

# Grant Hart, Little Nemo

With these two legs I can fly  
Crooked lines in a concrete sky  
As I stroll the dirt under my soles  
Rises up as I pass by  
I forget about distance  
I forget about time  
The path is all that I know  
Some people like they drive  
But all they do is arrive  
I don't convey myself so  
The dead don't walk  
And the dead don't work  
And the dead they don't complain  
The nicest things are said about them  
And they don't feel any pain  
They have no opinions  
They have no advice  
They got so little to give  
And it's a sad fact  
How badly they interact  
That's not how I want to live  
What about your birthright  
What about your name  
What good are they to you now  
They've taken your gift  
And what have they left you with  
It seems so empty somehow  
It's so cold to be using gold  
As a measure of a man  
Fools may smile  
At the size of their pile  
Well it might as well be sand  
The bullion you stash  
The life you convert to cash  
It seems insipid somehow  
You save all your time  
Another nickel another dime  
What good are they to you now  
Dream another flying dream  
Dream another dream of flight  
Open up your arms and sail  
Sail into the starry night  
But I can't see you  
You've wasted your energy  
On something that isn't real  
The ringing will last  
But the bells have all been re-cast  
Is that the way that you feel  
With these two legs  
I can fly crooked lines in a concrete sky  
As I stroll the dirt under my soul  
Rises up as I pass by...