

A year in a day  
I wake to the spring, watch summer fade to gray  
And sleep to the fall

Two bumps on my spine  
I thought that I might grow wings and learn to fly  
But they didn't sprout  
I wouldn't know where to go if they did come out  
So maybe it's just as well, oh well

There's beauty I found  
Just watching the light streak as you rush around  
Three hundred and sixty five times faster than  
I can perceive  
It bends and it breaks into pieces, and through the cracks  
I can decode meaningless sounds  
I'm holding myself to lower standards  
Nothing to expect now, I hope, I hope

I'm living my life in gnat years  
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I made a boo coo buck getting loose with the juicer  
As my orchid wife sits wilting softly on the sill  
My tiny brain's wick's thirst quenched by the wax  
And my true love's flicker's getting brighter ever day  
I want to scratch out the message on your reading glass lens  
But my time's almost up and I don't quite remember what it is

A year in a day, a year in a day