

Bobs**"Slow Down Krishna"**

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Slow down, Krishna, slow down

Your red Trans Am goes way too fast

Slow down, Krishna, slow down

Or your current life may be your last

Krishna is a holy man

An example to us all

It's curious the choice he made

When he bought a car last fall

We sent him out to buy a bus

To carry us around

What a big surprise it was

To hear that throaty sound

He drove up in a new Trans Am

With windows tinted black

Seats like buckets, leather brassiere

But there is no room in back

No, there is no room in back

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Krishna is a humble man
He's quiet and reserved
But when he gets behind the wheel
We all become un-nerved
A ride with Krishna is a test
Of faith in the hereafter
He squeals his tires and passes right
And then he howls with laughter
Oh, Krishna, stop your laughter
Slow down, Krishna, slow down
Your red Trans Am goes way too fast
Slow down, Krishna, slow down
Or your current life may be your last
He says he's rolling to Nirvana
Leaving behind all earthly desires
Krishna, Krishna, can't you see?
You can't get to heaven on T/A tires
In meetings as we meditate
We hear that sound a-screeching
Krishna, please, your car alarm
It interrupts the teaching
Krishna says we should enjoy
Our time upon this planet
But while we wear our sandals thin
He's driving round with Janet

Oh, Krishna, who is Janet?

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