

Big D And The Kids Table, 175

Soooo it seems,
Our disc was run over,
Shattered all our dreams,
The sun is shining down
We play disc, in every single town,
that we stop inm Chris, Paul, Steve, Dan,
Flores, Rogan, our drummer and me,
What a nice breeze,
Today's flipped overm kind of like a dream,
Running around,
What is lost, can always be found.

175
Grams of disc

The wind may blow, the snow may fall,
We're playing disc, late into the fall,
In the winter,
I just met her,
Hardly know her,
Wanna make out with her, again
I need another beer,
It seems I drank the whole 12 ounces, of the one I have right here,
Stop the van, Dan! we need to piss,
We need to, it's our dying wish.

175
Grams of disc

What's better than Grant's apartment? DISC! "(2x)"
What's better than disc? NOTHING!

175
Grams of disc