Gung Ho

The Roches

Gung Ho, is a word I know
Means things are just beginning
Birth of a child, the wildness of youth
And the turf in the first inningCoffee in the morning or Chinese herb tea
The former is the one works best for me
You cant be Gung Ho if yer hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin crow
Mr. Brown, Gung HoGung Ho is a tale thats told
With a see ya later to the fold
Got my guitar the farther I go
And I do mean to be boldPlayin in the subway or a frat party
I aint gonna be nobodys secretary
You cant be Gung Ho if you're hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin crow
Mr. Brown, gung hoGung Ho, Im just a ridin high
Gung Ho, Im not your ordinary guy
Gung Ho, just dont ask me why
Im doin' anythin' that
Im doin, doin, doin, Gung Ho, Gung HoGung Ho is the thing I got when the
Girl she got me goin
Birth of a child, the wildness of youth
But the bankbook isnt showinHow am I gonna get to where Im 'spose to be
A little common sense would be a good thing for me
You cant be Gung Ho if you're hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin crow
Mr. Brown, Gung HoGung Ho, I was a ridin high
Gung Ho, I had me a pie in the sky
Gung Ho, now Im not sure if I am
Doin anythin' that Im doin, doin, doin
Gung Ho, Gung HoGung Ho is the way I was
When things were just beginning
Birth of a child, the wildness of youth
And the very thought of winningEverybody said
That I would be okay, not one of them
Standing to this day
You cant be Gung Ho if you're hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin crow
Mr. Brown, Gung HoBroken hearted, beaten down, eatin crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho

Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho

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