

POW

Daniel Johnston

It's an odd and awful way to be
It's a happy laughter of the free
It's a truth and it's a dare
It's a feeling in the air
It's a mother's love for a child
It's a burst from someone else's universe
It's something you carry with you like a curse
It's a smile or a tear
It's a treasured souvenir
It's a cue that makes the heart sing
And an argument that has nowhere to go
And you'll grow old before you know
And the memories shine clear like looking in a mirror
And you remember all the times you were sincere
And the mood will hit you, you'll be a baby again
It will take and embrace you like an old friend
Adventure in your eyes with manic surprise
Like the sun shining through the clouds

POW !