

## What Deaner Was Talkin' About

Ween

The wash is out  
It's hanging up  
And all I have  
Is nothing  
Nothing to do  
Nothing to say  
I think I must be dreaming

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend

If I was king  
I'd wear a ring  
And never hurt my people  
I'd stay alert  
And dress to kill  
I might even slip you something

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out  
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about  
I don't think I will ever return again my friend