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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