

Mull Historical Society, Animal Cannabus

Don't find me, don't feel safe
Don't suffer or crumble
Don't listen to what they've got to say

Don't find me, don't feed me
Don't bail out or preach to me
Just listen to what I've got to say

Don't leave me caged up
I'll face it in my own little ways
In my own simple ways
Don't forget my make-up
Or I'll wait by your house
There's one way out only one way out

And leave the animal home
Set up on you own
And find the way out
The animal cannabus left you here
To move with the same old forces
The same old forces

Don't corner me, don't sit on me
Don't make up excuses
But don't bury me from what they've got to say

And one by one the doubts return to me
And one by one the doubts return to me
Yeah and I've retired to a better life
Hiding from the world
Hiding from the world
Yeah and I've retired to a better life
It gets under my skin

And leave the animal home
Set up on you own
And find the way out
The animal cannabus left you here
To move with the same old forces
The same old forces

The posters show you the clothes
That you've got to wear
The roadside signs can lead you there
And fashion is the fast food
You can eat all you can
In the hamburger hell
In the hamburger hell

Don't find me
Don't feel safe

Don't suffer or crumble
Just listen to what they've got to say