

Dead Soul Tribe, Toy Rockets

Climbing
Climbing
A mountain so cragged and tall
Sure is a long way back down

Flying
Flying
On toy rockets pointed at mars
Sure is a long way back down

We could find a second sun
Or be burned on the way
And loose another few
Tomorrow's on its way

Driving
Driving
On a road headed nowhere at all
And it just keeps on going
Waiting
Waiting
For the cold wind of winter to calm
And it just keeps on blowing

We could drive another mile
We could wait one more day
And loose another few
Tomorrow's on it's way

Do you find it kind of stifling
Could be everything's not only what they're showing
Do you find it kind of trifling
Looks like everything is what they think they're owning (lies)
Do you find it kind of criminal
Do you think that it's the only thing they're planning for you

Once we were giving
Now we are taking
We left a more beautiful world than we're making
Once we were building
Now we are breaking
Time to clean up all the mess we've been making
Lay down your hand grenades
Throw down your rifles
Now is the time to make peace with your rivals and Love
Love
Love
Love
Love

We could fight another fight
But it's all in vain
And loose another few
Tomorrow can explain

We could drive another mile
We could wait one more day
And loose another few
Tomorrow's on it's way