

StorySide:B "Primitive Man"

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Happy, happy, happy
Happy, happy, happy
Primitive man, primitive man
Primitive man, primitive man
Primitive man, primitive man
Primitive man, primitive man
Shooting dope up in your cardboard shack
I wonder how you got to where you're at
Primitive man, primitive man
Primitive man, primitive man
Primitive man, primitive man
Primitive man, primitive man
No telephone, no electricity
Sole mode of travel is your own two feet
And yet he's happy
I see him smilin'
Happy, happy, happy
Happy, happy, happy
Burnin' the hours pickin' up his streets
He's got no money to spend all this week
Yet he's no mortgage livin' in his tree
I really like my mobile card board suite
Primitive man, primitive man

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