Forests

Tom Rosenthal

Sitting in the back seat of your mothers car
There were forests on the way there
It rained all the way there

Sent some complex signals to the others on the road
I was sending all the mind beams
No one ever found me.

Is there a word for the things we heard in the day?
Is there a sound for the things we found on our way?

Calling out the names of the animals
There were mountains on the way there
You read all the way there

Numbers getting smaller and the spirits getting low
I was sending all the mind beams
No one ever found me.

Is there a word for the things we heard in the day?
Is there a sound for the things we found on our way?

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