

Up the Arbor

Primitive Radio Gods

Tell him now
What can I do then?
You can't stop and dream
Tell me I am the glimpse
It's deviltry now
Must be something they could in the war
And humans treat for the sceneries
All to know, know, know

Don't we need to find you
The raspy waters in the sky?
What they get inside you
If that's more, more, more, more, more, more