

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