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 warriers 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 you till I dissapear (sic)
I won't believe you till I dissapear (sic)

Chorus