

## Pages

### "O C O E Official Cat Of The Eighties"

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You were such a prophet back in '63, you had all the answers

You became the first to set the children free

But nothing lasts forever, does it

Time goes on and dreams, they wash away

You traded in your karma for the 70's, searching for a meaning

You rented out your land up in Monterey, livin' for the city

Disco nights, you'd swing, and wonder why

Chorus:

O.C.O.E. - you got charisma, O.C.O.E. - you fit the picture

O.C.O.E. - you got charisma, O.C.O.E. - you fit the picture

Somewhere in the netherworld of cons and scams,  
lives a lost messiah

Rushin' to the future and runnin' from the past, intent  
on getting higher

So knocked out, so real, a hopeless jag

(chorus)

(Solo)

So knocked out, so real, a hopeless jag

(chorus)

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