

Vagabond or a bag of bones?  
They lay out loose atop the soil  
They lay out and here comes the sun  
And the winds to blow me away  
Who who are you, who am I  
Or who are we if not the seed?

Fire by the riverside  
Learn to swim  
Or no one gets out of here alive

Vagabond, a bag of bones  
A dandelion blown to a thousand homes  
With no place to go  
But who is to say and who's who to know?  
Vagabond a bag of bones  
A dandelion blown to a thousand homes  
With no place to grow  
But who is to say and who's who to know?

Wind in the trees  
The rain comes thundering down  
It takes some water to make a cloud  
It takes some seeds to sow the ground  
'Cause even a seed  
Needs to spend its time in the dirt to grow  
But it takes motion to make a sound  
It takes getting lost to be found

A shallow grave  
Return to dreams  
It's over my head  
It's all make-believe  
In my mind... in my mind  
When my thoughts have gone to seed  
I will return them to my dreams  
Till I return  
I return to dreams in my mind  
I can hear the thunderclouds moving on  
You weren't invited but you're welcome to come along  
I can hear the sounds of the thunderclouds moving on  
You weren't invited but you're welcome to come along.