

Up on the Ground

Quatermass

Sleepin'™ int he park, on a Tuesday mornin'™
Rollin'™, in the dark, waitin'™ for the zoo keeper's warnin'™

Up on the ground, up on the ground
Where I come alive if you give me five more trys

Fifteen cakes to bake, with my Monday joint,
I dont know what to make, but I know just where to point

Up on the ground, up on the ground
Where I come alive if you give me five more trys

Physician says I'm ill, right into my liver,
But I still take my pills, then I go rollin'™ with her

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Where I come alive if you give me five more trys

Lyrics submitted by Adorjan Attila.

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