I like my summer home
Love my yuppie job
Got a cellular phone in my brand new Saab
I love my wife and my girlfriend too
I just love myself
You're gonna love me too

Came out west to find myself
Did the Maharishi squat on the continental shelf
Got a groovy set of morals
And an Elvis Presley do
I'll swap my wife for yours
Anything for you

Got to stay away from the left coast groovies Living their lives like a cheesy movie The wrap around shades and the air-head cuties Got a new-age stench because he traded his Patchouli

Can the wicked feed the hungry
Can the children teach the old
About a new way, a revolution
We're moving backwards, out of control
Out of control, out of control

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