

# Transitions

## Ween

Got a static, universal saturation in the grip of the morning sun  
The greatest soldier that erodes all the orders  
And the door men when the day is done  
Hop the dingle on the ferry  
Takes you back to the dimension that's just begun  
Riding the crystal of communion to a union  
Harry Truman is the poor lady's son and he says  
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The greatest soldier that erodes all the orders  
And the door men when the day is done  
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The greatest soldier that erodes all the orders  
And the door men when the day is done  
Hop the dingle on the ferry  
Takes you back to the dimension that's just begun  
Riding the crystal of communion, it's a union  
Harry Truman is the poor lady's son and he says

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