Horchata

The Funk Ark

In December drinking horchata
I'd look psychotic in a balaclava
Winter's cold, is too much to handle
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandals
In December drinking horchata
Look down your glasses at that Aranciata
With lips and teeth to ask how my day went
Boots and fists to pound on the pavement
Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on
You'd remember drinking horchata
You'd still enjoy it with your foot on Masada
Winter's cold, is too much to handle
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandals
Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on
Oh, you had it but, oh no, you lost it
Looking back, you shouldn't have fought it

In December drinking horchata
I'd look psychotic in a balaclava
But winter's cold is too much to handle
Pincher crabs that pinch at your sandals
Years go by and hearts start to harden
Those palms and firs that grew in your garden
Are falling down and nearing the rose beds
The roots are shooting up through the tool shed
Those lips and teeth that asked how my day went
Are shouting up through cracks in the pavement
Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on
Oh, you had it but, oh no, you lost it
You understood so you shouldn't have fought it
Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on
Here comes a feeling you thought you'd forgotten
Chairs to sit and sidewalks to walk on

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