

## Rings

### Toad The Wet Sprocket

Are you the plane that shapes the board  
Part of a history, smoothed and worn  
And oh, the windy weather  
Dry spells, brushfire

Isn't it strange to see my life  
You must cut me down to look inside  
And oh, the simple pleasures  
This ring tells of rain and this one's summer  
Good years, nightmares

How is it I remember knowing that I would live forever  
Isn't it strange how truth can change  
And oh, the windy weather  
This ring tells of rain, this one's summers  
Dry spells, brushfire