

There's orange and yellow on the paintbrush
It's sort of mellow, but the same rush
I taste the ocean on my taste buds
But I can make a poem with the same tongue
O-range all around, Cobain stompin' ground
No rain's fallen down, old flames all 'a drown
I'm allowed a few low day fallin' outs
Mourning a man that my gold chain honors now
Mellow Yello's got the blues
I'm green with all this envy, cause this fellow got marooned
I've read all the white lies left in the twilight
Purrs-pulled from kitties who bellow at the moon
So I choose, to keep a tangerine with the tambourine
Apathy is absentee ballot when I crack a cheese
Smile, there's no masterpiece styled
In an afternoon, I have to use the Stanley Kub
There's no Full Metal Jacket
It's quite right enough to hide my own kettle's blackness
A low-level blacksmith, so orange it's clockwork
And there's no choice but onward
Yeah, he said whatever takes the weight off
Raindrops drive you crazy if they hit the same spot

So I go opposite of still
When I'm feeling blue until the opposites reveal that I'm orange

All of it is a dream
I make it up, but it's real
All of it is a dream
Want you to see
I want to believe
All of it is a dream
I make it up, but it's real
All of it is a dream
I want you to see, I want to believe
I wanna believe

There's orange and yellow in my eyelids
It's sort of mellow, but I like it
So bright and vibrant I might go blind
If I don't adjust to my climate
Mount Olympus, I'll climb it
No Sisyphus exists in my mindset
Mind set to detonate if
I step incorrect, expressin' my violets
Purple Haze and some Kurt Cobain
Got me doing flips like it's Cirque Soleil
Slow-motion at a turtle's pace
I'm so Punxsutawney Phil when I'm still in a recurrin' state
And each day is the same as the last one
Fatal attraction, waves to a captain
O-range turned grey from my atoms
And threw it to the skies above, April showers