

Safety Song

Andrea Gibson

We were in the graveyard, shovel in hand and digging.
Took one step to the hole, realized it wasn't our time to go.
We still had a lot of work, work to do.
We took cement and filled up that grave again, just like new.
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whooa!)

At the supermarket, didn't know just what we needed.
We searched high and low, then found what it was on aisle 10:
the perfect ingredient for our dead end.
To no surprise, it was quite expensive, but worth the spend.
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whooa!)

Let's not try to foresee what happens now.
All we know is that we're happy somehow.
The timing was just right- nowhere to go but forward now.
We only have one rule: freedom always allowed.
(whoa, whoa, whoa, whooa! whoa, whoa, whoa, whooa!)

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