

Big Country

"175"

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So it seems our disc was run over shatter all our
dreams
The sun is shining down
We play disc in every single town that we stop in
Chris, Paul, Steve, Dan, Flores, Rogan, our drummer,
and me
What a nice breeze
Today has flipped over kinda of like a dream
Running around
What is lost can always be found

[Chorus:]
175 grams of disc

The wind may blow, the snow may fall
We're playing disc late into the fall
And the winter I just met her
Hardly know her, wanna makeout with her again
I need another beer, it seems I drank the whole 12
ounces of the one I had right here
Stop the van Dan, we need to piss
We need to, it's our dying wish

[Chorus]

What's better than Grant's apartment?
Disc!
What's better than Grant's apartment?
Disc!
What's better than disc?
Nothing!

[Chorus]

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