

But

Peter Broderick

I've seen what you do with your hands and I like it
Although I didn't really notice when I was younger
Back then I was always lookin' for the cutting edge
I was a clean cut hedge
But now I let these thorny vines grow wild
And when I trim them down I weave myself a little basket

Out of this Earth I came
Out of the Earth you came
And into this Earth I'll go
Into the Earth you'll go
At least my material

Your boat might keep you afloat, but does it let you fly?
Or do you just leave that part to your kids now?
I've never really known just what your ambitions are
I know you're dealin' with a scar
But I wanna believe this urge in me

To go and live out in the trees
In large part comes from my P-O-P

Out of the Earth we came
Out of the Earth you came
And into the Earth we'll go
Into the Earth you'll go
At least our material
And the rest will travel
On a bridge up in the sky
Through the cosmos way up high
Connect the dots from star to star until...

Until what?
Butt
Butt?
Until you like your butt
Wait . . . what??
Until you get to another world where you like your butt
What's wrong with my butt?
I thought you said you didn't like your butt...?
Yeah, but...
No, but...
Maybe, but...
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