

# Ween, The Shot Heard Round The World

A child without an eye  
Made her mother cry  
Why ask why  
She kept her child clean  
On Buckingham Green  
The children saw the eye  
As a sign from God  
Descending from the sky  
It was alright to dream  
Of Buckingham Green  
Summon the queen  
Spoke the child of eye  
It's time to fly  
Turning fire to steam  
On Buckingham Green  
[repeat first verse]