

Switzerland

Ghost Mice

Looking out the foggy window of the train it seemed insane,
The rain was comin' down so fast it couldn't make it in the drains
And all the roads had turned to rivers and the stairs to waterfalls.

The buildings in Zurich had great graffiti on their walls
We only saw it for a second when the lightning bolts would strike
The city lost its power; there was a monster in the sky blocking out the sun
light

It was hard to tell whether it was day or night
When our train pulled into the station, we were happy just to be alive
We had made it on time and the storm had surrendered

We set up our tent in the victorious sunlight
We walked into town and we looked around
We stared through the windows at Swiss army knives

We were in a deep valley in the middle of two lakes
With mighty mystic mountains rising up on each side
And we slept that night and we dreamed about the climb that we were gonna ma
ke

Life's not about the stuff that you have; it's more about the chances you ta
ke
We bought two cans of beans, one for you and one for me,
A bag of peanuts too then we laced up our boots

We hiked up the hills passing ponies on the way
Stoppin', reachin' through the fence to feed them some hay
The trees grew so thick that we couldn't see their tops

As we twisted like the roots through the rocks and the moss
Coming down around the corner came a herd of baby lambs
I swear I took at least a hundred pictures of them

When we made it out of the trees and back into the light
We could see we were gettin' pretty close to the sky
Under our feet perfect blue, pink, and white

Were the smallest, sweetest edelweiss
And Gandalf would have been a great guide
As the trail we were trusting hugged the mountainside

Deep down below in the ice and the snow
The river cut a gorge through the rock like a knife
And we could see the spot where the giant pushed is feet into the stone

And kept the mountain from fallin', saving the village below
And the crows came to say hello
They laughed at you and me; they said we were way too slow

The crows, without effort, sank and rose
They laughed at you and me
They sang that we should have flown

Up at the top we had to stop because there was nowhere left to go
So we ate our beans and we shared our nuts with those big black braggin' cro

WS

We smashed our cans, put on our packs, and started back on our way home

I like goin' up better than comin' down but everything comes back down, you know

The sun will melt away the snow, the rivers will flow,
the crows will sing together and alone

This whole world is our home. Make this world your home.