

Odds, Family Tree

There is always someplace safer than the playground
So let's walk to our private beach at night
We could always roll these drums down the sand dunes
Into the surf and continue to think that they're safe, sealed up tight, up tight

I'll be gone before the things that I do now go wrong
Family tree is burning to heat my house a little longer

Bobbing up and down in the waves with the moonbeams
They shine like turtles' backs in bleach and I,
I hope that they'll be sinking soon under the seaweed
'Cause inside the atoms are moving and helping the fish grow extra eyes

I'll be gone before the things that I do now go wrong
Family tree is burning to heat my house a little longer
To heat my house a little longer

I'll be gone before the things that I do now go wrong
Family tree is burning to heat my house a little longer
To heat the house a little longer

Now that all the poison's taken off our red hands
It's percolating in the deep blue dump
We'll be counting pay cheques, with all the zeros
Mother of nature has gone to the doc for a test, she's found a lump

I'll be gone before the things that I do now go wrong
Family tree is burning to heat the house a little longer

I'll be gone before the things that I do now go wrong
Family tree is burning to heat the house a little longer
We'll move on to planets where we don't belong
Family tree is burning the rocket's waiting on the lawn
The rocket's waiting on the lawn