

Clinic, Earth Angel

Nita my lord, the golden, gold, swimmer
On our cousin's wedding stage
Harpo the harp and Cheeko in the mirror
Gone and gone and gone away.
My sister told me it's okay
And that we should smile today.
Marvo the snitch was itching by his mirror
Itching for a bigger stage
We love the tricks, but tricks are in your head dear
Any game you want to play.
My sister told me it's okay
And that oh we should smile today
And that oh you know we should smile today.