

Buckingham Green (Live In Chicago)

Ween

A child without an eye
Made her mother cry
Why ask why
She kept her child clean
On Buckingham Green The children saw the eye
As a sign from God
Descending from the sky
It was alright to dream
Of Buckingham Green Summon the queen
Spoke the child of eye
It's time to fly
Turning fire to steam
On Buckingham Green A child without an eye
Made her mother cry
Why ask why
She kept her child clean
On Buckingham Green

Songwriters

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