

# Feeder

## "Buck Rodgers"

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Talk about it  
You dream about it  
You feel that theres no place left to glow  
Operatics, break the habits  
You feel that theres no place left to grow  
You gotta reach inside yourself and let it go  
Close your eyes and drift away to some place new  
Where the skies are blue brings back the child in you  
Cross a lonely field as birds begin to speak  
Its alright  
Its ok  
Blue, true  
Blue, true  
Cry about it shout about it  
You feel that theres no sense in going on  
Late november, change in weather  
The cold has got a hold of you again  
That river's gonna drag you down again  
Close your eyes and drift away to someplace new  
Where the skies are blue brings back the child in you  
Cross a lonely field as birds begin to speak  
It's alright  
Its ok  
Its alright  
Blue  
Nothing was stopping you  
Nothing was stopping you  
Nothing was stopping blue  
Blue, true, blue, true, miss you  
Child in you

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