

Ween, The Shot Heard Round The World

A child without an eye
Made her mother cry
Why ask why
She kept her child clean
On Buckingham Green
The children saw the eye
As a sign from God
Descending from the sky
It was alright to dream
Of Buckingham Green
Summon the queen
Spoke the child of eye
It's time to fly
Turning fire to steam
On Buckingham Green
[repeat first verse]