

The River

SLuG

It was a purple-purple sky and an orange-orange moon
And everyone was whistling the same damn tune
Except Brian, Brian staired out across the field
And watch the horizon blossom to cop a field
Over the edge of the world
The one they're all afraid to walk
Ration out the why they're so high on the small talk
But Brian knows where the crows all go
To find the if's, and the and's and the but's and also's

If I could run through the woods, and speed like the light
I'd find the answers to why, and be back by tonight
If I could fly through the fog and look at this rock
I'd figure out how to keep Hell off of my block
But as it stands, I stay content
Tryin' to be the magic man, and pay my rent
Wishing that Brian would turn me on to the secrets he sought
While we keep burning the dawn, just to keep the day hot

If I could ask you one question, I'd ask where you went
You could teach me a lesson every time I got bent
But the alcohol don't make me forget about it all
doesn't matter the season the leaves can still fall
They slipped hidden messages within the cards that were dealt
I understand myself and all of the sorrow I felt
For as simple as I'am how'd it get so complex
Got me studying the margins and disregarding the text
I open the curtains and listen to the traffic go
But I still get nervous each time my peace passes go
The residue is thick and the memory fails
I still laugh 'cause the path feels a lot like a trail

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We used to be a couple of pimps walking the hallways with pride
Drunk or sober, life was nothing short of rollercoaster rides
Trip to the clubs, now the skull to the rhythm
All we wanted out of life was what was given
And when you passed I wanted to take back the time we wasted
I'd trade all the buzzes in for one more conversation
We can sit in the shade and discuss the meaning of sacred
Cause I can't see the garden no more, just the avens
But the wind still blows and the plains still grow
And I wish your name was on the guest list at my shows
I got to believe you can see me run up on my freedom
Cause you got to meet up with the son before you got to meet my son

And when I see lightning, feels like my buzz is heightning
Everytime I feel the sun, I can smell the love
And when I smell the air I can hear a child trying

But everytime I hear a river I think the mother is crying
(2x)