

# Cross Canadian Ragweed, Lighthouse Keeper

A long haired man came to my door  
Wearing Roman sandals carrying a golden sword  
He said "Come with me and I'll take you higher"  
We soared out of the atmosphere  
on his magic carpet that he let me steer  
Said "take the reins and I'll let you fly her"  
We escalated through a thick of clouds  
And our only thought was not coming down  
Towards the amber glow I started to feel the fire  
There was a unicorn with a neon horn  
wearing a velvet saddle that was slightly worn  
I pulled my mystic rug right up beside her  
I sat down on a floatin stool  
She knelt her head and produced a jewel  
And I smiled and asked if I could ride her

And I saw the lighthouse keeper  
His hollow eyes that pierced my soul  
He said that I'm just a desperate seeker  
Searchin' for what I did not know

On Pegasus I was flying free  
Careless lost over a purple sea  
When I came upon this lonesome fortune teller  
She gazed into her crystal ball  
and I saw that giant gavel fall  
She asked if I could be her pall bearer  
And I heard that gypsy prophesy  
Of the tearin flesh and the mother's cry  
And the crimson flow of blood that would run forever  
we stood before the kings and queens  
And the hooded man with the guillotine  
And prepared to meet the eternal tax collector  
Then I dined there with an aristocrat on his balcony with a welcome mat  
and he laughed and drank all the wine from the cellar