

Carbon Leaf

"Jan 9 / 63"

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This is an atypical day (it's the State we're in):
Billow-beast clouds. Vibrant, bright like Spring.
This is a turbulent drive, mixing bowl of good and bad
Kooked by caffeine, Sky Wind Machine
And the car absorbs it all - shake, shift, rattle at me
(We're both suckers for scenery)
Should weather not match the mood?
Conjure old anti-trust flaws:
Run from blue eyes, shun blue skies the same.
Simplicity, where's the needle today?
All stacks of hay...
~ Jan. 9 / 63 degrees ~
Nonlinear thoughts on this linear road
Bluster me. Entangle - spider web spun
('Make hay while the sun shines...')
We're not victims here;
we choose our way, hunt the game
Chase to balance empty palettes
But there are emotions...and relatives and...
I'm relatively poor with social ills.
(Voluntary solitude doesn't pay the bills!)
Finding balance, you'll find, is that poignant, pointy
cliché
Stacked of the scale, kick the bale in vain.
Simplicity, where's the needle today?
In...all stacks of hay. Hey!
Pop up unannounced, take aim!
'One Day' is today, and I'm on your tail...
Fox and Field, crimson-gold (rich yield)
Elusive... catch rest for the day.
I don't want replicated History
Fired in a kiln of silence and insecurity
But you find sometimes that you've worked so hard
your perspective has been chipped away
And it's hard to speak the mind, when emotions don't
take sides
Find the balance: Show don't tell (are you still afraid of
the pen?)
We are the history of a coin! We are an out-of-control
grin!
[CHORUS]

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