

Beat Happening, Jamboree

I tried to walk away
To prove I was in control
There's got to be a cure
This can't go on no more
Dressed in black in the midday sun
Break the ice and on the run
Keep this up there won't be none

I tried to be real cool
You locked me in a room
You tried to take off your dress
We both know what happened next
And when my skirt begins to ache
I realize that it's too late
To love you like a chocolate cake
Cause we both know you're my dream date

Wear an old potato sack
Trailer for a hat
Haircut for a bowl
Two eyes made of coal
One two three, one two four
The bees are hop, the bees are ho
So that's one thing she'll never know