

Jones Howard

"Frinigro Interstellar"

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I was born
In a crimson cellar
Just another frinigro interstellar
I'm flying through time
Deflowering the mind
Kissin' white rain
With a black umbrella
Defyin' all the rules of race
Flyin' through outer space
Kissin' underneath for ma baby
Pushing color in your face
The ocean itself
Is not very far away
The problem begins
When we try to take it home with us
Take a lick of this baby
Every single day
And you'll soon realise
Why we always take a bass with us
It's for keepin all the fools at bay
No matter what the preacher say
Religion is the blues in "G" major
But they never let the negro play it
So I'm flying through outer space
Defyin all the rules of race
Kissin underneath
Pushin color in your face
Tell me - How many frinigro's do you know ?
Do they all wear a smile underneath their
Afro's ?
Oh yeah ?
Chorus

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