

Eels

"A Daisy Through Concrete"

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Wake up the dying,
Don't wake up the dead
Change what your sayin,
Don't change what you've said
Now that it's time that
I got out of bed

When I'll walk myself
Down sycamore street
The sun beats down
No shoes on my feet
And I stumble on
A daisy through concrete

Pink and brown babies
In pink stroller cars,
Know that it's good
They don't care where they are
They know that home
Doesn't feel very far

When I'll walk myself
Down sycamore street
The sun beats down
No shoes on my feet
And I stumble on
A daisy through concrete

Airplane is flyin up in the sky
Makin a pattern
With the white lines
Looks like a heart
Or maybe a pie

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