

Drifting

The String Cheese Incident

No matter when it comes
One thing sure, it comes too soon
Fame, death, love all find us
Never quite prepared or in tune
You can hunger through the years
For the proper combinations to appear
Long, long last it's crystal clear
You really cannot get there from here
Others seem to know when to make their moves
That may not be true
More likely, they're as hungry as you
For the moment, everything clicks
The fat lady's tiger rolls and does his tricks
Forty fifth of November
Twenty six ten on the clock
In the future, we won't remember
What will they make of such talk?
Learn the art of compromise
Pass the days when nothing works out right
Can we keep the faith of years
Or we blow the whole thing up in one good fight?
Forty fifth of November
It's twenty six ten on the clock
In the future, we won't remember
What will they make of such talk?
Feed me sweet lemon wine
Squeeze the juice from the peel
Play strip poker with time
And it's your turn to deal
Feed me sweet lemon wine
Squeeze the juice from the peel
Play strip poker with time
And it's your turn to deal
Forty fifth of November
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Forty fifth of November
Remember the day
Forty fifth of November
Remember the day