

## Camphor

The Fixx

A feeling like camphor, rushing through my tubes  
A cooling drought, a rare interlude  
Drowning depression to admire and trust  
Who can watch a man making dust to dust?

One legal dose of environment  
The ballad of a playground swing  
There's a lonely dog, so misunderstood  
He's left his chores to become someone's friend

Things are so enchanting, high on life  
Then, once again, the flash of pines  
Beck to this breathtaking view  
Where the peaks are so high, full of encouragement  
And the paints of the Gods' color code  
Things are so enchanting, high on life

Things are where they can't be high on life  
So, I'm thinking about my favorite dream  
An adventure not out of bounds  
It dries my eyes to know mother earth hears  
I'm invisible to blue hounds

It pleases me to have a mind on the run  
When the body is fixed, tied in shoes  
What expression is left to fulfill the gap?  
Just a nod will suffice, where you are?  
Things are so enchanting, high on life