

## Greg Johnson

### "Bright Ideas"

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Back down off the sun  
I need a light to tell the time  
I'm sure the sky wants it's black back  
Air attack  
So in love with the view  
You bombast  
It's just like a sunburn but contagious  
You really are outrageous  
When you've got your bright ideas on

And I believe you when you say that the mail is killing  
you  
'Cause I believe the mail-man is slowly killing me too

Ease up on your mouth  
I can't make any words out  
The fruitflies all buzzing out  
Man what are you getting to  
You may be right and I may be wrong  
I know that you've got to hang your bright ideas on

And I believe you when you say that the mail is killing  
you  
'Cause I believe the mail-man is slowly killing me too

You may say  
I'm not here

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