

You knew no point in trying
Reset them all
God bless the misfortune
And the boys in the City Hall

Don't get me wrong
Cause now my friends are singing a song
Reset 'em at large
Cause he's a gatecrasher, gatecrasher
And he's a gatecrasher, mind-masher
And he's a head-crackin' mind-masher
And he knows, and he knows, and he knows, and he knows

Weeds and sweets and mushrooms
Well, he's done them all
No need to be put on the guest-list
Cause he's gonna be at the door

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Cause now my friends are singing a song
Reset 'em at large
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And he's a gatecrasher, mind-masher
And he's a head-crackin' mind-masher
And he knows, and he knows, and he knows, and he knows

Alright mate,
Listen, uh, I'm on the guest list I think
Ok, I'm not, right well is he in or not?
I'm pretty sure I saw him go in earlier
Alright then,
I'll talk to him later then anyways

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And he knows, and he knows, and he knows, and he knows

And he knows, and he knows, and he knows...