

Larry, In The End

In the hour of least sunlight
In the springtime, the time between day and night
Paint peels perfection with rainbows of light
I listen to the wise man and I follow his sight
I listen to the wise man and I follow his sight
In the darkest hour, when the night turns to day
The dark before the dawn, as Dylan once did say
Surreal sanctuary scenes play day by day
I listen to the wise man and what he did say
I listen to the wise man and what he did say
He said, time has no meaning, if your poor
Now money is no means in which to open the door
Moment by moment
Day by day
try so hard but you just can't stay
In the end
In the end
In the end
In the end
Now in the hour right before I lay
I sit and recourse the events of my day
Entire entities envelope the process of the weight
I listen to the wise ones and I shape my fate
I listen to the wise ones and I shape my fate
Weight so strong like the tide or the moon
you can feel the pressure
Surrender to your knees soon
Live oak livin, livin in my backyard
I listen to the wise man and I listen hard
I listen to the wise man and I listen so hard
He said, time has no meaning, if your poor
Now money is no means in which to open the door
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try so hard but you just can't stay
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