

Jughead's Revenge, Flower Child

Smoke your pot
Take you're ""
I don't care
For your sixties hell
I'll be happy
When you od
Then you'll get away from me
The past is gone
So is your brain
With every bong
Less cells remain
Tie-dye shirt
Nappy hair
Cool in the sixties
But don't belong here
Flower child
You're a piece of shit
You make me sick
It's in your head
Don't you know
John Lennon's dead
If you died it would be ok
The dead still play