

## Your 8th Birthday

Cloud Cult

Who could hang a dead man's swing-set from the moon yeah  
You did  
Then you gave it  
To the ghosts and  
The witches

Who can say goodbye with a yodel-ay-hee-hoo yeah  
You did  
With the promise  
That the dead are now magicians

This hymn rings with the singing of three cheers  
For the king of the jungle gym  
He's the kid who swore it is a one handshake  
A birthday cake imitation

You make traffic jams feel like parades  
You bury the dead with the faith  
That makes lightning bugs swarm  
As if it was graduation

Who could change your silly life into a screaming supernova?  
You do

Who could change my sleepy brain into the eye of a hurricane?