

Ontogeny

Jason Webley

Got a flashy car,
And a druid's smile.
Got a shooting star,
Shape of a crocodile.

I'm your sassy girl,
I'm your pop machine.
I can make you hurl,
I can make you clean.

The anole is going crazy.
He has higher aspirations.

Got my third eye open,
And a brand new skin,
Got the whole world hoping,
That I'll let them in,

Cause I'm a Russian Czar,
In a new disguise,
But I can see the bars,
And I can feel your eyes.