

Akrasia, Watching Rainbows

standing in the garden waiting for the rain to wash away what it knows
i can taste it in on my mouth; i can smell it in my clothes
when everybody's gone you call her with your finger, waiting for the girl to come
instead of watching rainbows i'm gonna get me some
instead of watching rainbows i'm gonna get me some

and i still can't find a reason to look up to what you say
in retrospect i'll let you go today

she don't talk too much; she don't got much to say
you don't know if you want what she has or what she gave away
everybody's out in the kitchen mixing up their coke and rum
instead of watching rainbows i'm gonna get me some
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and i still can't find a reason to look up to what you say
my last respect for you has gone away

if i am the sun and you are the moon
then how can you still lie there
and when they put me down in the cold dark ground
will you mention my name in your evening prayer

did i hinder you much on the way to your goal
were you better off then than you are today
do you pride yourself on the times you've slipped
or the simple little labels of another lover's game

(solo)

take the flowers and the ribbons from her hair
bittersweet remembrance; eclectic thoughts to bear
i'd like to know what else there is to life before i die
i'm sure there's something better than just colors in the sky, and now, i'm
standing in the garden waiting for the rain to wash away what it knows
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