

# I Wanna Be Committed

## The Sweet

I thought I was a space age cowboy  
I thought I was a sweet and sour chow-boy  
I thought I was a thinker  
a juvenile drinker  
I thought I had some kind of a brain  
'till they told me I just a rumour  
a cheap and nasty looner  
As it turned out I was just insane  
Chorus  
I wanna be committed  
Insanity permitted  
I wanna be committed for my mind  
I wanna be committed  
Don't let me be remitted  
I wanna be committed if you don't mind  
At the dance last Saturday night  
I was rockin' and rollin' and holding her tight  
'till I got my hands on her  
But when I started out to play  
she kept pushing me away  
'till I got a funny feeling  
I was walking on the ceiling  
and someone was heard to say 'If you don't mind, sir.'  
I don't mind  
I thought I was a teenage dream-boy  
With a brain made of solid plastic alloy  
I thought I was a tripper  
Ain't nobody hipper  
'till they told me I was going down the drain  
Chorus  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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