

Bed time story

Discoballs

You know your mother said
Never look back, when you leave
Better to die on the run
Then mortify

Fly high through the sky
Look at people on the run
Try to show them slowing down
Before they die, fly high!

But now you're back on ground
Look at people on the street
Still walkin deadly pace
Out of their minds

Try hard to show them now
Their life has just begun
When they try to rest their feet
Open their eyes, flight high