

Tipsy with St. John he's got me
feelin' like a kid on halloween
And he asks me what I wanna
be. I got nothin to say
He says that's ok he says.
I don't either but I got my
dreams and maybe some are
Apparitions in the fog.
But still I see them
Down in my soul like little girls
in bows held up on
Little boys' shoulders.

Do people, when they're older,
See distances on maps get smaller
And promises of happiness stalled?

I wanna see you again.

Now she's drawin' circles in the air
The ground is movin' under
me but to where?

Met Ms. Susie and she got a puke-red
apple in the ball of her chin.
So I hugged her neck
And said I'm sorry for the way I been
She said aw that's ok.

Into my shoulder she said
oh-oh-oh-oh
Now that I'm oh-oh-older
The distances on maps have got smaller
And promises of happiness stalled

I wanna see you again.