

Golden Earring, Legalize Telepathy

From the Albums:

- * Face it
- * Last blast of the century

You cook my brain in your favorite pot
You fry my eggs till they're sizzlin' hot
You like to give it everythin' you got
and everythin's for free, everythin' for free
Make all the girls at the beauty parlor
Jump up and down and scream and holler
Just like a lapdog on a leash with a collar
That's what you're makin' me, that's what you make outta me
I ain't no professor, I ain't got no degree
but I sure as hell know how to read
the little notes you keep sendin'
The bottom line always gets to me
What do you mean?
Legalize, legalize, legalize telepathy
Legalize, legalize, legalize telepathy
You always go where I wanna be goin'
You always know what I wanna be knowin'
You always do what I wanna be doin'
now ain't that telepathy, with a capital E.S.P..?