

## Incrave

### "Puppet Song"

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Now you may have observed if you walk into a wall  
You get a certain sensation of reality  
When you take a look through your memory book  
You may perceive a certain rhythmic regularity  
The crazy things your mind gets up to when you're  
away  
Throwing clouds of rain over brightest day

There was once a little man  
He worked all day and slept all night  
He looked at the sun  
It didn't seem bright, it didn't seem right  
He wondered did the world go rolling along on it's own  
Or did some spirit move it with a black cat bone  
And he set out to find the causes behind  
The events in the world  
And the seasons of the mind

So he asked his wife about it, and his wife said yes  
Come back and see me if it's time to know less  
You do too much questioning of the world at large  
Everybody knows the politician's in charge

So he went to the Kinghouse just the next day  
To see that politician with his hair dyed grey  
Jump down turn around blow you up or kiss the ground  
Trying to be the president of the land so gay  
He had false pretendies, I had to love his style  
Bound to make some havoc with that violin smile  
Hey, Salvador Dali, make a walking talking something  
You paint some freaky pictures, make a likeness of that  
man  
Muchos dollars if you can

So the little man asked the politician who makes the  
plan  
Who makes the plan, what happens to me  
And who has the key

Now you are asking me who makes the scene  
His highness King Gold and Madam Silver his queen

They keep it all arustling with the dollars and pounds  
And everyone knows that money makes the world go  
round

So the little man asked King Gold and Madam Silver  
Come tell me what you can  
And King Gold said, lifting his golden voice from his  
golden bed

Now money is something, it's a basic flow  
And me I am the archetype of jewels and dough  
I do a lot of talking both slow and fast  
But me make decisions, no of course it's the past  
For the past is something, we all have some  
And universal history is a bundle of fun  
Now I'm getting sleepy, starting to nod  
If you want to check the picture, want to check the  
picture  
Want to check it, check it with God

So the little man climbed up on a rickety ladder, to the  
heavenly lands  
And he she'd a tear, 'it's all so queer and it doesn't  
seem clear'

Now God was sitting easy in a heavenly chair  
Breathing deep and lazy on the heavenly air  
The little man got near him just to get right from wrong  
Said 'God are you responsible for all that goes on'  
God looked up from having a heavenly think  
He gave that little questioner a heavenly wink, saying

'men have coloured me with the colours of their minds  
So I find  
They used me as an excuse for all kinds of goofs  
And for crimes of all kinds  
All your so hard facts painted thinly on the void  
Why were you not more pleasantly employed  
Anything you want to do, I'm happy if you make it go  
right  
And it's true if it makes you happy you know it makes  
the  
World more bright  
And you shall have liberty  
It always was yours anyway  
You're one of my kind, you're an infinite mind  
You make each new day  
There's nothing more I can say'

