

The River

Atmosphere

This one gag of one of those funny feelings
Almost had it stopped
Every time I hear a river I think the mother is crying

It was a purple-purple sky and an orange-orange moon
And everyone was whistling the same damn tune
Except Brian, Brian stared out across the field
And watch the horizon blossom to cop a feel
Over the edge of the world
The one they're all afraid to walk
The rationate for why they're so high on the small talk
But Brian knows where the crows all go
To find the ifs, and the ands and the buts and alsos

If I could run through the woods, and speed like the light
I'd find the answers to why, and be back by tonight
If I could fly through the fog and look at this rock
I'd figure out how to keep Hell off of my block
But as it stands, I stay content
Tryin' to be the magic man, and pay my rent
Wishing that Brian would turn me on to the secrets he sought
While we keep burning the dawn, just to keep the day hot

If I could ask you one question, I'd ask where you went
You could teach me a lesson every time I got bent
But the alcohol don't make me forget about it all
All doesn't matter the season the leaves can still fall

They slipped hidden messages within the cards that were dealt
I understand myself and all of the sorrow I felt
For as simple as I am how'd it get so complex
Got me studying the margins and disregarding the text
I open the curtains and listen to the traffic go
But I still get nervous each time my piece passes go
The residue is thick and the memory fails
I still laugh because the path feels a lot like a trail

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We used to be a couple of pimps walking the hallways with pride
Drunk or sober, life was nothing short of roller-coaster rides
Trip to the clubs, nod the skull to the rhythm
All we wanted out of life was what was given

And when you passed I wanted to take back the time we wasted
I'd trade all the buzzes in for one more conversation
We can sit in the shade and discuss the meaning of sacred
'Cause I can't see the garden no more, just the aphids
But the wind still blows and the plains still grow
And I wish your name was on the guest list at my shows

I got to believe that you can see me when I find my freedom
'Cause you got to meet the sun before you got to meet my son

And when I see lightning, feels like my buzz is heightening
Every time I feel the sun, I can smell the love
And when I smell the air I can hear a child trying
But every time I hear a river I think the mother is crying

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Every time I think of you I know you're laughing
And when I think of you I can know you're laughing
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