

Nancy Sinatra "Life's a Trippy Thing"

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(chorus)

[Getting stoned on sunshine, getting high on air,]
Getting to it naturally, really getting there,
[Getting such a high on, loving what I do,]
I'm so full of happiness, my hope's on something new,

[Each day on earth is a day that's worth remembering]
(remembering, remembering).

(ding-a-ling)

[My pot is filled with flowers, my grass is bright and
green,]
My tears brewing in my cup, and still I make the scene.
[But just don't try to change me, I love the world I
found,]
I've got to fly my own sweet way, and don't you shoot
me down. [hahaha]

(remembering, remembering).

(a ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).

Don't pity me, I'm glad to be a ding-a-ling, [a ding-a-
ling], (ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).

(ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling).

Ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, (ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-
a-ling).

Ha ha ha, that's silly.(ding-a-ling, ding-a-ling, ding-a-
ling).

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