

So it seems  
Our disc was run over  
Shattered all out dreams  
The sun is shining down  
We play disc in every single town that we stop in  
Chris, Paul, Steve, Dan, Flores, Rogan, our drummer and me  
What a nice breeze  
Today has flipped over kinda like a dream  
Running around  
What is lost can always be found  
175  
Grams of disc  
The wind may blow the snow may fall  
We're playing disc late into the fall  
And the winter  
I just met her  
Hardly know her wanna wakeout with her again  
I need another beer  
It seems I drank the whole 12 ounces of the one I has right her  
e  
Stop the van Dan we need to piss  
We need to it's our dying wish  
175  
Grams of disc  
What's better than Grant's apartment?  
DISC!  
What's better than disc?  
Nothing!  
175  
Grams of disc