

## 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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