

Kooks, Mr. Maker

Mr. Maker he's got it made
A beautiful wife and a baby on the way
And his bills are already paid
No need to skimp, no need to save
But all around him, the world grows hard
He thinks to himself, he must have played a lucky card
If he was alone he'd give it all away
To people and things, that he wanted to save

But oh no, it's alright
Mr. Maker, he'll be fine
It's alright, it's OK
Because of the love he gave away
Oh yeah
Oh yeeeeeeeah

Doesn't stop to think it's because of he
Always doing right, he stays healthy
The girls in the alley won't get a hold of him
He's got no time for that kind of sin
And he, he's not a member of the Catholic Church
The pastor of his town got sent down for dirt
He sees the boys from Sunday school
It's hard to believe what he read in the morning news

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Oh yeah
Oh yeeeeeeeah

Heart beat, stay heavy
Love us all please, stay on your feet
For me
For me, stay on your feet for me
For me, stay on your feet for me

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