

really happening

SPIRIT OF THE BEEHIVE

Once a day, take the kid to the city center
Let him out when the streetlights start to flash
Watch his eyes twitch, fingers start to tremor
Wonder if he's gonna leave but I never ask
Let the kid take a hit if he has to
Keep the fix in a bag in the bathroom

Is this really happening?
Is this really happening?

With an internal life in decline
For a feeling and a moment in time
Can I spit in the palm of my hand?
We don't need to make lines in the sand
And nobody can make me believe
That all love does dissolve naturally