

Henry Ate, Hey Mister

Hey mister in that skirt could you be giving me directions
I'm trying to find a place where I would be guaranteed to lose my mind
By the looks of you, you've been there a few times
And in the morning we will exchange clothes
Pretend that we're married, experience each others roles
Take what we can lie back relax, watch the sky evaporate
If I hallucinate we will call it escaping

For I think it's 'bout time I blew my mind
No I, think it's 'bout time I blew my mind
Hey

Hey mister don't you know you have got quite nice legs
Try wearing something a little more suited to your sex
Maybe a suit something with less lace
And later we will go on to my place

Cause I've been driving so damn long
And God only knows where I thought I was going
Or coming from
Mister I'm on the run pass the gun

For I think it's 'bout time I blew my mind
No I, think it's 'bout time I blew my mind
Hey
No I

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Mister I'm on the run
Pass the gun, pass the gun, pass the gun, pass the gun

For I think it's 'bout time I blew my mind
No I, think it's 'bout time I blew my mind
Hey!