

Meat Puppets, Violet Eyes

A long time ago
I turned to myself
And said, "You are my daughter."
I saw that image
I saw there was well
"So you are my daughter."
Well, then maybe we've got
Something to talk about
Who told you so?
That gold burns slow
Like coal camper's candles
All lost in the snow
Lay down, you're on
The warmth that I'm weaving
Is for you alone
Up on the sun
Where it never rains or snows
There's an ocean
With a wind that never blows
And if you see it closer
Then the finer points will show
Not to much more
Too much more
