

# Racoon, Smoothly

So much difference now, the feeling's letting down.  
I have a notion of where I am although I'm scared some how.  
Not just a dropping in, more a dropping out.  
It fell so loud that I found out I always did without.  
I dreamt nothing was wrong, everything just smiled.  
In this worthwhile dream of mine a beauty place combined.  
I saw eagles fly, a grey sky open up,  
a star explode and others float between the mountaintops.  
She said: 'That's another kind of magic, I swear, things go smoothly'.

Now it's up to me.  
Somewhere hid away there's a cure but I ain't sure whether it's mine to pay.  
Because all the time I tried to give my dreams a life.  
Every time that I woke up I simply closed my eyes.

She said: 'That's another kind of magic,  
I swear, things go smoothly'.  
She said: 'Man I promise you it gets better we're there...'

Futile dreams and reasons floating in the air.  
I stay silent. And I gave up to try and walk on water. For you,  
for you, so smooth...

I feel weary now, shaky in the gut.  
And what if I woke up and saw that dreams is all I got.  
I guess I'd laugh at life, sneaky in the hand.  
Because it's a bitch to find out things ain't going as you planned.

But she said: 'That's another kind of magic,  
I swear, things go smoothly.  
She said: 'Man I promise its gets better, we're there.

She said: 'Are you willing to look the other way.  
She said: 'Are you willing to take chances'.  
I said: 'It's best if you just walk away'.  
She said: 'Life is short and meaningless, unless you make the best of it