

Long Beach Shortbus

"Odd Man Walking"

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We're talking influence and we're painting with a
traitor's brush
We jam on turnstiles and we're waiting for the human
thrush
We lit the pom-poms on the Westside and we turned to
go
Took symphony in the river, washed it down the river,
no!

Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Who walks funny

Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man

There's nothing like a pack of niners psychedelic flow
There's no one like the who's wild with a forty-four
We take it to the top of the hill
Ride until the sun comes up

Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man

Yeah

I know a king who sat up on the throne
Surrounded by junk and everything he used to own
This shit is easy, it's hard getting my picks
It's not the junk I throw away
It's about the junk I fix

Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man
Odd walking odd walking man

Odd walking odd walking man

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