

The Progress

"A Drug Called Tradition"

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Tree grows from seed, stem, leaf.
It makes teeth of pirates seethe green.
Remembering me, and when we were best friends.
It's coming up and coming down; breathing in and
breathing out.
Wasn't it nice to just have those days?
When we would just drive around?
Then go home and just make out?
It's those simple hearts that fall in love.
The doctor screams "look look look look!"
The culture has fallen I'll, and we've lost the cure"
In the emergency room: "shout shout shout!"
The culture is overboard now your the queen
And your first command to me was 'clean these sheets'
So you can sleep and have beautiful dreams.
And here it comes over and over again.
Icy knives hit the sky, begin to fly and frozen tears hit
the floor;
Shattern and cry no more.
Then your eyes begin to scream "s.o.s"

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