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Ween "Alcan Road"

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Open the gate to the red land Alcan Road, by the turquoise lake Starry skies, a mushroom cloud Folding waves in a foamy tide

Washing in beds of opal shells White gulls cry for you and I Butterflies float away Drift in pools of salt and brine

Mountain man, frosted child Eagles cry, puppets of God Strung like time molded in form Trees bend back and trails distort

It leads to the land of Alcan Road The turquoise lake and starry skies Mushroom clouds, flowing Drift in pools of salt and brine

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