

Ween "Back To Basom"

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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)
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(Should you carry what you are is cooked until it's
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