

# Flight Of The Bootymaster

OZMA

Wesley willis starts to break down, feels the beat and hits the  
dance floor  
I will listen to the radio, still i can't hear you on the telep  
hone

It's a shakedown so count from one to three and shake your boot  
y 'til the early dawn  
You gotta be laid back, rock to obscurity  
Then you will really find there's nothing wrong with me

Three months have passed and no reception has left me searching  
for another one  
It's too bad that i was believing that you could ever be more t  
han deceiving

And when i listen to the radio now i'm not thinking things abou  
t you  
And all the things you say that drive me crazy  
Could not compare to the things you never say

Now is the end i will call her a friend  
I won't regret what i said (what i said)

When i become a man then i will surely see  
That you were just a girl and you were wrong for me

If you would ever call i know that i'd be home  
Because i'm waiting and i'm all alone