

Greta

Luca Barbarossa

There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door
There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door
There's a swarm of yellowjackets
Pounding against my window pane
There's a swarm of yellowjackets
Pounding against my window pane
Well, how's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
All the pictures on the wall
Have fallen to the ground
The trees bowing to the grass
In a silent hurricane
When the landlord calls
Mother Nature's gone to war
She's in a fighting mood
Greta's got a gun
This ain't no flowerchild
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
All the pictures on the wall
Have fallen to the ground
The trees bowing to the grass
In a silent hurricane
When the landlord calls
Mother Nature's gone to war
She's in a fighting mood
Greta's got a gun
This ain't no flowerchild
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
How's it gonna be
How's it gonna be yeah
There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door
There's a pack of rabid dogs
Pawing at my front door
There's a swarm of yellowjackets
Pounding against my window pane
There's a big ol' brama bull
Busting up my shotgun shack

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