

Stevens Cat

"Longer Boats"

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Longer boats are coming to win us,
they're coming to win us, they're coming to win us.
Longer boats are coming to win us, hold on to the
shore,
or they'll be taking the key from the door.

I don't want no god on my lawn,
just a flower I can help along,
'cause the soul of no body knows,
how a flower grows how a flower grows.

Longer boats are coming to win us,
they're coming to win us they're coming to win us,
Longer boats are coming to win us, hold on to the
shore,
or they'll be taking the key from the door.

Mary dropped her pants by the sand,
and let a parson come and take her hand,
but the soul of no body knows, where the parson goes.
Where does the parson go?

Longer boats are coming to win us,
they're coming to win us, they're coming to win us.
Longer boats are coming to win us, hold on to the
shore,
or they'll be taking the key from the door.

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