What Deaner Was Talkin' About

The wash is out It's hanging up And all I have Is nothing Nothing to do Nothing to say I think I must be dreaming The sun comes up and I'm all washed out Is this what Deaner was talkin' about I don't think I will ever return again my friend If I was king I'd wear a ring And never hurt my people I'd stay alert And dress to kill I might even slip you something

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out Is this what Deaner was talkin' about I don't think I will ever return again my friend

The sun comes up and I'm all washed out Is this what Deaner was talkin' about I don't think I will ever return again my friend

Ween