

Meat Puppets, Backwater

Coming down from the mountain
I have seen the high and mighty
I will go again someday
But for now I'm coming down
Coming down from the mountain
I have seen the lofty glory
I will go again someday
But for now I'm coming down
I have seen their information
On the lighter side of dumbness
I have heard the new statistics
And the stomping on the ground
Picking slowly up the rockslide
One thing always seems apparent
If the climb becomes too much
I can always turn around
Waking up from my slumber
To misunderstand another
Though they call it terra firma
It dissolves beneath my feet
Looking through a pile of garbage
For some worthless piece of paper
That's been hidden there for me
To give meaning to my day
Going down to the desert
To the dirty filthy desert
I'll be crawling through the sand
For at least a couple days
Going down to the desert
there are things owrth avoiding
And it always makes me cross
When those things get in my way.
Coming down from the mountain
I have seen the high and mighty
I will go again someday
But for now I'm coming down
Coming down from the mountain
I have seen the lofty glory
I will go again someday
But for now I'm coming down