

Refren

If I could go back then (back then)
If I could go back when (back when)
And step into the past (way back)
I'd do it all again (again)
If I could go back then (back then)
If I could go back when (back when)
I was a stupidass (dumbass)
I'd do it all again (again)

I might have a weak chin, but i don't have a glass jaw
so watch your fist glance off my cheek skin and back off
i cut my teeth on the blacktop, i'm used to something cruel
cause in my youth, my tooths were crowded as the public schools
where we moved above the rules
where the currency was percocets
where i showed up early rocking headgear and turtlenecks
this nerd'll flex and you won't see this man pout
cause the traits that got us beat down, are what make us stand out
so let your tongue hang out if you got lips like Mick Jagger
plant and stand proud with that little kid swagger
the subtle it factor of the baddest individuals
cause adamant originals don't end up in pigeon holes
which gets my thinking it's a damn shame dorks
don't pop their pimples like they're champagne corks
I work the quirks, cause if I didn't start sloppily
I'd never clean up this cotdamn properly

I never threw like Elway
or overthrew like El Che
so i moved to LA, to the land of milk and self hate
But one day, I'll strip and then strut buck down the sunset strip as it was
a runway
I'm thinking maybe Sunday
and if you need sensei for sexy, just text me. I stay by San Vicente and La
Brea where the rent's cheap
so you can't tempt me, with a Beamer, Benz or Bentley
that's complete with penis envy, and even keyless entry
'cause see, I'm makeing ends meet, care to be friendly?
And make ends meet? In my backseat in an awkward frenzy
Once in a parking lot while practicing anatomy
I was knocking elbows till the music zapped the battery
and dammit it was bad but I'm not mad I brought my A game
even we sat there naked the man from Triple A came
and it was way lame, but I've got on good authority,
she boldly told the sordid story to her whole sorority

Some days I wake up and i wonder 'what would Buddha do?'
And then I jump into my fruity little Subaru
some dudes'll front 'how do you do, mama?'
because some women see the mula, and say 'ooh lala'
but i say 'woo-sah'
i don't smooch on muchachas who need mucha
to mooch off. i'm cool for like a futon out in Utah

a yurt up in the yukon
when hurtin but I'll go back to herding wild yaks in Bhutan
or cop a coupe with coupons
but when you get a F.U.P.A. like a dugong
i'll treat you supa dupa we can't do wrong
cause beauty is a dude who puts the moves on, then moves on
we're all moving as true pawns
and get chewed in the food chain
we're all nude in the new dawn
brain screwed on
with a plain birthday suit on
so let's graduate human, summa cum laude, huge honors,
so you goners should do the do and do wander the blue yonder
cause trying to fool the future takes too long