

Meat Puppets, Open Wide

Ice on the wings and we were flying
Sand in our eyes but we were seeing
Below us a crowd that wasn't buying
Watching us pass and not believing
No one else has seen the sights that crossed our eyes
Everything beyond these purple skies
No longer gone, we're back again
No longer gone, we were dead but now returned
No longer gone, though the tides are standing still
No longer gone, and our bridges are still burning
Marks on the floor where we were laying
Better explain what I'm saying
Put us to rest but we're not staying
Life is the price that we'll be paying
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