can sing like a jingle  
Sting as bad as any