

What Deaner Was Talkin' About

Ween

The wash is out, it's hanging up
And all I have is nothing
Nothing to do, nothing to say
I think I must be dreamingThe sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again, my friendIf I was king I'd wear a ring
And never hurt my people
I'd stay alert and dress to kill
I might even slip you somethingThe sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again, my friendThe sun comes up and I'm all washed out
Is this what Deaner was talkin' about
I don't think I will ever return again, my friend
I do not think I will ever return again, my friend
I do not think I will ever return again, my friend

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