

Poor Jim "Mushroom"

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You're lying on the floor, screaming quiet. You've seen
it all before.

Going out, but I don't have a name, speak to me. Let
me be.

See it all, but nothing's the same. What I see is not real.
You're lying on the floor, living, dying, waiting for the
daylight.

Flying out to examine my mind, step aside. Let me
hide.

Still afraid of what I might find, I do believe in the trees.
Everybody's gone. It's so damn crowded, debating with
the daylight.

A journey all your own--are you crazy, waiting for the
past lives.

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