

Rainbirds, Sleep With Snakes

this is the story of a reoccurring dream
some other images cut inbetween
endlessly seeking for identitiy
of what there is and what there seems to be
do i am just what i recall
do i own waht belongs to all
a sunken ship that carries jewelry and gold
i`d love to get it but the water is much to cold
i`m going down through a poke in my vein
i`m moving up to where i`m going insane
caught in the middle for it`s too high a stake
i`m popping out of my rebirthday cake
i`m shooting up through a whole in my head
see me falling through the safety net
no boundaries no strings attached
i am free so don`t you mess with me
sing a loud song
and draw a few lines
the world is a mess
and i feel fine
tell a crude joke
about the sign of the times
have faith and you can sleep with snakes
this is the story of a reoccurring dream
some other images cut inbetween
endlessly seeking for identitiy
of what there is and what there seems to be
do i am just what i recall
do i own waht belongs to all
a sunken ship that carries jewelry and gold
i`d love to get it but the water is much to cold
stuck in the middle i can barely move
i feel my feet are marching to the good groove
i hear my heart is pounding on the right spot
hell i`m free so don`t you mess with me
sing a loud song
and draw a few lines
the world is a mess
and i feel fine
tell a crude joke
about the sign of the times
have faith and you can sleep with snakes