

Well, that wasn't very nice of you
Things aren't so glossy
Without a posse
Oh deary dear
I've no business being here
Well now as I bow out
At the funeral of my youth
It was so lonely
It was so lovely
It was so lovely

You're just so easy on the eye
You're so easy on the eye
We said farewell
And we synchronized our watches
And arranged for the meeting of our crotches
On the other side of the planet
On the other side of the world

Well, that wasn't a very nice thing to do
They never suspect the emotional wreck
Put that in your pipe
(You might want to write that down)
Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full
The Fonz said
There's nothing wrong with being wrong
But was he right, was he right?
I don't know, was he right?

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