

THE LOTUS EATERS  
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you may find me smoking in a field  
and the flowers on the pond  
are floating over me  
they tasted good, know what i mean?

you say me visiting the sun  
and the atmosphere was warm  
and i'm telling everyone  
the lemonade was made by me  
you drank it too, how did it feel?

do you remember driving in my car?  
and we didn't drive fast  
but we drove it to far  
where did we go, what did it mean?  
i recall sitting on a fence  
and the poppies grew high and so were my friends  
they danced like visions in the sky  
i can't complain i did not die

you found me walking in the street  
you could tell by hands that i needed new feet  
what could i say, what could i do?  
i found a needle and some thread  
and i stitched me some yarn and i stitched it to my head  
i didn't know i went too deep  
i didn't know it played for keeps...

i bought some sugar at the store  
to sweeten all the liquid that tasted all the more  
like candy canes and creme de menthe  
i thought that reasons for the more  
was after the though of reasons from before  
you though it too, i've seen you since  
you didn't laugh, you little bitch