

# Guster, Happy Frappy

Not much of this makes sense to me  
The river leaves run cold and dry  
But it keeps me from swinging tree to tree  
And sometimes Im too scared to even try  
Hashing through the possibilities  
They seem as endless as the sky  
You seek the truth and the quiet breeze  
But the air is too thin to reply  
Well I know thats where Ill never be  
Because I can see the summers done  
I try to let the river flow in and out of me  
And pray I float the way I think I want  
And pray I float at all  
Distant notions of subtle residue  
Cling to minds from our past  
Tell us what is what and who made who  
But times events move us too fast  
Simple sentiments whisked away by anxious steel wool  
Struggling to content ourselves with what we think best  
That what makes happy of which we seem never full  
Is actually more than plenty though it is already possessed  
Well I know thats where Ill never be  
Because I can see the summers done  
I try to let the river flow in and out of me  
And pray I float the way I think I want  
And pray I float at all  
Not much of this makes sense to me  
The river leaves run cold and dry  
But it keeps me from swinging tree to tree  
And sometimes Im too scared to even try  
Utter confusion feigns clarity  
Scattered delusions excuses destiny  
Its never exactly how it appears to be  
Its too much for any of us who even try to see  
Well I know thats where Ill never be  
Because I can see the summers done  
I try to let the river flow in and out of me  
And pray I float the way I think I want  
And pray I float at all