

Split Enz, Split Ends (P Judd, T Finn) 1:50

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 never found your feet
Sniffing tow jams really neat

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