

# You Don't Know

Meat Puppets

You don't know where the edges are and where do they go  
You don't know anything about it at all  
I don't know how they're drawn and how do they grow  
I can't say anything about that at all

They fly ... they fly  
Lines slip away without a trace ... lines slip away

Try and stare, rub my eyes ... there's nothing there  
Try and stare at nothing at all  
Stay a while, the latest thing is already out of style  
Stay a while and nothing is in fashion at all

They fly ... they fly  
Lines slip away without a trace ... lines slip away

You can't hear, see another one and watch it disappear  
You don't hear anything about that at all  
So it goes, gypsy lines twist and erode  
So it goes anytime you get close at all

They fly ... fly ... fly ... fly  
Lines slip away without a trace ... lines slip away  
Lines slip away without a trace ... lines slip away

They fly ... fly ... fly ... fly