

Amidst The Peals Of Laughter

Phish

The birds are the enemy, their songs and the sun
They're hammering nails in the coffin of fun
The last drop of warmth from your soul has been wrung
You now have to face that the day has begun

It means you'll be summoned to a place they call work
In whose hallways you linger and corners you lurk
You're already three days late on a task
That they gave you to fail, they don't even ask

Jack and Jill went up the hill
to fetch a pail of water
Jack fell down and broke his crown
and Jill came tumbling after
amidst the peals of laughter

Your brain is in pain and your fate has been sealed
The liquid inside of your eyes has congealed
You can't see in color or discern friend from foe
Your neighbors wake slowly and glare 'cause they know

That you don't fit in, you can't earn their trust
You're up at all hours "you're not one of us"
They scowl at your windows but smile at the sun
The world has awakened, the day has begun

Against my will drawn up the hill
amidst the peals of laughter
in pain I'm chained to the end of the train
where I remain thereafter
amidst the peals of laughter...

Loose the caboose I'm calling a truce