

The Apples In Stereo, Tidal Wave

A foot in the street and a foot in the gutter
That's one foot in the morning rain
Just round the corner, a hole full of water,
And hot dog, it's a holiday

Splish splash in a pool of puddle,
Don't trip up on a tidal wave
You'll crash in a murky muddle

Then you'll know how it feels
To know you're not real

Went for a walk and I climbed up a tower
It seemed like a thousand years
'til I reached the top, oh, and I picked a flower
That grew through the stratosphere

Drop down to a cloud or jetstream
Don't trip up on a weathervane
You'll drown in a world or wet dream

Then you'll know how it feels
To know you're not real

I wrote a letter and I gave it to Jenny
I hoped for some return
Next time I saw her she gave me a penny
Wrapped up in a gummy worm

Run round in a field or meadow
Don't trip up on a sugarcane
Fall down in a lazy shadow

Then you'll know how it feels
To know you're not real