

Lazy

Kultur Shock

Hey, mamma, it's your son,
Help me, mamma, I'm on the run.
They killed a rich man on the street,
They said it's me because I'm weird

I guess I'm weird,
I got a beard,
I shave my head,
I leave the dread
I teach in school,
I help the poor,
A man of honor,
And I'm a lawyer.

But,
I'm lazy
Like Sunday morning

Hey, hey, tata, it's your son,
Don't you like what I've become?
I studied law, but ditched it all,
It's all a game - for all we know.

I guess I'm weird
I got a beard,
I shave my head,
I leave the dread
I teach in school,
I help the poor,
A man of honor,
And I'm a lawyer.

But,
I'm lazy
Like Sunday morning

Lyrics submitted by Jamezdin.

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