

Monkey Swallows The Universe, Paper, Scissors

Up with the dawn is not like you at all, something's wrong
This is a rare kind of atmosphere in our home
It's easier to talk after hours when you're not so dry
Then you can see more clearly what's important's alright

And I believe that it will all turn out like sticks and stones
More precious things they have been broken other than our bones
Our only obstacle is time
And time's a friend of mine...sometimes

We've all suffered this way so I know how to find you
These sad seconds are already behind you, don't wish more away
Oh take what you can from the days that seem fruitless
People are like trees - they should never be rootless...mostly anyway

And I believe that it's just paper, scissors, stone
We're out there every day making choices all alone
The only faith we have is weak at best
And we're all so sure we're not just like the rest

And like they say it's all just sex and drugs and rock and roll!
The only difference is that we don't have to do them all
But while we're here there's always time...