Livin' in the car, make it to the bar We'll meet up with the guys who Make love to Barbara Striesand Then we'll all split the scene Make it like a dream West Side Brighton, or we're just ridin' Turn on the chicks and then we'll blow our kicks And we'll fly high Boppin' and shoppin' and makin' it in West One See ya later, alligator, throw away your Zip Gun Dance instead of walking, feel like I'm the best one Smokin' charges and ridin' barges, cutting out high strung Sleeping on the beaches and make like a teacher Turned on beggar, say he's a rockin' preacher Steeling or feeling and make like a rocker Then you'll fly high Met her in the corner [?], King jiving on the sidwalk Intellectual put down all I wanna do is talk Chelsea cats groovin' and provin' that they're all men Callin' up your lost baby, shoutin' out "Remember when.." On a scene with the guys, see the paintings in their eyes Driving through the crazy night Looking for a chick to fight Had a seed and made a veil [?] Blew some smoke and leave a trail And fly high I'm wearin' shades and diggin' spades I'm takin' in the night life Crazy Sally in the alley, playing with a filck-knife Met a chick, got a flat Got a cat with one leg I bought a Jeep, nice and cheap For cutting out right now Made it to the sea, just the chick, the cat, and me Everybody's laughing 'cause the Jeep's cost money Nice and easy baby said, come and sit down with me And we'll fly hiiiiigh.