

Nancy Sinatra, Life's A Trippy Thing

(chorus)

(Getting stoned on sunshine, getting high on air,)
Getting to it naturally, really getting there,
(Getting such a high on, loving what I do,)
I'm so full of happiness, my hope's on something new,

(Each day on earth is a day that's worth remembering) (remembering, remembering).

(ding-a-ling)
(My pot is filled with flowers, my grass is bright and green,)
My tears brewing in my cup, and still I make the scene.

(But just don't try to change me, I love the world I found,)
I've got to fly my own sweet way, and don't you shoot me down. (hahaha)

(remembering, remembering).

(a ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).
Don't pity me, I'm glad to be a ding-a-ling, (a ding-a-ling), (ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).
(ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).
Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, (ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).
Ha ha ha, that's silly.(ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).