

There's a line in the sky
Its jet exhaust
Its moccassin looking straight cloud
And if you turn your head sideways
It can look like a distant twister
Coming to swing a cow
A quarter mile
In three seconds.
And lift up my camper and drop her down
Not so gently
Ain't nothing to worry about
Its all under control
Ain't nothing to see here
Please vacate the premisses
We must secure the area
And dust for prints
Let the evidence be fondled
Mentally attempt to solve
The mystery that's before you
With clues and leeches poppin up
Take em down town for questioning
Ain't nothing to worry about
Its all under control
Ain't nothing to see here
Please vacate the premisses
You have the right to remain silent
As well as to yell!
At the top of your lungs
Why abuse your rights
Why not abuse your wrongs
Its there where the fun begins and the things
We see in the clouds become real
She creeps by candle light
Shadows to start conversing
And the flowers on the bedspread
Waiting to suck me up
I drift to unconcioussness
Only to awake
Till metal starts grinding on pavement
Riding next to my head
Line in the sky
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Its mocassin looking straight cloud
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