

On

Meat Puppets

You fools, you geniuses
Take your flight to the dawn
The all in its emptiness
Makes a break for the sun

And the moon in its sights
Keeps the tide from rolling on
On, on

There in the afterglow
When the feelings are all gone
The stars float across the sky
To escape from the sun

But the high life is a straggler
And it keeps on holding on
On, on

Somewhere in my empty head
I hear a distant song
And it sings to the end of day
And after day is gone

Like an old broken record
It just keeps on playing on
On, on

Like an old broken record
It just keeps on playing on
On, on