

717-1000
By mennen

Memories by mennen
might seem odd
It's just a stick
You wipe on your bod
But the scent takes me back
To my days at tulane
Hangin with richie
Nights so insane
Dancing til dawn
To the then younger rads
The nevilles and queenie
Before they were fads
Drinking cheap dixie's
And smoking good hooch
Playing with bobby's
Half wolvern pooch
Wondering how
The police never came
My life since that year
Has been so goddamned tame
Riding the trolley
To do see the dead
With such psychedelia
Alive in my head
And whenever i spread on
The menne these days
I am thrown back some 40 years
Into that haze
And truth be known people
I'd not go back again
But thanks for the memories
Brought to be by mennen