Chrome revolution Microphone pollution Satellite days with a textbook solution Get back, slide off the track Like a lyric in a haystack Drunk off of crack Got my feet high Never figured out where the dogs lie Didn't mean to pry But the door was open Lucy in the sky With her red hair tokin' Do what you like Nothing lasts for ever So get on it before you think twice So you think your clever But everything worth while has got a price

Money proof armor
Makes my mind calmer
Honey fully stacked in the back of the bomber
Comin' out playin' on the backboard
Say
Like a deadweight scratch in the middle of the day
Its a recline, not another decline
It's the days and the nights in the back of your mind
With a head change, everything is strange
But I'd rather be a smokestack out on the range
Do what you like