

505-1000
Into the bushes

Into the bushes he leaps in fear
Hiding amongst the old autumn leaves
The police are on their way my dear
They're looking for a couple of thieves

Dare not rustle, dare not move
The dogs are on the hunt again
Dare not find the sacred groove
It's always best before you say when

Flashlights shining on his face
If you close your eyes you'll disappear
Freedom lives in this rancid place
Among the worms and running deer

Into the bushes, and hold your breath
The sirens getting louder still
You're not the one who's dealing meth
Don't say a word, you know the drill

So into the bushes, he leapt in fear
Hiding in the mud and shit
It's the end of such a long career
A relief he candidly must admit