

My friends down at the commune, they think I'm pretty neat.
Oh, I don't know nothing about arts and crafts
But I give 'em all something to eat.
I'm a friend to old Euell Gibbons and I only eat homegrown spice.
I got a John Keats autographed Grecian urn filled up with my brown rice
Yes, I do.

Oh, but folks, lately, I have been spotted with a Big Mac on my breath.
Stumbling into a Colonel Sanders with a face as white as death.
I'm afraid someday they'll find me just stretched out on my bed.
With a handful of Pringles Potato Chips and a Ding Dong by my head.

CHORUS: