For those about to hip

Twenty-four hours in a pitbull´s cage,
we couldn´t get you on the phone
We were tryin´ hard to cope and not to lose hope
so we didn´t come undone
The beast tried to kill us and sure liked to eat us
but we could avoid this crime
We`ve been tryin´ hard to reach you in order to meet
I swear we would have been on time

Liked to meet you, `cause our record warms the shelf
We believe in joining forces more than dancing with ourselves
Got to make friends, but you´re always on the run

You - got - too much to eat (give us a slice of your pie)
You - got - too much to drink (give us a sip of your wine)
You - got - too much to love

Fair gypsies tryin´ to make a livin´
square pebbles tryin` hard to roll
Air ripples turn to mean white noises
spare tyres tryin` to make some miles
Square Hippies tryin´ to ac/dc,
Square Hippies, Square Hippies

We know you hate keys but we can´t resist
put something soothing on your bite
Then we jump on your waggon and light up your smoke
better swim along the tide
The pie is big but we lack in forks
they were sold out long before
we´ve been fed with credos and worn-out tuxedos
now we`re coming back for more

Liked to be you, `cause it´s hard to be ourselves
Nine lives wouldn´t be enough to get our records from the shelves
Liked to touch you, but you´re always on the run

You - got - too much to eat (give us a slice of your pie)
You - got - too much to drink (give us a sip of your wine)
You - got - too much to love (let us cut some of your cakes with our knives or we'll cry)
(repeat Chorus)

Lead Vocals: Thomas (Bridges: Forbi & Frank)©2007 freiBadverlag Music&Lyrics: Thomas Burlefinger