

I never thought I was an only one  
I never had a setting in the sun  
A dancing baby was a sleeping gun  
You had a hand and it was loneliness  
And all I wanted was you, oh, you

"The real you is not a puppet which life pushes around. The real deep down you is the whole universe."

"You are something that the whole universe is doing, in the same way that a wave is something that the whole ocean is doing."

I never thought I was a special case  
I may not know how good I'm anyways  
It's just I love you like an only son  
And if I hadn't been in Hollywood  
When all I wanted was you  
And all you wanted was me  
And all I wanted was you  
And all you wanted was me

"This world is a great wiggly affair. The clouds are wiggling. The waters are wiggling. The clouds are wiggling, bouncing. People- but people are always trying to straighten things out. You see we live in a rectangular box, all the time; everything is straightened out. Wherever you look around in nature you find things often straightened out. They're always trying to put things in boxes. Those boxes are classified. Words are made from some boxes. But the real world is wiggly, if you can believe it. Now when you have a wiggle like a cloud, how much wiggle is a wiggle? Well you have to draw the line somewhere, so people come to sorts of agreements about, ah, how much wiggle is a wiggle, that is to say a thing. One wiggle- always reduce one wiggle to a sub wiggles. Or see it as a subordinate wiggle of a bigger wiggle. But there's no fixed rule about it."