

The Bob Hill Band

"Panda Grass"

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On the run in a place that I know
Blank eyes do stare, film roll
I'm gonna break free so I'm told
I see no way
Baby vultures don't fly from the get - go
Co-pilots, never fly solo
My backdrop stays the same photo
Printed in gray

[Chorus:]

And I know, where I go
Is the next stop, sex shop, kitchen top, apple rot
Laced with some love
And I want through, but I know
Smoke rings blow through the trees
Don't bring me there alone

Touch your lips, taste the medley blindside
Lust stuck down south in a stir-fry
Point blank makes the stubbornest bird fly
Spanked to the bone and
My vision serves norm to the toaster
Passed squares, Tanqueray rollercoaster
Knocked up like a panda grass poser,
Fake hooker moans

[Chorus]

[Bridge:]

Time
Twisting, turning, spinning blind
Rhyme
Leaking poison from my mind

Am I the only one stuck in time
Pass the bottle, let you reminisce mine
Old places make sour as lime, don't pucker up
Tin can makes aluminum pan
Fire cracker attack in the van
Paint strokes put texture on hand, mines rough anyway.

[Chorus]

Yeah, said you could know to my
Legs don't walk for nothin', nothin' at all, get your
Fire don't burn for nothin', nothin' at all, I want it
Legs don't walk for nothin', nothin' at all, get your
Fire don't burn for nothin', nothin' at all, I want it

[Chorus x2]

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