

Irving

"A Very Frivolous Distribution Of Sundries"

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You felt fine, fine enough, at least as far as enough goes,

And there's no plans to eat, and the radio it played a beat of a song that you've heard, and you'd like to sing along.

You sang it well, or so you thought, at least as far as your thoughts go.

And the footsteps came with feet, and directions to repeat

on and on and on and on, I knew you were gone.

And you could go where no one would ever know,

then no one would ever know where you are.

It went so swell, better than you could hope,

at least as far as these thing to. And the wall it hits the ground,

and it made quite a sound for clouds and captains to agree it was too much for me.

And you could go where no one would ever know,

then no one would ever know where you are

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