

The Bell

Ty Segall

Walk in lines, they form a circle
The destination is where you
Have been
Your three bells, one's outside

To realize, to be alive
The point where we begin and die
There is no separation
My three bells, inside

'Round and 'round
'Round and 'round
'Round and 'round and 'round and 'round and 'round and
'Round and 'round

'Round and 'round
'Round
'Round and 'round
'Round
'Round and 'round
'Round
'Round and 'round
'Round
'Round

Fitting flatly, I place myself upon the wall
Holes appear, and, from them, hooks so I won't fall
Outlines form arrows, they stay straight and do not bend
They point at numbers
Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one
One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight

When I fall down, all I see
Numbers infinitely
So I say instead
"Goodbye to my head"

Goodbye to my head
Goodbye to my head
Goodbye to my head
Goodbye to my head