

Toad The Wet Sprocket, Rings

Are you the plane
That shapes the board
Part of a history
Smoothed and worn
And oh, the windy weather
Dry spells, brushfire

Isn't it strange
To see my life
You must cut me down
To look inside
And oh, the simple pleasures
This ring tells of rain
And this one summer
Good years, nightmares

How is it I remember
Knowing that I would live forever
Isn't it strange
How truth can change

And oh, the windy weather
This ring tells of rain
This one, summers
Dry spells, brushfire