

Krispies, Dear Louise

Headin' down to Beachwood park
Waited til the day grew dark
Everything is a little odd, oh no
A little man shooting darts
An old lady there walking her dog
Wake, the world in disguise, oh yeah
Come with me, dear Louise
Here we go round the lemon tree
End of the road, start of the show
Step inside my dream
Stroll around this empty park
Only sounds are my own thoughts
Loosen up and with little luck we'll unite