

BrainStorm, All Right, Chill Out

Sitting on a sofa, chewing gum and watcing a movie
Got no things to do but sit and chew, and I'm feeling groovy

All right, chill out, switch off the telephone
Come on, cut out, don't you see I'm stoned
Prove me, honey, give me an argument
That the weed I'm smoking ain't no heaven sent

Peeling a potato in the kitchen, gotta say that it's the last one
Smiling at the neighbours that are knocking on my door
and saying 'what fun'

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They say I'm gonna end up in a funny farm
although I think that kind of place does have it's charm
you'd better roll a joint and feel it's getting, getting warm

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