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 telephoneit'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 methree 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 deceivingand 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 saynow 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 meif you would ever call i know that i'd be home
because i'm waiting and i'm all alone

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