

In The Land Of Grey And Pink

Caravan

In the land of grey and pink where only boy-scouts
stop to think
They'll be coming back again,
those nasty grumbly grimplies
And they're climbing down your chimney,
yes they're trying to get in.
Come to take your money
- isn't it a sin, they're so thin?
They've black buckets in the sky,
don't leave your dad in the rain.
Cigarettes burn bright tonight,
they'll all get washed down the drain

So we'll sail away for just one day to the land
where the punk weed grows
Won't need any money,
just fingers and your toes.
And when it's dark our boat will park
on a land of warm and green.
Pick our fill of punk weed and smoke it till we bleed,
that's all we'll need.
While sailing back in morning light,
we'll wash our teeth in the sea.
And when the day gets really bright,
we'll go to sea drinking tea

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