

# In the Land of Grey and Pink

## Caravan

In the land of grey and pink where only boy-scouts stop to think  
They'll be coming back again, those nasty grumbly grimbles  
And they're climbing down your chimney, yes they're trying to get in  
Come to take your money, isn't it a sin, they're so thin  
They've black buckets in the sky, don't leave your dad in the rain  
Cigarettes burn bright tonight, they'll all get washed down the drain  
So we'll sail away for just one day to the  
land where the punk weed grows  
Won't need any money, just fingers and your toes  
And when it's dark our boat will park on a land of warm and green  
Pick our fill of punk weed and smoke it till we bleed, that's all we'll need  
While sailing back in morning light, we'll wash our teeth in the sea  
And when the day gets really bright, we'll go to sea drinking tea  
So we'll sail away for just one day to the land  
where the punk weed grows  
Won't need any money, just fingers and your toes  
And when it's dark our boat will park on a land of warm and green  
Pick our fill of punk weed and smoke it till we bleed, that's all we'll need  
They've black buckets in the sky, don't leave your dad in the rain  
Cigarettes burn bright tonight, they'll all get washed down the drain

Songwriters

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