

## Sugar Shack

Phish

Standing on the edge of the cliff, I start to slip  
Don't mind if I slide off  
Now I feel my mood starts to lift, I find my grip  
And the screaming fades away below

I grab myself and spin me around, I start to sprint  
I climb down to steadier ground  
If I can bushwhack it on back to the shack behind those  
hills  
I'll find the world is finally still

Run through pale dark woods to that sugar shack  
Breathe warm steam and hide in that old sugar shack

Boiling heat, maple steam, frozen snow, then it flows  
When you leave your maple dream wait till spring to go  
again

A mosaic of lies I tried to arrange in ways that  
shelter the blame  
I thought I might have made off clear with all of the  
loot  
I plucked and ate all the fruit

Then I started hearing the yells and shattering plates  
Drowned out by your slithering stares  
I was followed and chased and caught and tied up  
By the hay right until I made my escape

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