

Garden Variety, No Shirt

I crossed the desert in a fiery storm
My mind was flooded and my shirt was torn
I lost my shoes in the sand and the rain
The force of nature is a double eyed star
And the sign said as I fell over from the heat...
No shirt, no shoes, no service.
I was born naked and free
Then all those restrictions were placed on me
I could not protect myself from vanity
If this is progress, why don't we regress
And the sign said as I lost my head...
No shirt, no shoes, no service.
Maybe you should be on time
Maybe you should read the sign
Maybe you're afraid of trying
Get in line and stop your crying
I jumped out of the plane because I thought I could fly
I ripped my cord it felt good to die
Oh what a thrill now I'm hungry and cold
I better get dressed I got to look my best
And the sign said as I dropped my pants...
No shirt, no shoes, no service.
Maybe you should be on time
Maybe you should read the sign
Maybe you're afraid of trying
Get in line and stop your crying