

Celestial Season, Astral Dub

I can be wrong, I can be wrong but something lies
the astral skies, can't get these pictures off my mind
smoking sunshine, can't get my feet back on the ground
the astral skies, they keep me rolling ... rolling high

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they keep me rolling high

like if I smoked a million,
we have got a mountain full of speed
we take another one for his millions,
we have got a forest full of weed
we're smoking anything we can do,
we're breathing sound into the sky
we keep them rolling high
we keep them rolling high

and that's why I keep falling
because I never thought these pictures
in broken glass could ever come again

And now I burn

I wanna give it to you huney