

For Squirrels, Disenchanted

Quiet little boy, your hand in her pocket,
There's no reason for the sun today,
All is quiet and I still can remember
Are we going home

After all of the set ups and let downs
After all of the cities in bags
Will we ever drink milk from a fountain
Will we ever be there

Hey hey, I don't mind, I don't need much at all

I believe that she's out wearing Hit Parade
I believe that she's out of her mind
Try and picture your hand on her trigger
Try and picture the gun

Time is wasting, she answers quite truly,
Time is turning, the undertow's strong,
Please believe me, I'm telling a tall tale
Dream weaver comes clean

Hey hey, I don't mind, I don't need much at all

Everybody had a great bit of funnies
Everybody will beg her to stay
Eyes return her to dreams of the union
Her eyes turn to me

After all of your set ups and let downs
After all of your cities in bags
Will we ever drink milk from a fountain
Will she ever feel

I will never bow to the ages
I will never let down my guard
Ask for nothing, and you get what you pay for
I've got pride instead

Hey hey, I don't mind, I don't need much at all