Grease

Dogwood

Ee-Ai!Every other hour floating through life,
Everyone says your not the type,
You life's a Christ like life and never were a hellion,
Yet now you teach lessons on the art of rebellion.We used to make fun of people who were two faced,
So now you mock your parents who preach until they're blue faced,
Some say it aint over till the fat lady sings,
Well boy your saran wrap has lost its cling.Your light has lost its ferver,
You've got no self control,
You've dwindled down to nothing,
You're just stuck in that filthy black hole.But there's always a guy who will welcome you back,
He'll get your life on the narrow track,
Doesn't take much except a broken soul,
He'll warm you up and bring you in from the cold.Your light has lots of ferver,
You've got much self control,
You sir have definatly become someone,
You're not stuck in that filthy black hole.

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