

# Jellyfish

## "Russian Hill"

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I dreamt about a tranquil Sunday drive  
A sensory lullaby  
We trade the comics, cartoons and magazines  
For pistons and gasoline

We see the road from the bedside  
Parked under the sunshine  
We feel the warmth of the engine, so we climb inside  
And take it to the motorway

Watch the clouds turn into faces, it's fun to play  
Shift the gears for years and age a single day  
Until we spill onto Russian Hill

Past cathedrals filled with God's favorite guests  
Dirty hands feel clean when dressed in their Sunday  
best  
Treeline village, oh, so heavenly  
Cross a bridge of gold to landscapes of juniper

Only Eden is for millionaires

Watch the clouds turn into faces, it's fun to play  
Shift the gears for years and age a single day  
Until we spill onto Russian Hill

I'm pulling through the last stoplight  
We head home past the shoreline  
And through the rear view mirror it all melts away  
'Til we're helpless

Watch the clouds turn into faces, it's fun to play  
(We're hopeless)  
We shift the gears for years and age a single day  
(It fades away)  
For like curtains close this sunset matinee  
A dream fulfilled on Russian Hill

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