

# David

## John McLaughlin, Al Dimeola, Paco Delucia

Look at you you're young  
Havin' so much fun  
Gonna be a star  
Blah blah blah  
And click there goes the phone  
I don't wanna know  
What my  
Horoscope's predictingJust pour me a drink  
'Cause I need a kick  
I don't wanna think  
I just wanna sipDavid don't you hear me at all  
David won't you give me a call  
Waitin' here not makin' a sound  
David come aroundMister bushie says  
I'm your president  
I have lots to say  
Hey hey hey  
And click goes the remote  
There you have my vote  
Catchin' the next boat out of hereJust pour me a drink  
'Cause I need a lie  
I don't wanna think  
I just wanna dieDavid don't you hear me at all  
David don't you hear through the wall  
Waitin' here not makin' a sound  
David come aroundChaos pervades the world outside  
Days offer spades of hurled outcries  
Gone is the fair and five and dime  
But he is there  
He's so fineListen to her play  
Has somethin' to say  
Even has a rap  
Clap clap clap  
But click there goes the lid  
Sorry 'bout the fib  
I ain't got a grip on nothin'Just pour me a drink  
Right outta the can  
I don't wanna think  
I just want my manDavid don't you hear me at all

David dear I'm just down the hall  
Waitin' here not makin' a sound  
    David come around

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