

# Bacon Brothers, Don't Leave The Lava Lamp On

&quot;Hey man, how great were the 60's?!&quot; - &quot;Well...uh...&quot; MB

Overweight 60's rock star, staring from the TV screen  
Begging the youth of America, to live a life that's sober and clean  
But the kid's 17 in a ganja haze, this summer he's following Phish  
Watching the aging rock star, coming through his satellite dish  
Don't you do that blow, all around the world  
Don't you make that dough, don't you make them girls  
Am I even getting through to you son?  
Do like I say. Don't you do like I done

She's a yellow rose of Texas, she's smiling from the crowd  
The message is the medium and man that guy talks loud  
He tells her that it's Earth Day and he loves all mankind  
She gives that talking unicorn her body, soul and her mind  
That American flag, you must invert  
As the sweat pours down his Mexican wedding shirt  
He leads her to oblivion  
Now the Rose is dead and he's long gone

Don't you leave that lava lamp on for me  
Don't need a walk down memory lane  
I've had enough of that sorrow and pain  
Through your orange globs a-churning  
There're body bags and cities burning  
Don't you leave that lava lamp on for me

401 North Broad Street, I'm standing in my underwear  
Turn your head and cough son, then go stand over there  
But me I've got my letters and my middle class lan  
I give some ghetto black boy his ticket to Saigon  
Say hello to Vietnam