

Ween, Alcan Road

Open the gate to the red land
Alcan road, by the turquoise lake
Starry skies, a mushroom cloud
Folding waves - in a foamy tide

Washing in beds - of opal shells
white gulls cry - for you and I
butterflies - float away
drift over pools - of salt and clay

mountain man - frosted child
eagles cry - puppets of god
strung like time - molded in form
trees bend back - and trails distort

it leads to the land - of Alcan Road
the turquoise lake - and starry skies
mushroom clouds - folding waves
foamy tides - of salt and brine