

Bacon Brothers

"Don't Leave the Lava Lamp on for Me"

Visit "[Don't Leave the Lava Lamp on for Me](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Written by Michael Bacon

"Hey man, how great were the 60's?!" - "Well...uh..." MB

Overweight 60's rock star, staring from the TV screen
Begging the youth of America, to live a life that's sober
and clean
But the kid's 17 in a ganja haze, this summer he's
following Phish
Watching the aging rock star, coming through his
satellite dish
Don't you do that blow, all around the world
Don't you make that dough, don't you make them girls
Am I even getting through to you son?
Do like I say. Don't you do like I done

She's a yellow rose of Texas, she's smiling from the
crowd
The message is the medium and man that guy talks
loud
He tells her that it's Earth Day and he loves all mankind
She gives that talking unicorn her body, soul and her
mind
That American flag, you must invert
As the sweat pours down his Mexican wedding shirt
He leads her to oblivion
Now the Rose is dead and he's long gone
Don't you leave that lava lamp on for me
Don't need a walk down memory lane
I've had enough of that sorrow and pain
Through your orange globs a-churning
There're body bags and cities burning
Don't you leave that lava lamp on for me

401 North Broad Street, I'm standing in my underwear
Turn your head and cough son, then go stand over
there
But me I've got my letters and my middle class
Af©Ä"Äœan
I give some ghetto black boy his ticket to Saigon
Say hello to Vietnam

Visit [Bacon Brothers](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.