

One Strange Land

Agents of Good Roots

One strange land
Was built from the sea
Put a crown to the castle
No strange land
Could break the glass
That cuts all the cats down
I heard the captains voice
No choice to listen up
To your masses
I heard the captain's voice
Like a whistle in the breeze

I'm going to the coast of Manhattan
With a bag full of blues
And a yellow canary
Captain he spoke
In a voice from the Ivory Coast
Saying there's no passion in perfection
My son

Pull the flag down
Let dust settle back
On the rose-colored glasses
Pull the flag down
And watch it whistle in the breeze
One last hope that lies
Like a monkey that flies
To the scent of molasses
One last hope that lies
I watch it whistle to the Bees