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 doneHop 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 saysGot 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 doneHop 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 saysGot 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 doneHop 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

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/