

Caravan, In The Land Of Grey And Pink

In the land of Grey and Pink
Where omly boy scouts stop to think
They'll be coming back again
Those nasty grumbly grimlies
They're coming down your chimney
Yes, they're trying to get in
going to take your money
Isn't it a sin
They're so thin
There's black buckets in the sky
Don't laeve your dad in the rain
Cigarettes burn bright tonight
They'll all get washed down the drain

So we sail away for just one day
To the land where the punk weed grows
You won't need any money, just fingers and ye toes
And when it's dark a boat will pass in the land of Walburn(?)
Green
Take a fill of punkweed and smoke till ye bleed, that's all
we'll need
Sailing back in morning light
We'll wash our feet in the sea
And when the day gets really bright
We'll go to sea drinking tea.