

Verbena, Way Out West

i think i'm going to california
visions of skin covered in roses
i'm so happy i got blond
watch the sun till its black
take your friends made of paper
hold them over a match

chorus:

i'm letting the good times roll
i'm down in the rabbit hole
i've got a mexican radio
me and my rubber soul

it's just my 19th nervous breakdown
some girls in rehabilitation
well its just like a movie
as a matter of fact
i'm gonna get me an army
dress all your men up in black

chorus