

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, M

Should I be more industrious, civilized, illustrious?
Should I not have freed our old and tired horse from the cart?
And these are gonna be a problem honey,
If I don't believe that time is money
And I've got procrastination down to a fine, fine art?

Well, the preacher, the teacher the doctor they don't know
The police man, boss man, they all lost, man they don't know

Hear your heart say so
You got to go and lay low
Walk, fly drive or stowaway
Just go, go go
Ain't no way to disobey so
Go overpay in pesos
Steal one too many pesos, baby
Go, go, go!
Lucky diagnosis
You've got to stop and smell the roses
Honey, you got you a chronic case of Mxicosis

Well I mean no disrespect and I don't mean to lead the rabble on
When I'm laughing out loud as I listen to Babylon babble on
My prognosis is my attitude shows symptoms which may include
Acute levity,
Frequent drowsiness,
And a chronic cheery mood

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Well I don't hurry, I don't hurry, while the modern world's all a flurry
I'm slowin'down
It's un-insurable, incurable, but delightfully endurable
I've found
The only remedy
Is to be
Perpetually
Southbound!
Hey!

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