

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