

Get Your Crayons Out

Preston School of Industry

Took seven states of driving straight
The sky was gray where the bird and hay
Were splattered with moss and broken cross
That littered the road with snow in May
Well, there must be some kind of misunderstanding
This must be some kind of misunderstanding here
Raincoats are hanging 'round your waist
Lime is growing all in haste
But clouds are approaching a little too fast
For crying out loud man get your trailer
I'm waiting for the monsoons
Yeah, I'm waiting
Waiting, for the monsoons
We're all waiting, it's the monsoons
We're all waiting for the monsoons
For the monsoons, monsoons

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