

Zakk Wylde, Come Together

Here come old flattop, he come grooving up slowly, babe
He got joo-joo eyeball he one holy roller
He got hair, mama, down to his knees
Got to be a joker, he just do what he please

Now,
He wear no shoeshine he got toe-jam football
He got monkey fingers, yeah, he shoot coca-cola
Now, He say "I know you, and, mama, you know me"
Yeah!
One thing I can tell, mama, lord you gotta be free
Come together right now, dog, lord, over me

He bag production, he got walrus gumboot
He got Ono sideboard, he one spinal cracker, oh mama, yeah
He got feet, yeah, down below his knee
Ahhh, hold his arms, you can't hold his disease
Come together right now, oh, over me

Oh yeah now.

He roller-coaster, he got early warning
He got muddy water, he one mojo filter
He say "One and one, lord, mama and one and one is three"
Got to be good-looking motherfucker 'cause he's so hard to see
Come together, oh yeah, over me