

Deadsoul Tribe, Toy Rockets

Climbing

Climbing

A mountain so cragged and tall

Sure is a long way back down

Flying

Flying

On toy rockets pointed at mars

Sure is a long way back down

We could find a second sun

Or be burned on the way

And loose another few

Tomorrow's on its way

Driving

Driving

On a road headed nowhere at all

And it just keeps on going

Waiting

Waiting

For the cold wind of winter to calm

And it just keeps on blowing

We could drive another mile

We could wait one more day

And loose another few

Tomorrow's on it's way

Do you find it kind of stifling

Could be everything's not only what they're showing

Do you find it kind of trifling

Looks like everything is what they think they're owning (lies)

Do you find it kind of criminal

Do you think that it's the only thing they're planning for you

Once we were giving

Now we are taking

We left a more beautiful world than we're making

Once we were building

Now we are breaking

Time to clean up all the mess we've been making

Lay down your hand grenades

Throw down your rifles

Now is the time to make peace with your rivals and Love

Love

Love

Love

Love

We could fight another fight

But it's all in vain

And loose another few

Tomorrow can explain

We could drive another mile

We could wait one more day

And loose another few

Tomorrow's on it's way