

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

Ah ooh ooh

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 straightjacket
French handcuffs of gold
No no no no
He escaped growin' old
The growing old
Oh oh oh