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Dal?shabet "Yippie"

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I-yi-yippie-i-ay-tell me which way the wind is blowing and i-yi-yippie-i-o-no-not even if the gods are rolling say please - string those beads place your gets - put away your wallet more grease on those knees or have it any which way you call it never goin back when you're hands start shaking never look back when you hit the pavement never turn back til you know where you're going never turn your back - not even if the choir's singing never lean back when the beggar's kneeling ('cause you) never see dirt til it hits the ceiling i-yi-yippie-i

CHORUS

you don't think about tommorow (ahh - not afraid of dying) you don't act your age (ahh - gotta let it go) it don't even hurt to swallow (ahh - got a way with lying) not even if you let it show

cruel age, swing that cage out let's cause another chain reaction this place smacks of Rage what that gat and -- see it all come crashing ... down

never goin back to a cloudy vision never goin back until you guit that bitchin never goin back until the temperature's holdin' never goin--back to another empty feast never goin back until we kill that beast never goin back unless a palm gets greased you bet - no sweat -- it's open season

REPEAT CHORUS

and i-yi-yippie-i-ay put that thumb in your mouth and i-yi-yippie-i-o

what's that shit all about?

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