

Black Butter, Past

Strawberry Alarm Clock

I remember nights alone
When streetlights' glow would fill the room
Figures beat a native drum
And played a song foretelling to

Sing a song, try not to utter
Words at night that say
Black butter, ooh

Look around the room you're in
And pick out something you really need
Take it in your hands and touch it
If you strike it, will it bleed?

And if it dies, you'll hear the cries
And know the meaning of
Black butter, ooh