

Various Artists "Incense And Peppermints"

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Good sense, innocence, crippin' and kind
Dead kings, many things I can't define
Oh, Cajun spice, sweats and blushers your mind
Incense and peppermints, the color of thyme

Who cares what games we choose?
Little to win, but nothing to lose

Incense and peppermints, meaningless nouns
Turn on, tune in, turn your eyes around
Look at yourself, look at yourself, yeah, yeah
Look at yourself, look at yourself, yeah, yeah
Yeah, yeah

Tune-a by the cockeyed world in two
Throw your pride to one side, it's the least you can do
Beatniks and politics, nothing is new
A yardstick for lunatics, one point of view

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