

Rusted Root, Virtual Reality

Well your momma. Your momma well she says she's alright,
You know she just don't care.
Livin alone in a big dome light Feelin the breeze in her hair,
Well won't cha comma,
A babble on, A won't cha come along
babble on, come along, a babble on

won't cha come along, cause we're

Livin a land of Virtual Reality,

Ooh & my baby's at home in bed,
Ooh well & I'm alone in my head

She long for my wicked wind my lover
long for my stare, She long for my lady right,
Woman please don't bite my stare,
my stare, but comma momma babble on,
Won't cha come along

well Babble on, come along,
a Babble on, won't cha come along, cause we're

Livin in a land of virtual reality

Ooh & my baby's at home in bed,
Ooh well & I'm alone in my head

She long for my wicked wind,
My lover long for my stare,
She long for my lady right,
woman please don't bite my care,
my care, But comma momma babble on,
won't cha come along...

(c) 2002 Island Def Jam Music Group