

A Daisy Through Concrete

Eels

Wake up the dying
Don't wake up the dead
Change what you're saying
Don't change what you said
Now that it's time that
I got out of bed

When i walk myself down sycamore street
The sun beats down
No shoes on my feet
And i stumble on a daisy through concrete

Pink and brown babies in pink stroller cars
Know that it's good
They don't care where they are
They know that home doesn't feel very far

When i walk myself down sycamore street
The sun beats down
No shoes on my feet
And i stumble on a daisy through concrete

Airplane is flying up in the sky
Making a pattern with the white lines
Looks like a heart
Or maybe a pie