Camper Van Beethoven, The Humid Press Of Da

What did it mean to fly?
A tremor in your soul
To resist the dull existence of gravity

Upward bound, trees try(?)
To meadows and the fields
And the border is a simple line of hills

Ah, didja come uncoiled
Between heavens and the Earth
Whisper nonsense into your radio?

Now afternoons you seldom move
Grounded to a little bit of earth
And after all, time barely crawls
Unoccupied, between each breath it sticks

What did it mean to fly
When you were bound to the Earth?
A release from the humid press of days

Now afternoon air hardly moves
I wonder how you make it through each day
And after all, time barely crawls
Unoccupied, between each breath it sticks

What did it mean to fly?
A tremor in your soul
To resist the dull existence of gravity

What did it mean to you?
An airy chat with death
To pull your body for a moment from your soul