

The Spinto Band, Late

Its getting Late Late,
Tell me what Time it is I, Cant wait,
I gotta get back to the house,
My show is on,
So walk and, Dont run,
Its slippery by the pool,
and it hurts,
you know that it only gets worse,
'Cuz the grade is steep,

It hit me so hard
fear for for my agitated(?), discomposed, disturbed, perturbed and alarmed,
I cant believe this works,

It makes you supersonic,
Your science hurts,
So why dont you,
Stop it,
And switch me chairs,

My efforts fall short,
but in the long run, lots could stretch forward,
then it'd be almost there,
its just a longer ride,
so up to full speed,
if i can handle it, well we'll see,
action takes more than just luck,
It needs a well thought plan,
its getting good good,
turning and dodging like all you should,
just as it tosses me out,
I'll have to look to land.

I think your supersonic
Your science hurts,
So why dont you,
Stop it,
And switch me chairs,

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