

Tripping Daisy, Field Day Jitters

Wondering jets inside of me.

I've got the field day jitters, wet matches and a bottle of Mr. Clean.

I'm a nervous wreck in the shape of a test.

I figure it's all about giving.

Causing all of the brain to slip into frame and visit the space that it gives me for sleep.

Wondering jets inside of me.

I've got the field day jitters.

I'm an open nest, a paper address.

I can get lost in just living.

Blowing thoughts of regret,

You'll never forget the feeling of falling and breaking.

This is me, your glue gun's dream.

A map of every road, a friend that drops his nose.

But this can't be -- I'm a cracking machine.

My will is to hold and my creed is to be the unbreakable me.

Now it's time to fill up all the cracks in me,

No stopping, no stopping, no stopping,

It's what I want, it's what I see,

That I'm unbreakable, capable, breakable.

Bye-bye, never any doubt in me...