

**Jimi The Jet****"FREEZE SAID THE GROCER TO HIS PEAS"**

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hide it, don't speak of it  
don't face it, I want a hit  
I'll join them and introduce my psychiatrist  
painful, your sacrifice  
is non-emotional in my eyes  
cuz diamonds are gathering, no use, no  
feed it, don't harm it baby  
don't taste it, neither poison nor honey  
don't shake it cuz sometimes it might squeal  
freez! said the grocer to his peas  
we can all make up a dream  
and then float above our destiny, yeah  
pleas! I beg you on my bended knees  
I saw a valley without trees  
and I saw it on tv  
tear me up and look inside  
and smell the fear and open wide  
and suck these bones, chew this meat  
it's creeping on your skin  
feel it, this precious gift  
heal me with human stitches

let me fall, let me crawl

lend me your ears

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