

Lowest Of The Low

"That Song About Trees And Kites"

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I don't have any money
But I know that I'm not broke
'Cause when me and my friends do too much acid
We laugh so loud we think we'll probably choke

And my blue-box is full of empty bottles
And my fridge is empty most days
But I am lying back and reading Joyce Cary
And Dig Circus is playing on Saturday

Well I might be
One horny bastard
And that's why I always smile
But this feeling isn't everlasting
So come on and lay down beside me for a while

And we can dance and write a letter
And kiss your eyes, and touch my hand
And tie the world up in one tight piece of leather
And grab it by the balls and make it understand

Trees are green, and the grass is yellow, ride a bike,
and fly a kite...
Well, alright
Trees are green, and the grass is yellow, fly a bike and
ride a kite...
Well, alright

Well, I don't mean to be a preacher
And give a sermon from the church of Sneaky Dee's
But one more jug of beer and that point that I was
reaching
Will hit me like a vision and make me fall on my knees

And I don't care about the cost of living
I'm unaware of these depressing days
And maybe my t.v. is full of M.C. Hammer
But Dig Circus is playing on Saturday

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