

Ira Scott Levin

"Floating on a Fruitloop"

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My hairs standing straight up on end,

Who snuck up behind me and plugged my brain back
in?

Roll me in your sleeping bag and take me when you go.

How long will you be gone? No, I dont want to know.

Give me a piggy! Go on, take me for a ride.

Move me over to the sunny side.

Chorus:

Its all right, weve all been up all night.

Im so tired that I might as well stay.

Im just floating on a fruitloop,

Im just a floating away...

Wheres that Pajama man?

The fires burning low.

Throw on my bank account,

And watch those embers glow.

Streamers in your hair,

Flying saucers in your eyes,

Must be a smokescreen, Im allergic to lies.

Give me a piggy, go on take me for a ride.

This moment lasts forever neath the sunny skies.

Chorus.

Im so tired that I might as well stay.

Im just floating on a fruitloop,

Im just a floating away...

Just floating away.

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