

Weekend Players

"Chocolate Town"

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Couldn't taste the taste that I was tastin'
Couldn't hear the waste that I was makin'
Tired of the life I was facin'

Couldn't tell one from another
Couldn't hide a secret from my mother
Any other mother wouldn't bother

Makin' time breakin' ground
Sail brown bay to chocolate town

Got me on the porch I'm in the front row
Says "shit's for real man" like I don't know
Get your punk ass back to the dog show...

Makin' time breakin' ground
Sail brown bay to chocolate town

A new breath I feel the grip releasin'
Scraping my guts off of the ceiling
I've got that sunny bunny feeling

Makin' time breakin' ground
Sail brown bay to chocolate town
Makin' time breakin' ground
Greyhound bus to chocolate town...

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