

Vagabond or a bag of bones?
They lay out loose atop the soil
They lay out and here comes the sun
And the winds to blow me away
Who who are you, who am I
Or who are we if not the seed?

Fire by the riverside
Learn to swim
Or no one gets out of here alive

Vagabond, a bag of bones
A dandelion blown to a thousand homes
With no place to go
But who is to say and who's who to know?
Vagabond a bag of bones
A dandelion blown to a thousand homes
With no place to grow
But who is to say and who's who to know?

Wind in the trees
The rain comes thundering down
It takes some water to make a cloud
It takes some seeds to sow the ground
'Cause even a seed
Needs to spend its time in the dirt to grow
But it takes motion to make a sound
It takes getting lost to be found

A shallow grave
Return to dreams
It's over my head
It's all make-believe
In my mind... in my mind
When my thoughts have gone to seed
I will return them to my dreams
Till I return
I return to dreams in my mind
I can hear the thunderclouds moving on
You weren't invited but you're welcome to come along
I can hear the sounds of the thunderclouds moving on
You weren't invited but you're welcome to come along.