# Crazy

## Atlanta Rhythm Section

Wow, isn't the music strange?
It's over-arranged
But so untogether
Guess that's the way it goes
You powder your nose
And paste on your glitter

Crazy
These are crazy times
But I just don't understand
Crazy
Crazy times make a crazy man

God, I hate to cuss, but damn
The cities are crammed
And we call it progress
Life is a freaker's bag
We're numbered and tagged
And lost in the process

Crazy
These are crazy
Crazy times
But I just don't understand
Crazy
Crazy times make a crazy man

Crazy
These are crazy, crazy, crazy
Crazy times
But I just don't understand
Crazy
Crazy times make a crazy man

Crazy
Oh, I just don't understand, no
Crazy
Crazy times make a crazy man, ooh
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written by NELSON, CHUNKY

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