

## **Preston School Of Industry "Get Your Crayons Out!"**

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Took seven states of driving straight  
The sky was gray where the bird and hay  
Were splattered with moss and broken cross  
That littered the road with snow in May

Well, there must be some kind of misunderstanding  
This must be some kind of misunderstanding here

Raincoats are hanging 'round your waist  
Lime is growing all in haste  
But clouds are approaching a little too fast  
For crying out loud man get your trailer

I'm waiting for the monsoons  
Yeah, I'm waiting

Waiting, for the monsoons  
We're all waiting, it's the monsoons  
We're all waiting for the monsoons  
For the monsoons, monsoons

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