

# Jack Johnson, Mudfootball

Saturday morning and it's time to go  
One day these could be the days but who could have known  
Loading in the back of a pickup truck  
Riding with the boys and pushing the luck  
Singing songs loud on the way to the game  
Wishing all the things could still be the same  
Chinese homeruns over the backstop  
Kakua on the ball and soda pop well...  
We used to laugh a lot  
But only because we thought  
That everything good always would remain  
Nothing's gonna change there's no need to complain

Sunday morning and it's time to go  
Been raining all night so everybody knows  
Over to the field for tackle football  
Big hits, big hats, yeah give me the ball  
Rain is pouring, touchdown scoring  
Keep on rolling, never boring  
Karma, karma, karma chameleon  
We're talking kinda funny from helium

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Nothing's gonna change there's no need to complain

Monday morning and it's time to go  
Wet trunks and schoolbooks and sand on my toes  
Do anything you can to dodge the bus-stop blues  
Like driving a padiddle with a burnt-out fuse  
My best friend Kimi wants to go with you  
So meet her by the sugar mill after school  
My best friend Kimi wants to go with you  
Meet her by the sugar mill after school

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