Whoa hambocks shoes socks 'n' grabin at the pie
got depressed, undressed and let some years go by.
Man in Robe's no he never told us Why
an a lady whispers to me as a peacock's walkin by

Ch.

There once was
Walkin Staffs that jingled past at an easy rate
Graveyard rags
had to walk his way
Now were Sellin tickets to the Baths at the Mt. gate
When Zen double O passes in a cloud of dust
by
on a liscence plate

Ch.

Buddha ghosa Bhadrapala Nagarjuna too
Bodhi Dharma Hakuin are names that we all knew
Now they are in English and we get a bit confused
It was quaint when it was foreign Funky when it was used
But all we'd feared and fought and fled is coming back anew
You can take it you can leave it you can wait for another try
There's a dozen versions if you really care to pry
Oh our nature's pure as wind
but our bodies droop and die
If we take a look around us we may laugh or we may cry.

Ch. → That's American Zen my friend