

# Snowball

## Test Icicles

There's a dog at the door,  
Looking for a hole,  
He needs a brand new wife,  
He needs a bone,

Say you wanted to dance,  
But you couldn't get out of bed,  
With all of those angry thoughts,  
That you've got flowing round your head.

One of the heard eh,  
One more time,  
Play it again Sam,  
Before we die.

Hey hey what's that tune?  
Hey hey turn it off,  
Hey hey what's that tune?  
Hey hey are you still here?

He was a son of the east,  
He was badly dressed,  
He had a knot in his hand,  
And stains on his rags.

He was a son of the east,  
And after all he comes last,  
He still couldn't kill,  
The wicked witch of the west.

Think quick,  
Duck right,  
Slow down,  
Repent.

We're coming down,  
Coming way down from up up above,  
Hear it rolling down,  
Isn't it time we kicked up a fuss?  
Like a snow ball rolling down the hill,  
Like someone who's terminally ill,  
Take this disease its tasting worn,  
Take this shake,  
Roll a ball.

Hey hey, what's that tune?  
Hey hey turn it off x3

Hey hey what's that tune  
Hey hey are you still here

Snow ball  
Throwing the ball