

Dead Mushroom, Jungle

I walk the street
And find there's a place that's right
I made myself a stick
And I'm getting by
In the town that I hopefully
Sleep, a comfort night
But I'm wrong it only
Makes me blur and cry
I try to find myself
And work it right
I am so weak and humble
Can't make it tight
Trying to run away from the town
That I can't find
To the place that someone
Can't be recognised

CHORUS

I'm on my way
To the place that's high
I'm on my way
To the place that's right
I'm on my way
For the truth and lies
And now I found myself
The place to hide
In the jungle that someone
Can't be found and try
Makes me learn how to know myself
And to survive
In the place that heaven
Seems to look bright
REPEAT CHORUS