

Daisy Tripping, Trip Along

Sitting on a curve-backed couch,
My mind, it rolls,
Reminds me it was so easy
Staring at the Christmas lights in a box, they were once hanging on my tree
Proving once again that seasons change, so do we,
It's nothing new.
Similar to the love you find while kissing your first kiss,
The world was right.

Trip along,
My mindless, waveless thoughts, they carry on...
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The magic potion within my brain,
Painted pictures of everything
The cat that barks, the dog that meows,
The bird that flies all around

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