

# 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