

# The Humid Press Of Days

Camper Van Beethoven

What did it mean to fly  
A tremor in your soul  
To resist the dull existence of gravity  
Upward bound, trees fly  
Two meadows and a fields  
And the border is a simple line of hills  
Ah, didja come uncoiled  
Between heavens and the Earth  
Whispered nonsense into your radio  
Now afternoons you seldom move  
Grounded to a little bit of earth  
And, after all, time barely crawls  
Unoccupied, between each breath it sticks  
What did it mean to fly  
When you were bound to the Earth  
A release from the humid press of days  
Now afternoons it hardly moves  
I wonder how you make it through each day  
And, after all, time barely crawls  
Unoccupied, between each breath it sticks  
What did it mean to fly  
A tremor in your soul  
To resist the dull existence of gravity  
What did it mean to you  
An early chat with death  
To pull your body for a moment from your soul