

# 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