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Sublime "Ebin"

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Out my window, cool and bright Day so slowly into night Funny, how things look the same Now that my friend Ebin's changed

Ebin was a cooley that I used to know Now he's down in the P.L.O. He's cold kickin' it live with the K.K.K. No JVC, No JFA

Cooly was sportin' black tennis shoes He was looking for something to use With a pistol in his pocket and a bottle of boose Well, it could be me or it could be you Oh, feels like my whole life is rearragned

Ebin you've changed Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, you Oh, oh, you've changed Oh, you've changed, how you've changed?

I give you a hard time, didn't have to stay Got outta jail just the very next day It's plain to see, my friend Ebin is a Nazi He was a Nazi yeah, yeah, yeah

Hooked on rock just the other day Now he's down with the C.I.A. He got covert operation in Vietnam With a hit man assasin' like a long strong arm

He went down to protect his country Eat Mexican food and make lots of money Come back up north and drive a big white car Take himself a plane down to Nicaragua Well, it feels like I'm the only one to blame

Ebin you've changed Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, you Oh, you've changed Oh, you've changed, Oh, you've changed I give you a hard time, didn't want to stay Got outta jail just the very next day Now it's plain to see, my friend Ebin is a Nazi

Out my window, cool and bright Day so slowly into night Funny, how things look the same Now that my friend Ebin has changed © GASOLINE ALLEY MUSIC; MUSIC CORPORATION OF AMERICA; LOU DOG PUBLISHING;

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