

Jack Johnson, Mudfootball

Saturday morning and it's time to go
One day these could be the days but who could have known
Loading in the back of a pickup truck
Riding with the boys and pushing the luck
Singing songs loud on the way to the game
Wishing all the things could still be the same
Chinese homeruns over the backstop
Kakua on the ball and soda pop well...
We used to laugh a lot
But only because we thought
That everything good always would remain
Nothing's gonna change there's no need to complain

Sunday morning and it's time to go
Been raining all night so everybody knows
Over to the field for tackle football
Big hits, big hats, yeah give me the ball
Rain is pouring, touchdown scoring
Keep on rolling, never boring
Karma, karma, karma chameleon
We're talking kinda funny from helium

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Monday morning and it's time to go
Wet trunks and schoolbooks and sand on my toes
Do anything you can to dodge the bus-stop blues
Like driving a padiddle with a burnt-out fuse
My best friend Kimi wants to go with you
So meet her by the sugar mill after school
My best friend Kimi wants to go with you
Meet her by the sugar mill after school

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