

# White Rabbit

## Grace Potter & The Nocturnals

One pill makes you larger  
And one pill makes you small  
And the ones that mother gives you  
Don't do anything at all  
Go ask Alice, when she's ten feet tall  
And if you go chasing rabbits  
And you know you're going to fall  
Tell 'em a hookah smoking caterpillar  
Has given you the call poor Alice  
And she was just small  
When the men on the chessboard  
Get up and tell you where to go  
And you've just had some kind of mushroom  
And your mind is moving slow  
Go ask Alice, I think she will know  
When logic and proportion have fallen sloppy dead  
And the white knight is talking backwards  
And the red queen is off with her head  
Remember what the dormouse said  
Feed your head, feed your head

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>