

Out my window, cool and bright  
Day so slowly into night  
Funny, how things look the same  
Now that my friend Ebin's changed

Ebin was a cooley that I used to know  
Now he's down in the P.L.O.  
He's cold kickin' it live with the K.K.K.  
No JVC, No JFA

Cooly was sportin' black tennis shoes  
He was looking for something to use  
With a pistol in his pocket and a bottle of booze  
Well, it could be me or it could be you  
Oh, feels like my whole life is rearranged

Ebin you've changed  
Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, you  
Oh, oh, you've changed  
Oh, you've changed, how you've changed?

I give you a hard time, didn't have to stay  
Got outta jail just the very next day  
It's plain to see, my friend Ebin is a Nazi  
He was a Nazi yeah, yeah, yeah

Hooked on rock just the other day  
Now he's down with the C.I.A.  
He got covert operation in Vietnam  
With a hit man assassin' like a long strong arm

He went down to protect his country  
Eat Mexican food and make lots of money  
Come back up north and drive a big white car  
Take himself a plane down to Nicaragua  
Well, it feels like I'm the only one to blame

Ebin you've changed  
Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, Ebin, you  
Oh, you've changed  
Oh, you've changed, Oh, you've changed

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