

# Tricky, Ponderosa

The place where I stand gives way to liquid lino  
Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping whino  
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Underneath the weeping willow lies a weeping whino  
The mind's a crowd -- search for the the spaces  
And turn around time's gone, take ten paces.  
Been up ahead - can't make head or tale of it  
I drink till I'm drunk, and I smoke till I'm senseless.  
You see in black and white, feel in slow motion,  
I drown myself in sorrow, until I wake up tomorrow.  
The illusion of confusion is not from where I am sat  
(Tricky: recycle resemble me)  
Different levels of the devil's company  
[Primera.]  
They lead us outside, take us out quietly  
To the cage through the bars  
You see scars: results of my rage  
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(Tricky: The illusion of...until I wake up....)