

As I fly through the eye unaware
That the man at the helm is more scared
Of losing his money than his mind or his hold on the sky

And the wings on his rings that he wears
Bend and bow to the man splitting hairs
Between the weight of his pennies and the birds in the sky
And what makes them fly

And the stone inside the seed is what feeds the rose
And the bud that grows from weed
Is more knowing than those
Who purge the fishless sea

From their sinking boat
'Cause the skin is all they see
For a glimpse of gold
For a glimpse of gold