

A cold and wet November dawn  
And there are no barking sparrows  
Just emptiness to dwell upon.

I fell into a winter slide  
And ended up the kind of kid who goes down chutes too narrow  
Just eking out my measly pies.

But I learned fast how to keep my head up 'cause I  
Know I got this side of me that  
Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just  
Fly the whole mess into the sea.

Another slow train to the coast  
Some brand new gory art from way on high  
I sink and then I swim all night.

I watch the ice melt on the glass  
While the eloquent young pilgrims pass  
And leave behind their trail  
Imploring us all not to fail.

Of course I was raised to gather courage from those  
Lofty tales so tried and true and  
If you're able I'd suggest it 'cause this  
Modern thought can get the best of you.

This rather simple epitaph can save your hide your falling mind  
Fate isn't what we're up against there's no design no flaws to  
find  
There's no design no flaws to find.

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Wants to grab the yoke from the pilot and just  
Fly the whole mess into the sea.