

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

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