

Buckethead

"Sow Thistle"

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Well uh,
What we are exposed to
Are only fragments of the universe:
Our sun, our moon...

We are like unto a dirty floor,
Collecting sand and dust as opposed to really what's
out there.
Our sun, as we know it, is but a tiny flashlight
To this speck of dirt, we call Earth.
Yeah.

Well uh,
We cannot comprehend
What a real world is like
Because our world survives on itself,
Eating and eating and eating it's own.
Yeah.

We are scared of our own shadows
And so insecure about such a very insecure world,

Which produces the same circumstances
Each and every time, baby.

Time... uh, Time and time again (each and every time)
Time... uh, Time and time again baby. (each and every
time)

Yeah, livin' in the midst of dinosaurs
As we continue to be baffled by what is inevitable.
Is about to happen, there's only so much time
To play the game.

Our dime,
Is up.
See you in the next world..
You won't be lazy 'cause time has a way about being on
time.

Time...

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