

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

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