

Crabb Family

"From The Greenhouse"

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Standing room only at L.A.X.
I trade my ticket for some cigarettes
I won't believe it till they dissapear [sic]

The president's hiding on a submarine
See how he runs away from history
I won't believe it till they dissapear [sic]
I won't believe it till I dissapear [sic]

Chorus:
After all we've been through
Doesn't it seem a little funny to you
We should all shine from the violet blue
And now we're calling you
From the greenhouse

All of the warriers have gone away
I sit and watch the sky, waiting for the rain
I won't believe it till I dissapear [sic]
I won't believe it till I dissapear [sic]
I won't believe you till I dissapear [sic]

Chorus

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