

To A Forest

They Might Be Giants

This stuff is complex
Never figured out the part that comes next
I'm out of my depth
Everything I reach for is out of my grasp

And nothing comes next
You figured on a change or a rest
Well, that's a good guess
Everything is shifting and shifting again

Something punched my mind in the face
Tracked me down under my pillow case
Now we're alone in this freaky place
Our consciousness has been

This stuff is complex
Never figured out the part that comes next
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Everything I reach for is out of my grasp

There are forces out to destroy us
I heard whispers, it was a warning
They'll knock us out and drag us to a forest
Yes, that's what I've been told