

Tito & Tarantula, Sweet Cycle

Let my arms be a tree
Let my eyes be a bee
Let my hair be
A bed of roses
Let my lips kiss the ocean
Let my feet feed
An earthworm
Let my ears feed a beetle
Let my thighs feed a wolf
Let my nose be a plum
Oh it's the sweet cycle of life
Oh yes it's the
Sweet cycle of life
Well who am I to complain
About a bit of earthly pain
Let my heart be
An orchard of artichokes
Let my chest be
A bridge of Mesquite
Let my cock feed a crow
Let my stomach feed
A flock of geese
Oh it's the sweet cycle of life
Oh yes it's the
Sweet cycle of life
Well who am I to complain
Are we not one and
The same
Let me celebrate my life
In the way that I want to
In a feast of all the pieces
That were meant to be used