

The Mango Song

Phish

Spasm waiter dropping to his knees, sees
Slander on wrap paper ties
Lifting up his head he feels the sunlight in his eyes

Grasp a kettle top and shoot the breeze, please
Ramble while slop scraper sighs
Tossing in his bed at night he'll dream until he dies

Operations at the sink
The dribble liquid visible beneath his troubled eyes
Feels it tilt and start to slide

Mask a pretty hopper's foot with squeeze cheese
Dangle some grape apple pies
Tranquil and serene until he runs out of supplies

Your hands and feet are mangoes
You're gonna be a genius anyway

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