

The Shredder

Little Wings

This sturdy ramp is made of gold
With all our weight it's sure to hold
Our driveway ends down at the street
Out where the shredder can't be beat
I practiced moves out in the yard
That way the landings arn't so hard
You've seen it in a magazine
It's not as easy as it seems
They filled the pool the other day
When all the neighborhood complained
It's just a quarter after three
And there's no where we've got to be
Down at the ditch beneath the sun
The shredder takes another run
My heart is free to ride away
Were you expecting it to stay
When your ball
Bearings rust
You'll eat my dust
Call it a favor
Sooner or later
You're gonna fall