

I Wanna Be Committed

Sweet

I wanna be committed
I wanna be committed

I thought I was a space-age cowboy
I thought I was a sweet and sour chow-boy
I thought I was a thinker
A juvenile drinker

I thought I had some kind of a brain
'Til they told me I was just a rumor
A cheap and nasty looner
Well, it turned out I was just insane

I wanna be committed, insanity permitted
I wanna be committed for my mind
I wanna be committed, don't let me be remitted
I wanna be committed if you don't mind

Well, at the dance last Saturday night
He was a rockin' and a rollin'
And holding her tight
'Till he got his hands on her

But when he started out to play
She kept pushing him away and he got a funny feeling
He was walking on the ceiling
And someone was heard to say, "If you don't mind, Sir"
I don't mind"

I thought I was a teenage dream-boy
With a brain made of solid plastic alloy
I thought I was a tripper, there ain't nobody hipper
But it turned out I was going down the drain

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I wanna be committed for my mind
I wanna be committed, don't let me be remitted
I wanna be committed if you don't mind

I wanna be committed
Insanity permitted
I wanna be committed for my mind

I wanna be committed
I wanna be committed
I wanna be committed for my mind