

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