Grant Lee Buffalo, Stars N' Stripes

Steel mill streets overrun
The ghost of cars in the yard
Sunflower speaks of a one
Of a one
Engines purr up above
The L train roars like our love
Like our love

I can hide in you In your chestnut hair I'll confide in you Whisper in your ear When the earth is ripe All the worms wake up In their stars and stripes And their swastikas There's a cure in sight Set your soul at ease For the red and white And the blue disease

La la la

Got you on the Handycam fits in my hand Got you on the Handycam Got you on the Handycam fits in my hand Fits in my hands in my green light I Got you on the Handycam fits in my hand Got you on the Handycam Got you on the Handycam fits in my hand Fits in my hands in my Got you on the Handycam fits in my hand Got you on the Handycam green light I Got you on the Handycam fits in my hand Sits in my hands in my green light I On the Handycam fits in my hand Got you on the Handycam green light I Got you on the Handycam Got you on the Handycam My ooh ooh ooh Got you on the Handycam

Down in my soul Moon River flows All my trials All my trials Will halt