

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