

Crack The Sky, From The Greenhouse

Standing room only at L.A.X.
I trade my ticket for some cigarettes
I won't believe it till they dissapear (sic)

The president's hiding on a submarine
See how he runs away from history
I won't believe it till they dissapear (sic)
I won't believe it till I dissapear (sic)

Chorus:
After all we've been through
Doesn't it seem a little funny to you
We should all shine from the violet blue
And now we're calling you
From the greenhouse

All of the warriors have gone away
I sit and watch the sky, waiting for the rain
I won't believe it till I dissapear (sic)
I won't believe it till I dissapear (sic)
I won't believe you till I dissapear (sic)

Chorus