

Julieta Venegas

"Crystal Lake"

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Walkin all the way with 'ol saint nick
To a place where they say is thriving
Alive with people past their day
You can see the new ones ariving
Even alex is a bit intrigued
Just a child when it comes to insight
We can find the way in the patterns up above
And at 6:09 we see the first starlight
Take me home for pretend
Cause i don't feel the need
To go back again
Where the browns turn blue
And the tires look like porpoise
Dancing in the rain
And the rocks like pin cushions
Absorbing all the pain
Walking stick in hand around the bend
Past the couches past the chairs
Where a thousand people have stopped a while
To forget all their cares
The talking tree
The stalking birds
The trails of words in the ground
A dusted path
A concrete slab
Wasn't all that we found
Oh, go back
I don't know if I can
God struck it down that night
He didn't think twice
About the little jacks and jills
Cause he don't know what it's like
Down here in hell
If he did don't you thin
He'd allow us to settle alone
Atop of these hills

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