

## Friends

Phish

Friends,  
If the lord ever comes  
descending from the skies in some fiery fashion  
as so many say he will  
You will not see me  
going joyously to greet him expecting my deliverance,  
but running for the hills  
For if such a day should come to pass  
this is no God come to save the human race,

but a big boat, like the ones our forefathers sailed  
having made it across the great ocean to our shores  
from outer space.

And friends  
when that boat finally comes  
ascending from the depths of our imagination  
to appear within our sight  
We'll be born again  
as we've been so many times all throughout the ages  
when we find that we're not right,  
and with darkness lifted from our eyes,  
then we'll find what should come as no surprise...

We're on a big boat like the ones our forefathers sailed  
headed across the great ocean from our shores to outer space