

Bacon Brothers, The

"Don't Leave The Lava Lamp On For Me"

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Written by michael bacon

"hey man, how great were the 60's?!" - "well...uh..." mb

Overweight 60's rock star, staring from the tv screen
Begging the youth of america, to live a life that's sober
and clean

But the kid's 17 in a ganja haze, this summer he's
following phish

Watching the aging rock star, coming through his
satellite dish

Don't you do that blow, all around the world

Don't you make that dough, don't you make them girls

Am i even getting through to you son?

Do like i say. don't you do like i done

She's a yellow rose of texas, she's smiling from the
crowd

The message is the medium and man that guy talks
loud

He tells her that it's earth day and he loves all mankind

She gives that talking unicorn her body, soul and her
mind

That american flag, you must invert

As the sweat pours down his mexican wedding shirt

He leads her to oblivion

Now the rose is dead and he's long gone

Don't you leave that lava lamp on for me

Don't need a walk down memory lane

I've had enough of that sorrow and pain

Through your orange globs a-churning

There're body bags and cities burning

Don't you leave that lava lamp on for me

401 north broad street, i'm standing in my underwear

Turn your head and cough son, then go stand over
there

But me i've got my letters and my middle class lan

I give some ghetto black boy his ticket to saigon Say
hello to vietnam

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