

King Missile, Mr Johnson

Mr. Johnson lives on the corner of our street
And he laughs at our bell-bottom trousers and our bare feet
And he calls us long-haired faggots as we walk by
But we don't get mad, because we know he's uptight

(Chorus)

Hey Mr. Johnson

Won't you wear this flower in your hair

Then you'll start seeing

Love is all around you everywhere

Love is all around you everywhere

I've known Mr. Johnson since before I was born

But he still gets mad when we smoke pot on his lawn

But we never get mad, we simply walk away

He don't mean to be a drag, he's just brought up that way

(Chorus)

Love is all around you everywhere

Love is all around you everywhere