

Cloud Cult, Your 8th Birthday

Who could hang a dead man's swing-set from the moon yeah
You did
Then you gave it
To the ghosts and
The witches

Who can say goodbye with a yodel-ay-hee-hoo yeah
You did
With the promise
That the dead are now magicians

This hymn rings with the singing of three cheers
For the king of the jungle gym
He's the kid who swore it is a one handshake
A birthday cake imitation

You make traffic jams feel like parades
You bury the dead with the faith
That makes lightning bugs swarm
As if it was graduation

Who could change your silly life into a screaming supernova?
You do

Who could change my sleepy brain into the eye of a hurricane?