

## **Weather Pending "Her Thoughts To Me"**

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I wait here on the corner, I wait here on the corner,  
maybe I'll find out where I'm supposed to be today,  
today, today

I'll build an ashram in India, I'll live with the horse  
people on North France, and when I'm come home I'm  
going to save the city from itself

Save it from itself. . .

I'm going to rock rock rock on the corner, with the  
people that call themselves angels, maybe they'll let  
me know where I'm supposed to be today today today  
I suspend my dreams under black sunbeams, and the  
city screams and the city screams, death was a  
question I forgot to ask, and life was the answer that  
was in the past. My body breaks down and the system  
breaks up, these people all around no one can fill my  
cup? I drank too much never prayed for much, couldn't  
hear myself, can you help myself, can you hear myself,  
can you hear myself, can you hear myself, can you  
hear myself?

They never came back to see see, all the mountains I  
moved with my dreams dreams, lock me up with  
myself toss out the key, forget walk on today today

I suspend my dreams under black sunbeams. . .

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