

Grant Lee Buffalo

"My, My, My"

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Fine fine strychnine free the mind cure the blind
Ho ho recline to the country a-goldmines
I got it comin' out-a my ears
Fine fine take your time stay put in the alpiners
Ho ho cocteau you get mixin' the moonshine
He'll teach you how to walk through mirrors

My my my you're petrified
My my my you're sick inside
My my my you're stupefied
And I know what it's like

Touche broadway's no place for a padre
No way jose ya hike back to the country
Those brooks are tremblin' there for you
Nix nix on the card tricks carve your name in the candle
stick
Make haste double click they may call you a lunatic
Oh man but they haven't got a clue

My my my you're glorified
My my my you're sick inside
My my my you're certified
And i

My my my you're sanctified
My my my you're squinty eyed
My my my my tongue is tied
But I know what it's like

Delta high tide pack your bags and take a bride
Brush fires mud slides plug your ears and over your
eyes
Be still and it'll pass by you

My my my you're mortified
My my my you're chicken fried
My my my it's a nationwide
Tonight
My my my you're spirit guide
Has up and fled and stole your ride
My my my you're stupefied

But I know what it's like

Fine fine fine fine

Fine fine fine fine

Fine fine fine fine

Fine fine fine fine

Fine fine fine fine

Fine fine fine fine

Ooh ooh ooh

La la la

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