

Grace

Grant Lee Buffalo

If I was the Lone Ranger
Hiding behind a mask
Wouldn't be any danger
To the questions, I ask
What ya say, Pocahontas Trade in your feathers and beads
For an electric blanket
And a packet of cigs
You bet, that's what she said If I had me a needle
For every bubble that popped
Bind them all up like one
You would hear that pin drop
Like a gun shot, like a shot And if I was a world leader
Would not mislead the world
I would not miss anything
Miss America knows
That it's only a pageant That it's only a show
Isn't even film in the camera
These aren't even my clothes
No, no, no, no, Miss America knows You remember Houdini
Who not a shackle could hold
Carved a trap door into Heaven
To escape growin' old
Guess he just couldn't hack it Bundled up for the cold
Double-breasted straight jacket
French handcuffs of gold
No, no, no, no, he escaped growin' old
The growing old, oh oh oh

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>