

# Meat Puppets, Climb

Climb Climb

I always climb

And our bed in the morning

On a mountain made of sand

And i know this doesn't ryme

But the clutter on the table is getting out of hand

I know you tried to see me through

But honey I'm still having trouble finding out whats you

Time Time

It's so sublime

They say its non-existen

But its playing with my mind

And phone calls don't cost a dime

In the caverns of your feelings

Where the sun will never shine

I know you tried to see me through

But honey I'm still having trouble finding out whats you

Mine Mine

Whats things are mine

I thought I saw a few

Before I found out I was blind

And I think I see a sign

And it's saying where to go

And when I get there what I'll find

I know you tried to see me through

But honey I'm still having trouble finding out whats you