

Will I see you in the morning  
Will I rise to your face  
Will your words manage to get  
Across the ocean of space  
Will I hear what you tried to say  
Can I open my ears today

Thank you for asking  
I'm doing quite well  
Having the time of my life  
And I can't help but laugh  
as we carve a cenotaph  
of these dreams and a golden calf  
But we sleep with our wife  
and look out of our eyes  
she sees all our words  
hopes, promises lies  
This ride is far too fun  
and is far, far from done  
enjoying it while it lasts  
falling way too fast

And when she looks down with the sunshine  
on a bright picnic spread  
and slowly lets the people up  
that we left for dead  
Tiny children live and walk  
in that place where we talk  
the narrator is discussing  
with a man in a shoe  
but he can't get a word out  
when the audience boos  
the pieces fall from the sky  
showing things above the high  
you can make it if you try  
just a bit more

A vortex is spinning  
And throwing out dirt  
But the good guys are winning  
And wearing black shirts  
When the peace of my mind is tried  
For the crime of making time  
With the last soldier of ancient lies  
rust flows from a blade  
from a forgotten age  
and the words from the turned page  
take arms

there are people in the morning  
they've crawled into my bed  
we sit and smile and chat  
and try to channel the dead  
this TV is wonderfully great  
it's everything I can taste  
and the sound comes out so clear

that I hear bubbles pop in beer  
and it turns off