Grand Inquisitor

Surfer Blood

Time
waits for no one.
All that you need,
right here with me.
So if you're out in the cold
knock on my door,
sleep on my floor if you like.
Knock on my door.
We should be neighbors,
don't be a stranger, man.
I hear that melody too
it's getting to you.
Grand inquisition,
spiritual war,
driver asleep at the wheel.
Knock on my door
brother of mine.
Walk right in you smell like tea and flowers.
Where have you been?
Like a viking in the heat of battle
it's us and them.
Again, oh.
You were the greatest baby on planet Earth.
You wrote the finest record I'd ever heard,
it never occurred
that you'd rather throw it all away.
Launch the cd-r into the bay
(it washed ashore in San Jose.)
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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