

Weedeater, Buzz

All aboard my only son
One and only chosen one
Nothing ventured, nothing's done
Nothing gambled; nothing's won

Persay, It's all okay.

All aboard my only son
One and only chosen one
Headed to the setting sun
For half a day

Then come what may
The righteous one was born for us today

All aboard to save my son
One and only chosen one
Next to nothing we are done
Then come what may

It's not okay
The evil one was born to us today
The one who wants to lead us all astray
The antidote; the one and only way