

Climbing

Meat Puppets

Climb, climb, I always climb
Out of bed in the morning on a mountain made of sand
And I know this doesn't rhyme
But the clutter on the table has been getting out of hand

I know that you tried to see me through
But honey I'm still having trouble finding out what's you

Time, time, it's so sublime
Well they say it's nonexistent but it's playing with my mind
And phone calls don't cost a dime
In the caverns of your feeling where the sun will never shine

I know that you tried to see me through
But honey I'm still having trouble finding out what's you

Mine, mine, which things are mine?
Well I thought I saw a few before I found out I was blind
And I think I see a sign
And it's saying where to go and when I get there what I'll find

I know that you tried to see me through
But honey I'm still having trouble finding out what's you