

## The Babys

### "Through The Looking Glass"

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In the morning there's a buzz of flies  
Between the pillows and the skies  
That beg into your eyes  
Through the looking glass  
And between your thighs  
And it's written no small surprise  
Let's straight down the rabbit hole  
There we go  
I've been meaning to tell you  
A sentimental thing that occurred to me  
I've been waiting to show you  
A set of photographs  
That'll make you laugh and smile

You might wanna stick one on his nose  
Around his teeth, down this drug hole of him  
They've nowhere else to go

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