

Neulander, Sex, God And Money

it's a transcendent emergency
the finger just seemed to land on me
tulips stare at the painted sky
over the hills, spy birds are flying
love or perish on the grapevine
said a wise person from another time

around I go for another day
it usually happens pretty much the same way;
I think about sex, I think about God, I'm thinking about money
I think about sex, I think about God, I'm thinking about money

it's a beautiful day for skipping rocks,
all the little insects are making love
diamonds are floating up in the sky,
throwing down answers at the midnight dances
out there, they're planning the heat
it's something I know is hard to meet

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it usually happens pretty much the same way;
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