

# Mudfootball

Jack Johnson

Saturday morning and it's time to go  
One day these could be the days but who could have known  
Loading in the back of a pickup truck  
Riding with the boys and pushing the luck  
Singing songs loud on the way to the game  
Wishing all the things could still be the same  
Chinese home runs over the backstop  
Kakua on the ball and soda pop well We used to laugh a lot  
But only because we thought  
That everything good always would remain  
Ain't nothing gonna change, there's no need to complain Sunday morning and it's time to go  
Been raining all night so everybody knows  
Over to the field for tackle football  
Big hits, big hats, yeah give me the ball  
Rain is pouring, touchdown scoring  
Keep on rolling, never boring  
Karma, karma, karma chameleon  
We're talking kinda funny from helium We used to laugh a lot  
But only because we thought  
That everything good always would remain  
Ain't nothing gonna change, there's no need to complain Monday morning and it's time to go  
Wet trunks and schoolbooks and sand on my toes  
Do anything you can to dodge the bus-stop blues  
Like driving a paddle with a burnt-out fuse  
My best friend Kimmy wants to go with you  
So meet her by the sugar mill after school  
My best friend Kimmy wants to go with you  
So meet her by the sugar mill after school We used to laugh a lot  
But only because we thought  
That everything good always would remain  
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That everything good always would  
Everything good always would remain

Songwriters

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