Meat Puppets, Violet Eyes

A long time ago

I turned to myself And said, " You are my daughter. & quot; 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