

LOTSAs Excuses and the Pips (lyrics for Pips in ital)



Mmmm

S.A.

Proved too hot for the man

(too hot for the man, he didn't choose it)

So he's leavin' the life

So cool and slow, ooh ooh

(Frustrations growing)

He said he's goin' back to find

(goin' back to find)

Ooh ooh ooh what's left of that clue

The Clue he left behind

Not so long ago

He's grievin'

(grieving)

For the cool of California

(grieving for the coool)

Yes

Said he's goin' back

(goin' back to find)

To the clue that didn't rhyme

(the clue that didn't rhyme)

Oh yes he is

(even though he's losin' time)

And I will find it

(I know you will)

Even though this ain't California

(Hell he knows this sure ain't Cali-for-nia)

Woooh whoo!!)

I'd rather live in this Hell

(live in this hell)

Then live without rhyme in mine!

(Her...Hell is his... having no smart phone)

He kept dreamin'

(dreamin')

Ooh that some day he'd beat everyone

(build a trophy case, after winning first place)

But he sure found out the hard way

That Clues don't always come through

(clues don't always come through)

uh ahh,

no,

uh ahh)
So he pawned all his hopes
(Wooh Whooh Wooh Whooh)
And even rented this car
(Wooh Whooh Wooh Whooh)
Bought a one way ticket back
To the Rally he once knew
Oh yes he did
He said he would

He's grievin'
(grieving)
For the cool of California
(grieving for the coooool)
Yeah
Said he's goin' back to find
(goin' back to find)
The clue that didn't rhyme
(the clue that didn't rhyme)
Oh yes he is
(even though he's losin' time)

And I will find it
(I know you will)
Even though this ain't California
(Hell he knows this sure ain't Cali-for-niaa)
Wooh whoo!!)

But still I'd rather play on their turf
Than have to fight them
on mine
(This turf, is his, his and his alone)