

Waiting for the King to Arrive
(Art Meneses & Greb)

Got Lou Duva in my corner
Got Ralph Nader on my side
I'm driving a Chrysler Cordova
I'm taking the long long drive
You might think that I'm happy
You might say I'm living in style
The truth is my life's crappy
The truth is I've forgot how to smile

So I'm waiting for Bob Marley
Hoping he'll return from the grave
But until then I've got to gnarly
Until then I've got to be brave
I'm worried that he's not coming
I'm worried that he'll just stay dead
Ob Bobby, if you're not jammin'
Tell me, who should we wait for instead?

Gonna save my money gonna fly to Jamaica
Gonna spend my time laying out on the beach
If you act nice then maybe I'll take ya
Only if you're sure no one will think you're a leech
We'll have to smoke plenty of ganja
And hope it's enough to keep us alive
'Cause the people down there they don't really want ya
Just hanging around waiting for the king to arrive

Maybe we can take Lou Duva
And if he goes I suppose we'll have to take Ralph
Don't pack yet 'cause it might just behoove ya
To remember that I like to be by myself