

# Flight of the Bootymaster

## OZMA

wesley willis starts to break down  
feels the beat and hits the dance floor  
i will listen to the radio  
still i can't hear you on the telephone it's a shakedown so count from one to three  
and shake your booty 'til the early dawn  
you gotta be laid back, rock to obscurity  
then you will surely find there's nothing wrong with me three months have passed  
and no reception has left me searching for another one  
it's too bad that i was believing  
that you could ever be more than deceiving and when i listen to the radio  
now i'm not thinking things about you  
and all the things you say that drive me crazy  
could not compare to the things you never say now is the end  
i will call her a friend  
i won't regret what i said (what i said) when i become a man then i will surely see  
that you were just a girl and you were wrong for me if you would ever call i know that i'd be home  
because i'm waiting and i'm all alone

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