

Way Out West

Verbena

Oh, I think I'm going to California
Visions of skin covered in roses
I'm so happy I got blond
Watch the sun till it's black
Well, take your friends made of paper
Hold them over a match

I'm letting the good times roll
I'm down in the rabbit hole
I've got a Mexican radio
Me and my rubber soul

It's just my 19th nervous breakdown
Some girls in rehabilitation
Well, its just like a movie
Oh, as a matter of fact
I'm gonna get me an army
Dress all your men up in black

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