

Gung Ho

The Roches

Gung Ho, is a word I know
Means things are just beginning
Birth of a child, the wildness of youth
And the turf in the first inning

Coffee in the morning or Chinese herb tea
The former is the one works best for me
You can't be Gung Ho if yer hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin' crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho

Gung Ho is a tale that's told
With a see ya later to the fold
Got my guitar the farther I go
And I do mean to be bold

Playin' in the subway or a frat party
I ain't gonna be nobody's secretary
You can't be Gung Ho if you're hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin' crow
Mr. Brown, gung ho

Gung Ho, I'm just a ridin' high
Gung Ho, I'm not your ordinary guy
Gung Ho, just don't ask me why
I'm doin' anythin' that
I'm doin', doin', doin', Gung Ho, Gung Ho

Gung Ho is the thing I got when the
Girl she got me goin'
Birth of a child, the wildness of youth

But the bankbook isn't showin'

How am I gonna get to where I'm 'sposed to be
A little common sense would be a good thing for me
You can't be Gung Ho if you're hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin' crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho

Gung Ho, I was a ridin' high
Gung Ho, I had me a pie in the sky
Gung Ho, now I'm not sure if I am
Doin' anythin' that I'm doin', doin', doin'
Gung Ho, Gung Ho

Gung Ho is the way I was
When things were just beginning
Birth of a child, the wildness of youth
And the very thought of winning

Everybody said
That I would be okay, not one of them
Standing to this day
You can't be Gung Ho if you're hung over
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin' crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho

Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin? crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho
Broken hearted, beaten down, eatin? crow
Mr. Brown, Gung Ho