

## Dr. Death

### "Today"

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It's all here  
Today is the only day  
The old times make way for the new

Some fruit punch  
Spills on a tablecloth  
But there ain't no mess to clean up

Garbage in a can sticks together  
The tiniest of things are forever  
Drop a couple coins and a feather  
And watch them float away at the same time

Song is made with sugar and lemonade  
Sing on the porch, swing along  
Me and you having a barbecue  
Sticking our thumbs in the air

Meeting of some notes on a pocket  
Sitting in the sun with some chocolate  
Drop a couple pens and some pencils  
And watch it all fall right into place

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