

# 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