

Mewithoutyou

"Fox's Dream Of The Log Flume"

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Provisionally eyed, practically alive, mistook sign for
signified,
And so sins have often tried to run him off a cliff like
Gadarene swine
Inside my wardrobe seem anchor bent,
Wondering whether we were someone better than...
Or maybe just better able to pretend,
And what better means to our inevitable end?
You know, I don't know if I know, though some with
certainty insist,
No certainty exists!
Well I'm certain enough of this; in the past fourteen
years there's only
One girl I've kissed!

And the blistering heat of the Asbury peer we sat, quiet
as monks on the
Ferris wheel.
You're looking down at the water, down at the sea, I
asked her "did that
Ever occur in fantasy? where you pushed little kids
from the tops of the
Ride?" Then she shook her head "no," I said "Oh,
neither do I." And with my
Grandma's ring, I went down on one knee.
And the subsequent catastrophe has since haunted me
like a fiberglass ghost
I sent part of me (Like a fiberglass ghost to ask of my
inconveniently
Selective memory) Forgetfully you, mercifully
withdrew, all the bearing
Points we thought we knew, days run, days set clock,
our calm is shot.
We sailed waywardly on, singing our midnight archer
songs until well past
Dawn. It's still dark on the deck of our boat,
haphazardly blown, broken
Bows, our aimless arrow words don't mean a thing
Tonight I think it's pretty obvious that there's no God.
And there's
Definitely a God!

I dreamt on the rocks at the asbury dune that you
jumped from the top of
The log flume
And they gather like wolves on the boardwalk below
They're howling for answers
No wolf can know I charged at the waves with a glass in
my hand
I was tossed like a ball at the bottle stand
And I landed besides your remains on the stone where
your cold finger
Wrapped round my ankle bone
Maybe ten feet away was a star, Thousands of times
the size of our sun
Exploding like party balloons... Slept until our chest was
full of yarn we
Spun from Shetland wool. Socks from where the Dorset
grows, sheared and
Scoured hours before the rooster crows. The price of
German silver fell,
Threw this huge tailors down the superstition well.

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