

Though the sign says "Monterey: forty light years from right here,
" We'll go anyway got a head start on the clouds as the view,
dream-like, rolls away, while every song you hate is playing
in your head softly a loving sound
Now the quiet never stays porcelain elvis heads and gamma rays
keeping me awake with this fine knit elastic cloud,
stretching out living new age golden days
but when I think out loud my stupid little voice gets lost
Fascination, overkill and sensation whole and violent when you're high
you might touch down in gardens of gargantua
when all the world is spinning say hello to him from all of us
when all is all undone and sung without a sound
over the always nobody elevates hoping for enlightning voices
out of nowhere fastened tight crashing light into walls
if you look around at all you might feel small where the soul lives
where the whole thing is going down
Every now and then I fall out into open air just to feel the wind,
rain and everything and though the hum and sway gets me down
I'll find the way to peace and openness but when
I think out loud my stupid little voice gets lost in fact
I'm waiting for everyone to shut up...