

And So On

Michael Nau

Couldn't feel my hands but I reached out anyway
Into the old smoke ripple
My eyes confused me but I used them anyway
And saw the light in double or triple

All biz, gee wiz, and so on
Might of missed the gist of the gist, but go on

Can't hold up the mountain, but it stands up anyway
Just as easy as I tumble down
Strange patterns in grey and greyish grey
All the way as my ears just fumble around

In a hiss and a buzz, and so on
This is where the was-all was, so just go on

Bent angles, but whatever works
Snow angels in desert dirt
And the feeling that everything hurts, and so on
Bent angles, but whatever works
Snow angels in desert dirt
And the feeling that everything hurts, and so on

So on, so on, so on
And the feeling that everything hurts, and so on