

Squirtgun, Field Trip

Hey Lolly, it's a french toast breakfast
We're slidin' like a firehouse sundown
Feels like I oughta scream some chrome songs
Get as brittle as an eight track stone sound

Like a farmer on a never wilt acre
You ask me, maybe will never see a spaceman
I know what's in that hangar in Ohio:
Dinosaur jaws and a lot of sorry glances

On a field trip
We won't think about 'em, think about 'em
We're where the freeway stretches
Out like pop songs
On a field trip
We won't think bout 'em, thinnk about 'em
We'll take a spray can
Paint the city like a coffee stiring stick

In the midnight we can walk like aliens
Pack our baggage in a red-head suitcase
The rainbow is a can of lucky colors
Just ignore the drama, haggle with some roosters