

Umphey's McGee, Plunger

Gravely now we stare at indecision
Climbing stairs for sale is insufficient
Reading off the wall is too contagious
Capable of more, is that suspicious?

Careful where you rest unspinning
Don't be fooled by youth
And after all the stains have settled
There's no where you're from

Stairs are always left with limits
Won't there be a roof?
As for all the change in schedule
Compared to hear who won?

And maybe when you find it all again (and you will)
Nothing's stopping, not ever here or there

And you barely ever find it when you need (but you're still lookin')
Someday sometime someone somewhere