("...he saw what, he would look in the rock and see what was in there and i quess that day he saw a skull; one of his dark days.")

Pockets

I went after the door through my living room
I don't wanna know the new from my room
Should I pull up the phone on the kitchen
so I can feel the dark while I'm doing all my dishes
To live in a house and have breathing
is a luxury when you understand its meaning
But even in the dusk am I dreaming?
a galaxy of stars above the ceiling

In my eye I'm understanding what I see its hard to think 'bout all the time it takes to get from the space to me (yeah, they're everywhere)
Yeah, they're everywhere wouldn't ever know where I should be and there's the thinking and I've been thinking of the many little pennies

This different ocean Wanna be good and stay queued when we step inside the ocean

(Oh) stay grind
It's hard to sit myself down
and just think about the notion

Oh, I'm crying shouldn't I be content with what I've got and not seek dimes

(Oh) Am I denying
What I sought ? something that
I enjoyed but acquired

And I wonder if it's me who's just a thief who's taking a stash and blazing the grass digging a hole and digging it deep, (and I'll dig for a while)
Yeah, I'll dig for a while
'cause I never know when to plant the seed and I must start thinking and I'm gonna (be) thinking of the many little pennies

(but it's good)

It's good to be a...?

It's good to be a...?

And if I had some kind of need

Maybe the thing I need is the thing I've got And if I look inside of me
I'll find the thing that gets me to the bottom

And I know that there are needy some are good, yeah but some are rotten Why should I motivate the needs When I know my needs should be forgotten

Is it alright if we forget?