

Kim Mitchell, Kimosabe

Somebody help me find my t-shirt
I better go I need some time and space
How did I belly flop over
Fly me out of this red-eyed place

Don't go there, kimosabe
G.I. Joe's in a skirt again
Walk slowly, kimosabe
Don't look down say Auf Wiedersehen
Don't go there, she's a party
There's a dog hangin on to my leg
Don't go there, kimosabe

And now your a deep sea diver
Close your eyes and count backwards to ten
And now when I snap my fingers
You'll wake up and I'll be gone again

Just a thing, but I love that thing
The way you do that thing, it's a really bad thing
Gonna find that thing that El Dorado brings
Gonna hold on tight, take a big big big bite

Auf Wiedersehen, Auf Wiedersehen...

Well now that I have found my t-shirt
I'd better go, it's getting late
Yes I'm finished with this joy ride
Get my butt back into the race