

# Grease

## Dogwood

Ee-Ai! Every other hour floating through life,  
Everyone says you're not the type,  
Your 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 ain't over till the fat lady sings,  
Well boy, your saran wrap has lost its cling. Your light has lost its fervor,  
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 fervor,  
You've got much self control,  
You sure have definitely become someone,  
You're not stuck in that filthy black hole.

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