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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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