

Weekend Players

"The Stallion Pt. 3"

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Mach 10 at sudden speed, flying into the wind now
I'm flowing at my feet something of likeness to you now
I spotted you in the sun, I called your name from a
distance
I knew you were the one, I called again

I do declare I can float in the air
And with some love from above you must

Don't caress the weasel and don't fall too soon
Don't seek the blood from the panther
Don't take a trip to you soon
I'm the one holding the time back from the sun
As I scope the lobe

I am the one who controls the sun
And I know that things will pass as time elapse, lapses

Time elapses through the sound of you
And the things we could do
Just think of the master
Trying to fool the blastman
Check the cards at the table
Scream softly you are able

To see the sign of thineself as throughout the ages of
time
Things you thought weren't going to climb the
mountain

See the sun
Touch the waves of the Earth
Feel the grass softly
And don't think for the one you know
I am screaming backwards in the sand

Hey, dude, he's the stallion
Yo, dude, he's the stallion
Dude, he's the stallion

