

## Back to Basom

Ween

Reaching out now and I touch your face  
Please believe I'm only traveling  
Like seeking wonder from a foreign place  
It matters not from where I'm coming

And the snow so light is bleeding  
We sleep so tight when we're breathing  
Calm a little pint of soul creeping

Calm the light, let me fly, back to Basom  
(Call is waiting, contemplate a thread already spun)  
Calm the light, let me fly, back to Basom  
(Should you carry what you are is cooked until it's done)

Left to locate the last trace of waste  
I picked it up and it was smiling  
Just like the dancer who has lost her leg  
She laughs alone but then she's crying

And the snow so light is bleeding  
We sleep so tight when we're breathing  
Calm a little pint of soul creeping

Calm the light, let me fly, back to Basom  
(Call is waiting, contemplate a thread already spun)  
Calm the light, let me fly, back to Basom  
(Should you carry what you are is cooked until it's done)