

Ass Ponys, Ape Hanger

Jet trails across an autumn sky
High tail it to your bike and fly
If you could
Over the neighborhood

Zipped up against the evening damp
You're off and riding up a ramp
And where you land
Is different than where you planned

Ape Hanger
We're gonna ride right off

Wrote out names on Cemetery Bridge
Threw jack-o-lanterns off the edge
Into the dark
And waited for dogs to bark

Ape Hanger
We're gonna ride right off