

Little T & One Track Mike

"Sammy"

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Memories in ___ like some tones in my retina.
The sound of sweat slipping off the back of Hugh
Hefner.
Reminds me of the days when eatin' lunch with ol'
Sammy.
I'd drink apple juice and he would eat "salammie".
Um.. on Wonderbread I think with the crust cut off.
At the corner of Magilamagloughlen street.

I would be seated.
He would be spectacle.
He may have been a bum but still Sammy was
respectable.
Telling me stories about the things that he done.
Kickin' (___) from a past that was over and gone,
was the way Sammy liked to spend his day.

(Chorus)

And if was alive still, this is what he'd say.
It's strange...
Lord it's strange....
You've got to pick up every stitch
You've got to pick up every stitch
Two rabbit runnin' in a ditch
Woah no
Must be the season of the witch
Must be the season of the witch

Surprising it may sound to the orbs of the nebula,
but Sammy had a theory that his atoms were irregular
Twisted maybe (___) crazy in a petri dish
Neurological schemes inside the minds of a scientist.
Molding forms eatin' worms
Sammy told me he's immune to germs.
And the monkeys eyes scare him when he's at the zoo
Cause monkeys see what you eat and monkeys see
what you didn't do
Or what you did
And Sammy wasn't kiddin'
He told me all about the treasures and where they're
hidden

And Ima go diggin' on a Saturday

(Chorus)

And if was alive still, this is what he'd say.

It's strange...

Lord it's strange....

You've got to pick up every stitch

You've got to pick up every stitch

Two rabbit runnin' in a ditch

Woah no

Must be the season of the witch

Must be the season of the witch

Sammy told me that in the end we are infinite.

We owe the birds a bee and to the bees we are indebted.

That history is set by old llamas who (___) were created from the Castor Oil.

Said to follow all my leads

til I collect the spoils

And conversate with trees

cause they bark is truly loyal

Like a dog with three legs

swimmin' in the ocean

I wish this was my wisdom

but it's Sammy that I'm quoting

Cuz his knowledge was profound

In a world full of glitches

And Sammy been around since the Season of the Witches.

Dropping knowledge on my memory that won't fade away.

And if was alive still, this is what he'd say.

It's strange...

Lord it's strange....

You've got to pick up every stitch

You've got to pick up every stitch

Two rabbit runnin' in a ditch

Woah no

Must be the season of the witch

Must be the season of the witch

.....

Must be the Season of the Witch y'all

Peace, Sammy.

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