

Meat Puppets, Coming Down

climb, climb, i always climb
out of bed in the morning
on a mountain made of sand
and i know this doesn't rhyme
but the clutter on the table
has been getting out of hand
i know that you tried to see me through
but honey i'm still having trouble
finding out what's you
time, time, it's so sublime
well they say it's non-existent
but it's 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 that you tried to see me through
but honey i'm still having trouble
finding out what's you
mine, mine, which things are mine?
well 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 that you tried to see me through
but honey i'm still having trouble
finding out what's you