# Lookout

## The Sons Of Champlin

Look out, look out for the day we find out what this is all about
Look out, look out for when the east turns west and the north becomes the southWe all seem to be losin the handles we were usin'
Like holdin the illusion in our hand
But though the time is passin' the party's ripe for crashin'
And why become the passion of your plan?Woohoo woohoo we got to understand
Woohoo woohoo common and clap your handsLook out look out for the quiet whisper soon becomes a shout
Look out look out for the hidin' places have all been found outWe got no choice in choosin' except the voice your usin'
But the ground that you'll be losin's made of sand
But while your mind is flashin', you'll find your colors clashin'
And why become the passion of your plan?Woohoo woohoo we got to understand
Woohoo woohoo common and clap your hands
Woohoo woohoo we got to understand
Woohoo woohoo common and clap your hands

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