

Loch Lomond, Carl Sagan

Carl Sagan's calm attitude
Things are going well, friends coming home
and me, I'll be there soon

And it's hot and these cloths are wearing thin
And I'm riding backwards on our tree
And I'm carving letters on this tree

He's sleeping with bark ships on his tongue
And he's dreaming that his mouth tastes like blood
And now you're it, chasing chain link fences on our run
And no one, no one gives a fuck what we'll become

Pay attention
Pay attention
Pay attention
Pay attention

And I'm riding backwards on this tree
And I'm viewing the cosmos from our street
And I'm Chasing letters up this tree
And I'm riding backwards down our street
And I'm riding backwards down our street
And I'm riding backwards down our street