

The Geraldine Fibbers, The Small Song

I'm lost somewhere between the earth and my home
The answer hangs up the question phone
I see the gliders as they pass me by
In the mapless sky

Things are getting stupid in my little cage
Seems me and my fellow man weren't written on the same page
And the last thing I checked, this old boat was gettin' hot
But my boyfriend was not

Lost somewhere between the earth and my home
Lost somewhere between the earth and my home
Lost somewhere between the earth and my home
Lost somewhere between the earth and my home

I got an angry eye
On your white throat
I wonder why
You're in my boat
I gave you milk
I gave you bread
Now please get out
Of my flying head
I tried to talk to you
I tried to talk to you
I tried to talk to you
But now it's too late, too late, too late, too late

You thought you saw me in a dream
Inside a jumped-up contraption of rocket parts
I was zooming away at an alarming rate
In a bunch of nuts and bolts that looked like a toaster
You called out to me, but I couldn't hear you
I covered my eyes from the blinding light
As I disappeared behind the clouds,
You thought you saw my head explode
You're not dreaming
You're not dreaming

Lost somewhere between the earth and my home
Lost somewhere between the earth and my home
Lost somewhere between the earth and my home
Lost somewhere between the earth and my home