

Guster "Happy Frappy"

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Not much of this makes sense to me
The river leaves run cold and dry
But it keeps me from swinging tree to tree
And sometimes Iâ€™m too scared to even try
Hashing through the possibilities
They seem as endless as the sky
You seek the truth and the quiet breeze
But the air is too thin to reply
Well I know thatâ€™s where Iâ€™ll never be
Because I can see the summerâ€™s done
I try to let the river flow in and out of me
And pray I float the way I think I want
And pray I float at all
Distant notions of subtle residue
Cling to minds from our past
Tell us what is what and who made who
But timeâ€™s events move us too fast
Simple sentiments whisked away by anxious steel wool
Struggling to content ourselves with what we think best
That what makes happy of which we seem never full

Is actually more than plenty though it is already
possessed
Well I know thatâ€™s where Iâ€™ll never be
Because I can see the summerâ€™s done
I try to let the river flow in and out of me
And pray I float the way I think I want
And pray I float at all
Not much of this makes sense to me
The river leaves run cold and dry
But it keeps me from swinging tree to tree
And sometimes Iâ€™m too scared to even try
Utter confusion feigns clarity
Scattered delusions excuses destiny
Itâ€™s never exactly how it appears to be
Itâ€™s too much for any of us who even try to see
Well I know thatâ€™s where Iâ€™ll never be
Because I can see the summerâ€™s done
I try to let the river flow in and out of me
And pray I float the way I think I want
And pray I float at all

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