

## For Squirrels "Disenchanted"

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Quiet little boy, your hand in her pocket,  
There's no reason for the sun today,  
All is quiet and I still can remember  
Are we going home  
After all of the set ups and let downs  
After all of the cities in bags  
Will we ever drink milk from a fountain  
Will we ever be there  
Hey hey, I don't mind, I don't need much at all  
I believe that she's out wearing Hit Parade  
I believe that she's out of her mind  
Try and picture your hand on her trigger  
Try and picture the gun  
Time is wasting, she answers quite truly,  
Time is turning, the undertow's strong,  
Please believe me, I'm telling a tall tale

Dream weaver comes clean  
Hey hey, I don't mind, I don't need much at all  
Everybody had a great bit of funnies  
Everybody will beg her to stay  
Eyes return her to dreams of the union  
Her eyes turn to me  
After all of your set ups and let downs  
After all of your cities in bags  
Will we ever drink milk from a fountain  
Will she ever feel  
I will never bow to the ages  
I will never let down my guard  
Ask for nothing, and you get what you pay for  
I've got pride instead  
Hey hey, I don't mind, I don't need much at all

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