

A Weather, Spiders, Snakes

Did you mean the things you said?
Were you pulling ankles and legs?
Do you read when you go to bed?
Do you lie there shaking instead?
Cause it works both ways with the rain
leaving the words unread
and I want to have you again
listening to Bedhead

Try to get a little rest
There's a very big day ahead
I was lost like people feel
before they find God's love

The best I can say now,
"We made it alone,
no help from hot-air balloons,
saving us in the nick of time"
Don't get your hopes up
Keep them low
Try not to reach so high
Hard work won't pay off in the end

What a broken string of events
What a little tied up loose end
Are you mad that they are all dead?
Do you wish that you'd gone instead?
Are you pissed that when things got bad
there was one set of footprints in the sand?
When it's easy you walk alone
there's a mark for each of your toes

The best I could hope for
is what you'd expect
White lights like icicles
hung up above the porch
I'd just like to say now
before things go too far,
"I hated none of you,
I loved you all at the time"

I like having to run when I don't run
and it leaves me so, so tired
I want better for you and for my son
and the lives we're leading now

I like having a tongue when the words come
And even if it gets tied
I want cinnamon buns in the morning sun
in the airport waiting lines

I like having some fun like anyone
with loaded water guns
Your Canadian plum has got me numb
Like Novacain in my gum

The best is the smoke blown
back through the flue
like birds returning to a tree
Where their old nest used to be
Now things have changed
or maybe not
That's where you learn to fly
That's where our eggshell lies

