

## **King Blues, The**

### **"Mr. Music Man"**

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We sit on the curb drinkin' our cans,  
Tryin' to blag it in to see the bands.  
We come here for this music tonight  
And we are gonna dance until the mornin' light.  
Nobody wanna be fussin' nah fightin',  
We just fillin' up the toilet wall with writin',  
We come for the sound that we know is true  
With a handful of weed and a brew.

Mr. music man, sing it back to me,  
Mr. music man. Yeah.  
Mr. music man, sing it back to me,  
Mr. music man.

The band they come and say that they no wanna play  
ska,  
Them a-wanna play emo 'cause that gonna go far.  
See them a-always followin' the new comin' trend,  
Them a-got no soul, them a-so shameless.  
And when the dust clear, you can be sure that  
I still be here skankin' in my porkpie hat  
Just a-drinkin' me brew an a-smokin' my grass.  
This ain't a t-shirt man, this is my heart.

Mr. music man, sing it back to me,  
Mr. music man. Yeah.  
Mr. music man, sing it back to me,  
Mr. music man.

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