

Glass Chalet

Wilbur Soot

There's another one that I wrote to the tune of
Let me see how it goes

I've lost my way
And when this is done
I'm running away
And when I have gone
I'll be where I'll stay
Like a bicycle
And bright blue waves
And I'll shave my head
And forget my name

'Cause I'll kill it dead
Yes, I'll kill it dead

I'm sorry for what I was saying about you
Believe me, I'm being really serious here

I'm digging up old bones
Use a trebuchet
I'm throwing stones
From a glass chalet
Hope it comes back home
Like a boomerang
Hit my frontal lobe
See it set free
I still have hope

But I kill it dead
Yes, I kill it dead
I hope, oh

Between you and me
It sounds horrible