I know a town near a big golden lake, going there is a big mist ake,

People there live only for funk, I tell you friend, you'd bette r be drunk.

But if you say, I'm going I'm leaving I'm going my way.

Think it over with a chance to come back, you've got to stay th ere.

Funky town, is the name of that place,

The music there belongs in space.

Try to go all night all there, I value friend, it's real not there,

But you say, I'm going I'm leaving, I'm going' my way
Think it over with a chance come back, you've got to stay there
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