

Theme from the Bottom

Phish

I feed from the bottom, you feed from the top
I live upon morsels you happen to drop
And coffee that somehow leaks out of your cup
If nothing comes down then I'm forced to swim up
On the way upwards, the colors come back
But all along the bottom is blue, grey, and black
The darkness is cold and perception goes wrong
And the night seems to go on incredibly long

So I ask you why if I'm swimming by,
Don't you see anything you'd like to try?

Pantomime mixtures of heaven and earth
Jumbled events that have less than no worth
Time in the forest to dig under rocks
Or float in the ocean asleep in a box

Or sink just below all the churning and froth
And swim to the light source or fly like a moth
So toss away stuff you don't need in the end
But keep what's important and know who's your friend

So I ask you why if I'm swimming by,
Don't you see anything that you'd like to try?

If I'm swimming by

From the bottom, from the top
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