

## Mr. Johnson

King Missile

Mr. Johnson lives on the corner of our street  
And he laughs at our bell-bottom trousers and our bare feet  
And he calls us long-haired faggots as we walk by  
But we don't get mad, because we know he's uptight

Hey Mr. Johnson  
Won't you wear this flower in your hair  
Then you'll start seeing  
Love is all around you everywhere  
Love is all around you everywhere

I've known Mr. Johnson since before I was born  
But he still gets mad when we smoke pot on his lawn  
But we never get mad, we simply walk away  
He don't mean to be a drag, he's just brought up that way

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