

Bongzilla, Grog Lady

There they sit all alone
Up she walks and she asks
Can you help hide me
From the man, he wants to take
My house where I live in the park everyday
On the Grog you'll see everything that I see

Hey you kids, do you smoke, yeah, smoke marijuana
Yeah, we do, come with me, we will drink from the cup
You will see all the visions that I see on the Grog
In the park you will see everything that I see

Hey there Grog Lady, drink with me
I want to hear the stories of misery
All the junkies with needles in their arms
Dead in a heap