

Rundgren Todd**"Wasp"**

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Hey, hey cowboy, hey cowboy
Ain't I seen you hanging around the Nashville?
Didn't you used to be a packy back in the west end?
Is that right, is that right?
Well I see you been through so many changes
Heavy changes
I can't say I'm hip to where you're coming from
I can't say I hip to where you're going

Well I see something's growing in the back of your
mind
I give you the willies
You don't like my kind
But I can sing like a jingle
Sting as bad as any

Hey, that you? Is that still you?
You're looking mighty new wave
I hardly recognize you with that shish kabob through
your face
But that's all right, yeah, that's all right
I guess you're trying to make a statement
You been out on the street
Looking for somebody to carve on
Well you can ramble,
Just don't go carving on me

'Cause I don't mind the fashion
I've lived with your mind
I dig on the passions
The rest is just crap
I can sing like a jingle
And sting as bad as any

Hey, don't I know you?
Ain't I seen you before?
Yeah, you're the one doing a pyramid party
down in Marina del Ray
with their spoon and friends
Still going through them changes
You got your pants full of money

And your nose in the air
You're a record producer
I don't really care
'Cause I can sing like a jingle Sting as bad as any

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