

Blues Pills, High Class Woman

Blue birds flying so far from the ground
Green grass is grooving
And the sun is high
Old man sitting on a bench of stone
Far from nothing, far from home
Dreams within [?] running world
Here grown leaves,
It's the summer [?]
[?] to his bones
Sits back waiting for our love

High class woman, high class man
So much power held in your hand
High class woman, high class man
Day is coming and you'll be dead