

Lifehouse, Mudpie

Nothing but a mudpie
wrapped up inside with a pretty bow
nothing but a castle build on top of a swamp of quicksand
and inside these cardboard walls and saran wrap windows
lies a rusty pot of fool's gold that you got with your life

you thought you'd take a bad bet on loyalty
you though you'd tell yourself to act like royalty
until the day you became his prey
as you tripped over your incumbent
you wash your hair in melaleuca oil
then you wrap your head up with tin foil and
prance around in your bathrobe
pretending you're a king

but you're spinning hard
sinking faster now

well you can follow your rainbows
and I will follow the sun now
wherever he goes it's
not too far to run
so I will follow the sun
follow the sun

nothing but a calendar hanging on your wall that's 23 years old
nothing but a for sale sign on a house that's already sold
trying to chew through that chocolate covered barbed wire
cause they're among the beautiful filth waiting for you on the other side

but you're spinning hard
sinking faster now

well you can follow your rainbows
and I will follow the sun now
wherever he goes it's
not too far to run
so I will follow the sun
follow the sun
follow the sun
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clever lives end up rusty and forgotten
brilliant minds end up with Alzheimer's
what I thought was so deep ended up so hollow
and what I thought had meaning ended up so shallow

yeah you can follow your rainbows
and I will follow the sun now
wherever he goes it's
not too far to run
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