

Slapshot, White Rabbit

One pill makes you larger, and one pill makes you small
And the ones that mother gives you, don't do anything at all
Go ask Alice, when she's ten feet tall
And if you go chasing rabbits, and you know you're going to fall
Tell em a hookah-smoking caterpillar has given you the call
And call Alice, when she was just small
When the men on the chessboard get up and tell you where to go
And you've just had some kind of mushroom, and your mind is moving low
Go ask Alice, I think she'll know
When logic and proportion have fallen sloppy dead
And the white knight is talking backwards
And the red queen's off with her head
Remember what the dormouse said
Feed your head, feed your head

One pill makes you nervous, and one pill makes you fall
And the ones that you've been taking, won't do you any good at all
Go ask Alice, she just hit the floor
Now you say you could take it
Yeah, you'd say anything
But when your hab bit does all the talking
Yeah, you'd say anything
You could ask Alice but I think she's gone
Now you've just lost all your money
and you've been thrown out of your home
But for one more gram of cocaine, you'd sell you very soul
Go ask Alice, well now she knows
She's living in a dreamworld
???
But you'd better pull yourself together
'Cause this is reality
But I think that you'd might be better of dead
Use your head
Use your head
Use your head