

# Camper Van Beethoven, The Light From A Cake

I'm alternating between heavy and light  
Between meaning and nonsense  
And having a drink  
I have counted all the lines on the road  
Between here and Los Angeles  
That pass straight below  
And I'm dreaming of a light, and it comes from your head  
'Cause you move just like you're a train  
Not like a car, no, no, it would never be the same  
And the light from your eyes is like the light from a cake  
I was thinking of a cake  
To lift off this burden  
To lighten this weight  
One sweet little cake  
Dervishes run the head of a pin  
We are sleeping like angels  
And living like devils again  
And I am waiting for the heaviness in the air to break  
And reveal some small, irrelevant truth  
'Cause we move like we are suspended in ether  
And the light from your eyes spills from the moon