

Mushroom Smile

Desultory

Can't you read the patterns, can't you see the
end what goes around comes around, here
we go again yeah.

Can't you read the patterns, can't you see
the end what goes around comes around,
here we go again yeah. Can't you feed your
senses enough to realize to see just how the
story goes, the way the pendulum strikes.

Rest my head on the mushroom dust
spending vacuum time. Mark her turns with
my
silver brush watching from the sky.

And there is no difference no rich and open
minds. No change no further evolution, no
wisdom earned by time. Where's the point
in racing endlessly when it's enough by far to
blow us clean. It takes the day when stars fall
from the sky before our hearts gets wider than
our pride.

I can see tomorrow with my rearview eye.
Our past will twist and turn again, I see the
mushroom smile