

Perfect Shelter

Gov't Mule

Serene, what a dream
A pillow to rest your weary bones
Recharge, redefine
Time to repaint the lines
Change your world, it's time
Life's around the corner, death's grip is far behind
Life can be sweet, wounds can start to heal

Stay and be destroyed, move and be renewed
Grow or wither, it's all up to you

None of us has built a perfect shelter

Don't christen me with your condescending laughter
Don't, don't, don't put me in a box
Don't forget I once knew a few things about you too
I think you'll see, life can be quite the paradox

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