

Painted

Vundabar

So come here, smile smile
Come on along I'll tell you what to do
These young kids are just so volatile
They do it like their pappy taught them to

We got a son, won't you get up and stand up
There's good then I'll be damned

You've got control of your head
You've got control of your head
You've got control of your head
You've got control of your head

How could I live to see the painted people
Disgust, but I still love it, what to do

I'll stare at sticks so they can paint me too

You've got control of your head
You've got control of your head
You've got control of your head
You've got control of your head

You've got to drain your head
You've got to drain your head
You've got to drain your head
You've got to drain your head