

They'd been gone for so damn long  
I'd nearly forgotten that they could be near  
They fly high and so far gone  
You can hear them but they seldom appear

And they live, live on a mountain  
And they hardly, ever hardly see the floor  
And the clouds grinding around them  
Created a terrible roar

Fine glass book, their pages newly amended  
And planted in steam.  
Witchcraft spoons breed rhinestone radioactive  
Bull frogs in antique magnetic cream

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And they hardly, ever hardly see the floor  
And the clouds grinding around them  
Created a terrible roar

High I.Q. brand rhinestone carnival barking pumpkins  
That walk without feet  
Low-rent hunchback elves sell sweets to the children  
That play by the street

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