

Jellyfish, Russian Hill

i dreamt about a tranquil
sunday drive
a sensory lullaby
we trade the comic cartoons and
magazines for pistons and gasolines

we see the road from the bedside
parked under the sunshine
we feel the warmth of the engine
so we climb inside
and take to the motorway

watch the clouds turn into faces
it's fun to play
shift the gears for years and age
a single day
until we spill onto russian hill

past cathedrals filled with god's
favorite guests
dirty hands feel clean
dressed in their
sunday best
treeline villages oh so heavenly
cross a bridge of gold to landscapes
of jumper

only eden is for millionaires

watch the clouds turn into faces its
fun to play
shift the gears for years and age
a single day
until we spill onto russian hill

i'm pulling through the last
stoplight
we head home past the shoreline
and through the rear view mirror it
melts away

till we're hopeless
watch the clouds turn into faces
its fun to play

we're hopeless
we shift the gears for years and age
a single day
it fades away
for like curtains close this sunset matinee
a dream fulfilled on russian hill