

# Split Enz, Split Ends

(T Finn/P Judd) - Beginning of the Enz

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Writing letters to my frenz  
Telling them all about split ends  
Watching flowers hit the floor  
Why can't he see there's so much more

Four of one, twenty of another  
It's all the same to me brother  
Never know these days mother  
I might still be your lover... yeah

Nothing else is so obscene as  
coffee beans and smoke machines  
Take your daughter for a ride  
Let her know you're on her side

Guess there's no words can beat  
The Sunday treat where rigamortis meat  
Wish you'd never found your feet  
Sniffing toe jams really neat... it is

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