

words  
R. Runyon

Nacho Plunder

music  
P. Croy / C. Fabric / R. Runyon

Give a drink of water to a child  
Think of the last time that you smiled  
Hum a little tune you ain't heard yet  
Discover things you can't forget  
Drop your props  
Cool your jets  
Dry your mops  
Don't forget  
Love is good  
What's it for  
Wood is good  
Makes a door  
Mine is fine  
It could be better  
What's that line about the weather

Toes are lowly they know how to lead the way  
Ears hear clearly but don't have the right to say  
The mouth shouts out without a doubt  
The hair falls out it has no clout  
The chin will take it  
The eyes they fake it  
The nerves will ache it  
The brain will wake it  
The dream then ends  
The message sends  
Good people back to work again

It's a wonder my thoughts don't thunder  
Shake this building all asunder  
Shake it down  
To the ground  
Throw debris  
All around  
Kick the wind  
Down the alley  
Rumble bumble  
Through the valley

Open your eyes once again  
Don't look now you've got that grin  
Look out bub  
Get the rub  
Name is mud  
Join the club  
Bozo here  
Bozo there  
Clowns are floating  
In the air  
I thought I was  
Now I am  
Everybody's Sam I am  
It could be worse  
It could be better  
What's that line about the weather

Nacho nacho wonder  
Nacho nacho plunder  
Macho macho wonder  
Nacho nacho plunder  
Macho macho plunder  
Nacho nacho wonder  
Nacho nacho wonder  
Ect.....