

This guy walks into a little saloon and sits down  
He draws the eyes of all the locals of this small town  
He looks damn normal to me  
Bandana on his head, birks on his feet  
He looks up and gives me a grin and says "Hey dude, you too must be from Marin"

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So anyway he walks in and takes a seat in the back  
Dreadlocks, birkenstocks, tie-dye and hacky-sack  
He says, "Dude pretty trippy place, dude, I'm moon rays, dude"  
His beamer must be in the shop today  
'Cause I saw him drive up in a Cabriolet  
He offers me a toke off a funny looking smoke  
And my head starts to spin, life seems like a joke

So we're sitting there in this little saloon  
Two dudes from Marin, me and the moon  
And we're sipping Calistogas when the juke pumps out "Carey-Anne"  
Some guy at the bar says, "Hey who is this fairy band?"  
I jump for his throat, make a fist with my hand  
But moon stops the violence and says, "Peace man"

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