

Ooby-Scooby Doomsday Or The D-Day DJ's Got The D.D.T. Blues

Gong

Revolution!
Bad vibrations!
Manifestation!
Ooby-Scooby Doomsday, I'm waiting for you

Well Mr. Politician, while you're smiling
Your actions up behind you, they are filing
To lock you in political asylum

Oh my papa's got money
Oh my papa's got slaves
Oh my papa's got power
He has fun with bombs and guns, oh how

You talk about the left wing
You talk about the right wing
Being nothing's getting pretty frightening

My little boy's got money
My little boy's got drugs
My little boy's got crazy
Sticks and stones don't break his dreams, no never

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Ooby-Scooby Doomsday, I'm waiting for you

We go to demonstrations
We picket rocket stations
And then we try to bomb the installation

Oh my mama, don't worry
Oh my mama, I'm sorry
Oh my mama loves her sherry
She wears gloves when she makes love, oh kick it

It's getting very strange
Maybe we're just deranged
I tell you, something's gonna change

You change your god for another
Change your telly for a color
You change your book for your mother
Nothing is for, nothing is forgotten

I don't want no ugly revolution
Just wanna get high, just wanna get high
I don't want no ugly revolution
Just wanna get by, you know just wanna get by

Nice cup of tea in the morning
Nice up of tea with my tea
Don't want no sugar in my tea
I've got more sugar in my D.D.T.

Fe, fi, fo, fum

I smell the blood of an Englishman
Ho, fi, fo, fum
I smell a stereo Englishman
Knees up mother brown
Now you're here and now you're gone

Love me, touch me, feel me too
I love miracles, I do
Let us go to church and be good-looking
(Oh, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you)
(Oh, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you)
(Oh, sweet mystery of life, at last I've found you)

Ahhhhh-cho!