

# Rainbirds, Sleep With Snakes

this is the story of a reoccurring dream  
some other images cut inbetween  
endlessly seeking for identity  
of what there is and what there seems to be  
do i am just what i recall  
do i own what belongs to all  
a sunken ship that carries jewelry and gold  
i'd love to get it but the water is much too 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 hole 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  
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some other images cut inbetween  
endlessly seeking for identity  
of what there is and what there seems to be  
do i am just what i recall  
do i own what belongs to all  
a sunken ship that carries jewelry and gold  
i'd love to get it but the water is much too 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