

Third Eye

Tool

(speaking)

See I think drugs have done good things for us, I really do.

And if you don't believe that drugs have done good things for us, do me a favor.

Go home tonight, take all your albums,
all your tapes, all your cds and burn them.

Cause all the musicians that made that great music that has enhanced your lives throughout the years,
real fucking high on drugs!

Dreaming of that face again.

it's bright and blue and shimmering.

Grinning wide and

Comforting me with it's three warm and wild eyes.

On my back and tumbling

Down that hole and back again

Rising up and wiping the

webs and the dew from my withered eye.

In..Out..In..Out..In..Out

A child's rhyme stuck in my head

It said that life is but a dream

I've spent so many years in question

To find i've known this all along.

So good to see you

I've missed you so much.

So glad it's over.

I've missed you so much

Came out to watch you play.

Why are you running away?

Came out to watch you play.

Why are you running?

Shroud-ing all the ground around me

Is this holy crow above me.

Black as holes within a memory

and blue as our new second sun.

I stick my hand into his shadow

To pull the pieces from the sand.

Which I attempt to reassemble

To see just who I might have been.

I do not recognize the vessel,

but the eyes seem so familiar.

Like phosphorescent desert buttons

Singing one familiar song....

So good to see you.

I've missed you so much,

So glad it's over.

I've missed you so much.

Came out to watch you play.

Why are you running away?

Came out to watch you play.

Why are you running away?

Prying open my third eye.(4x)
So good to see you once again.
I thought that you were hiding.
You thought that I had run away.
Chasing the tail of a dogma
Opened my eye
Opened my eye
Opened my eye....and there we were.

So good to see you once again.
I thought that you were hiding from me.
And you thought that I had run away.
Chasing the trail of smoke and reason.

Prying open my third eye.(x10)