

Pinback, Avignon

I spent a life time knocking round
the same old patch of concrete,
I waste all my time breaking rocks
and painting smiles on my feet.

I seize the end
for we drift toward the blue shore
send the birds along
I'm not waiting for this day

She's my little sad eyes,
I'm her bluest boy,
She's my little sad eyes,
I'm her bluest boy,

I've become a weapon,
She's my little sad eyes
She's become a toy,
I'm her bluest boy

You may call me a fool
destination to no end
I may cast the anchor
down into the bottom of this well

I dreamt about the train we somehow lost,
That bled those giant marbles made
Of sand for us
I wrote all night, Free man, Alright!
Big Day, All smiles. Burned all their files!
I wrote all night, free man, Alright!
Big Day, All smiles. Burned all their files!
I wrote all night, free man, Alright!
Big Day, All smiles. Burned all their files!