

Life Like

The Rosebuds

I know a clean way out, the vandals made it low
The day so lean, the nighttime slips in a song
There was a shot way out, down past Varina
I burn my bed and run naked in the Winter

Well oh well, the pines are getting to me, consider my life,
I'm wild but I'm not free

By all accounts it was a heavy snow
Brown is black by contrast I'm aglow
I hear, "Wait. You! I'm a man, you're the beast!"
But I'm just running so how can that be?

Well oh well, the pines are getting to me, consider my life
I'm wild but I'm not free
Well oh well, the pines are getting to me, believe me my eyes,
There's a thousand left like me

Reconstruct my body, capture me in flight
Glue in resin marbles, give me shiny eyes
Life like