

# My, My, My

## Grant Lee Buffalo

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Fine fine, strychnine free the mind cure the blind  
Ho ho, recline to the country a-goldmines  
I got it comin' out-a my ears Fine fine, take your time, stay put in the alpine  
Ho ho, Cocteau you get mixin' the moonshine  
He'll teach you how to walk through mirrors My, my, my, you're petrified  
My, my, my, you're sick inside  
My, my, my, you're stupefied  
And I know it's like Touche Broadway no place for a padre  
No way hose ya hike back to the country  
Well, those brooks are tremblin' there for you Nix nix on the card tricks, carve your name in the candle stick  
Make haste, double click, they may call you a lunatic  
Oh, man, but they haven't got a clue My, my, my, you're glorified  
My, my, my, you're sick inside  
My, my, my, you're certified  
And I My, my, my, you're sanctified  
My, my, my, you're squinty eyed  
My, my, my, my tongue is tied  
But I know it's like Delta high tide pack your bags and take a bride  
Brush fires mud slides plug your ears and overtake your eyes  
Be still and it'll pass by you My, my, my, you're mortified  
My, my, my, you're chicken fried  
My, my, my, it's a nationwide  
Tonight My, my, my, you're spirit guide  
Up and fled, stole your ride  
My, my, my, you're stupefied  
But I, I know it's like Fine, fine, fine, fine  
Fine, fine, fine, fine  
Fine, fine, fine, fine  
Fine, fine, fine, fine  
Fine, fine, fine, fine  
Fine, fine, fine, fine

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