

# If Six Was Nine

Todd Rundgren

[Whisper:]

Yeah, sing the song Bro'

If the sun refused to shine  
I don't mind, I don't mind  
If the mountains fell in the sea  
Let it be, it ain't me  
All right, 'cause I got my own world to look through  
And I ain't gonna copy you

Now if six turned out to be nine  
I don't mind, I don't mind  
If all the hippies cut off all their hair  
I don't care, I don't care  
Dig, 'cause I got my own world to live through

And I ain't gonna copy you

White collar conservatives flashing down the street  
Pointing their plastic finger at me  
They're hoping soon my kind will drop and die  
But I'm gonna wave my freak flag high (high)

Fall mountain, just don't fall on me  
Go on Mr. business man, you can't dress like me  
You don't even know what I'm talking about  
I'm the one that's got to die  
When it's time for me to die  
So let me live my life the way I want to  
Sing on brother, play on drummer