

Rodeo Jones

Sunny Day Real Estate

Off of my hand
Flew a snow white dove
Watch it disappear into the sun
Your's a halo
For dreams that sounded does
Words are all on the page
And tears and blood

Off of my hand
Flew the snow white dove
Into the sun now I'm bleeding
I'm in need of

Shakespeare sang air on air
So I sung
Shakespeare turned dust to dust
So to my life

Words and in between no aims
I call these worms we'll meet someday
Across the ocean where my heart bends
Was it you I saw
Running to bare me

When we're running from lost love
Leaving bonds to skin on a file
Was it you I saw running to bare
Won't leave you hard

To our end
No imagery
Waiting for someone lying
Waiting for my day
My eyes will see
Wait for me
In your misery wait for me

Rodeo...
Rodeo Jones
Your misery, your misery
Waiting for my day