

# The Ditty Bops, Aluminum Can

&lt;The Ditty Bops Aluminum Can Lyrics

Crush me down

An aluminum can

Poke me with a fork and half baked yam

Toss me in the frying pan

I would never bite the hand

If I could be sure the hand that feeds me

Feeding frenzy on prescription words

Swallowing the silence that returns

Falling in footsteps petrified by time

Under madness are familiar faces

And you are just a semblance of before

Following the dust and calling it more

These are the seeds

That beseech the leaves for cover

Hiking canyons where people have fallen

These are places where some learn to fly

Breaking escaping molds that are growing

Stepping over cutting off the ties

Lyrics &gt; The Ditty Bops Lyrics &gt; The Ditty Bops Aluminum Can Lyrics

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