Oh, oh - I love you Oh, oh - I do I got a sentimental illness for you Please don't go away, oh yeah

I was a high school atom bomb Going off on the weekends Smoking dope and mowing lawns And I hated all the new trends

Me and my friends sang: "Woh-uh-oh-oh"
It's to, the middle of the road
At least it's better than here

Looking for a cause
Well, all I got was Santa Claus
I'm hanging on a dream that's too dumb to die
I feel like a gung ho
Lost somewhere over the Rainbow
I'm too scared to dream
But too dumb to die

My daddy always was on strike Going off with the teamsters He said that everything will be alright Not every Sunday can be Easter

The Picket-Line screamed: "Woh-uh-oh-oh"
Don't cross, don't cross the line
Because you'll be a scab, not martyr

Looking for a cause
Well, all I got was Camouflage
I'm hanging on a dream that's too dumb to die
I feel like a gung ho
Lost somewhere over the rainbow
I'm too scared to dream
But too dumb to...

Looking for a cause
Well all I got was Camouflage
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