

Incense and Peppermints

Strawberry Alarm Clock

Good sense, innocence, crippin' and kind.
Dead kings, many things I can't define.
Oh Cajun spice, sweats and blushers your mind.
Incense and peppermints, the color of thyme. Who cares what games we choose?
Little to win, but nothing to lose. Incense and peppermints, meaningless nouns.
Turn on, tune in, turn your eyes around.
Look at yourself, look at yourself,
Yeah, yeah.
Look at yourself, look at yourself,
Yeah, yeah,
Yeah, yeah.
Tune-a by the cockeyed world in two.
Throw your pride to one side, It's the least you can do.
Beatniks and politics, nothing is new.
A yardstick for lunatics, one point of view. Who cares what games we choose?
Little to win, but nothing to lose. Good sense, innocence, crippled and kind.
Dead kings and many things I can't define.
Oh Cajun spice, sweats and blushers your mind.
Incense and peppermints, the color of thyme.
Who cares what games we choose?
Little to win, but nothing to lose. Incense, peppermints, incense, peppermints. Sha-la-la, sha-la-la....

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>