

Mustasch "6_36"

Visit "[6_36](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

IÃfÂ, 'm piled up high the morning light
A giant silver screen
IÃfÂ, 'm waiting for my mind to land
IÃfÂ, 'm living in a dream

IÃfÂ, 'm a wizard IÃfÂ, 've got magic sticks
IÃfÂ, 'm drinking liquid gold
The taste of metal in my mouth
Infected all my bones
The lightÃfÂ, 's so bright but when I close my eyes
It all explodes

IÃfÂ, 'm piled up high, the morning light
A giant silver screen
IÃfÂ, 'm waiting for my mind to land
IÃfÂ, 'm living in a dream

I canÃfÂ, 't explain why colors fade
And everythingÃfÂ, 's a fuzz
I feel like IÃfÂ, 'm a winterÃfÂ, 's day
Another hippie had enough
IÃfÂ, 'm piled up high the morning light
A giant silver screen
IÃfÂ, 'm waiting for my mind to land
IÃfÂ, 'm living in a dream
IÃfÂ, 'm piled up high the morning light
And everythingÃfÂ, 's unreal

The wizard lost his magic sticks
The world turned into stone
The taste of metal in his mouth
And everything explodes

IÃfÂ, 'm piled up high, the morning light
A giant silver screen
IÃfÂ, 'm waiting for my mind to land
Cause everythingÃfÂ, 's unreal

Visit [Mustasch](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

