

Tunng, It's Because... We've Got Hair

We don't like it anymore, than you do
We don't like it anymore, than you do
All in the time we'll push the end of the line
We thank you for your life and fulfillment
Thank-you for your life and fulfillment
Thank-you for your life and fulfillment
And all of the tween will, shall ne'er be seen
And founded by the sons of our children
Founded by the sons of our children
Founded by the sons of our children
Protecting the secret with hands on the wheel
Ride on, ride on through the fields
Ride on, ride on through the fields
Ride on, ride on through the fields
Come back, come back will you
Stand up and sing with us
Stopped with a chop in the neck
(O.K.)
Turn to face the sun
In the moonlight
Turn to face the sun
In the moonlight
We're in the old routine
With you, with the machine
There are places on the grass in the graveyard
There are places on the grass in the graveyard
There are places on the grass in the graveyard
There may'be a virus in, they're welcome to join us
Sitting in every evening in the house
(make me happy)