

I got a date with the master, my friend
A sunday stroll in the surreal, so zen
From perfection to disaster again
Thanx for showing me what's real
A rendezvous with the psychic once more
She's sneaking thought into my brain I'm sure
Am I one of the cynic, the pure?
Am I one of the sane?
Who knows the troubled one that knows?
Prophets come and prophets go
And again I tried to think
That burden only made me sink
Crawling back to Isola to weep
Somewhere under the sea so deep
I don't know what to show ya that's neat
But it will be bigger than you and me
Who knows the troubled one that knows?
Prophets come and prophets go
And again I tried to think
That burden only made me sink