

# Meat Puppets, Confusion Fog

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.  
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I will go again someday  
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Coming down from the mountain  
I have seen the lofty glory  
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