

# Clutch, Smoke Banshee

One unworthy worker's version on the verge of vernacular  
Enter a sour house to do battle with spectacular draculas  
Lick tall walls to find them all sweeter than a cane  
Pour the quick elixir in your wounds to ease the pain

Oh

Ooo, plum been running, buck a doz  
Ooo, smoke banshee's honey bee sting buzz  
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Ooo, smoke banshee's honey bee sting buzz

Medicine of modern miracles, voodoo to those out of focus  
Experts explain experience -- "Hocus pocus, hocus pocus!"  
Mouthfuls down in a floating locus, most of us deny  
Medicine of modern miracles, who knew circles with no foci?

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Trapped in sap, chambered in a tree  
Shadow of a giant across the centuries  
Bits of shattered glass scattered on the shore  
Break the genie bottle and open up the door

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