

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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