

Papas Fritas, Passion Play

You are a special girl to me
Called a passion play
Called today
I want you here to say
Later daze
I'll give you seven days
Called a passing play
She's afraid
Can't make no beer from hay
I won't call
Never gonna fall
At the fashion show
Had to go
She wants the blue-light smoke
Touch and go
Can't make no coke from snow
By the side, show my face and
Shine the light in the crowd and
She might fall, empty looks that
Time won't stall, lose my knees and crawl
And I said that said I