

## Phish "Mist"

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Several times unconsciously, I've stumbled on the path  
And seen a mountain in the mist  
As rain falls on my shoulders, sun rises in the east  
A morning bruise, but I am here at least  
I guess I'm just an obstacle, a thing to overcome  
If I could sneak around myself, again I'll know I've won  
The moment seems to hang and float, before me with  
no end  
Till I'm released, awaken beasts, I'm on the road again  
But now I'm soaring far too high, a fleck of dust up in  
the sky  
Where tiny clouds go sailing by  
Pull me down today  
Woven in the fairy tales, we fabricate each day  
Are little golden strands of truth, that glimmer in the  
light  
The colorful material, you hold a certain way  
Can keep up from the cold  
And help to get us through the night  
But now I'm soaring far too high, a fleck of dust up in  
the sky  
Where tiny clouds go sailing by  
Pull me down today  
Pull me down today  
Pull me down today  
Pull me down....

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