

Two Versions of Me

Phish

Aaa, ooo
Ten mountains stand tall, nine seasons since fall
Eight eons of sand, seven oceans began
Now there is none, no more light from the sun
Now waters run free, no more fish in the sea

One more name on the slate
One less minute to wait
Too busy to see two versions of me
One more bottle is dry, one less reason to try

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Six feet underneath five fingers don't reach
Four seconds it seems for all of our dreams
Three oceans away two children at play

Too busy to see two versions of me
Two versions of me
Two versions of me
Two versions of me