

Bonepony, Knees

See me walkin' I've got my hands in my pocket
And I'm smiling at everybody I meet
I hear all the people talkin' and everybody seems to know
About the smoke in the air maybe they really do care
How the story goes

I heard it's all some cooked up plot
By some ex Russian cosmonaut
And it might be true yeah
(But I don't know)
Now that just might be true what they say
(If you don't know)
You'd better get off your Knees

Just listen to the wind and the story it tells
Our teachers are the trees let me go to the well and drink

Drivin' down the freeway in my lime green Monte' Carlo
I go flyin' past the old folks flippin' off as I roll by
It's the nature of a young boy to be at his best behind the wheel
No he don't need no explanation 'cause everybody knows the deal

Some studies show young me are prone to drivin' too fast and losing control
(But I don't know)
Well it might be true what they say
(If you think so)
You'd better get off your Knees

Listen to the wind and the story it tells
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Is it a physical attraction?
Might be some chemical reaction
It might be something you eat or the shoes down on your feet
That brings you satisfaction

Cash can't buy that everlasting high
Some people pay with a check I guess they figure 'what the heck'
It's always worth a try

The FDA just approved today
A little pill to take all the blame away
How could that be true
(I don't know)
Could that be true what they say
(If you think so)
You're already off your Knees

Listen to the wind and the story it tells
Our teachers are the trees let me go to the well and drink