

# Wishing Chair, Meditation 23

I was writing in my diary  
And the X-File rerun was on TV  
And the Taylor boys with their dinosaurs  
They were capturing the halls  
In the apartment that is next to mine  
Mr. Nolan he is right on time  
With a carton of Luckys,  
A bottle of wine  
And a new toy for his dog

Miracles happen everyday  
Blacks and whites and shades of gray  
It doesn't matter to who you pray  
Somebody's listening

Well Sarah's drinking her first beer  
To a shoplifted copy of Everclear  
Wishing she could disappear  
Or at least pierce her nose  
And I'm wonderin' if you noticed it  
That there are straight people on the cover of the Advocate  
Well maybe they're gay and don't know it yet  
But you think that they would know

Miracles happen everyday  
Blacks and whites and shades of gray  
It doesn't matter what you say  
Somebody's listening

So you and I are on the roof  
With a guitar, some blankets, and something 90 proof  
Trying to recapture our reckless youth  
Or at least just see the stars  
And you took the chance to tell me then  
That I would always be your friend  
I just kissed you on the hand and said  
Part of me is who you are

Miracles happen everyday  
Blacks and whites and shades of gray  
I'm thinking it'll be okay if  
Somebody's listening

"Is that it?  
That can't be it!  
yiyiyiyiyi...

Run, Toto, Run!

This has been a test of the Wishing Chair Broadcast System  
You're either on the bus, or off the bus"