

Roger Clyne & The Peacemakers, Smaller And B

hello!

aint you as pretty as a peso
come and slip out of your halo
let it slip and lose your grip a little while
so let go!
come and slide outside your window
loosen up and feel the grass grow, the wind blow,
the moon shes a-glowin and shes throwin down a wicked little smile

dontcha wanna tip the apple cart over, baby?
dontcha wanna shoot an arrow at the sky?
the fruit is throbbing on the vine..
so many castles to storm and so little time!

floatin downstream
on a river laden up with prayer and doubt and dreams
borne amongst the grit, the silt and salty things
overlooked and too
small to be loved

dontcha wanna knock
the apple cart over, baby?
oil up your favorite monkeywrench now!
the fruit is throbbing on the vine
so many castles to storm and so little time!
Mary, Mary....
the world is wild and wide outside
enough of castles and of kings
get back to smaller and better things!

at the rat race
baby, I couldnt even find a parking space
let the Joneses keep the whole damn chase
and their golden treadmills for first place

dontcha wanna knock the apple cart over, baby?
shoot another flaming arrow at the sky?
the fruit is throbbing on the vine
so many castles to storm and so little time!
Mary, Mary...
the world is wild and wide outside
enough of castles and of kings
down with empire, up with Spring
back to smaller and better things!