His Own Ideas

John Popper

A man can't dance without the chanceBefore you stands the man you see
But that man don't mean shit to me
Nothing more than a parody
Just peeking over a steep wall to seeAnd he's in love with his own ideas
Yeah, he's in love with his own ideas
Good and evil just a way to choose
And some he'll remember and some others he'll lose
He's in love with his own ideasJack be nimble, Jack be quick
Leap the candle, pull off your trick
He burns himself up upon the wick
The lesson learned, but it just won't stickAnd he's in love with his own ideas
Yeah, he's in love with his own ideas
Good and evil just a way to choose
And some he'll remember and some others he'll lose
He's in love
With his own ideasThe cloth is sharp and it cuts both ways
Goes off whenever a banjo plays
The sinner rejoice as the wise man prays
Two groups of alley cats taking in strays
And each in love
With his own ideasBefore you beats a fearful heart
Fearful you'll tear it apart
But don't you rush and now don't you start
'Cause he's a little bit shy and a little bit smartAnd he's in love with his own ideas
Yeah, he's in love with his own ideas
Good and evil just a way to choose
And some he'll remember and some others he'll lose
He's in love with his own ideas

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