

A Prophecy

Close Lobsters

And I can see it like a prophecy
I have a crystal ball head
You can reach for
The stars of heaven
It doesn't mean
You'll ever get there

'Cause you don't know
Where you're going
It's not surprising since
You don't know where to go

And it's just like the sunshine
To make my eyes go riverlike
And it's typical of the weather
To pour in on an off day

But you don't know what you're doing
It's not surprising since
You don't know what to do

And you don't know what you're saying
It's not surprising since
You don't know what to say

And most things are hard to remember
I probably didn't pick you up right
And it's typical of the weather
To make my eyes go riverlike

But you don't know where you're going
It's not surprising since
You don't know where to go