

Phish "Sugar Shack"

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Standing on the edge of the cliff, I start to slip
Don't mind if I slide off
Now I feel my mood starts to lift, I find my grip
And the screaming fades away below

I grab myself and spin me around, I start to sprint
I climb down to steadier ground
If I can bushwhack it on back to the shack behind those
hills
I'll find the world is finally still

Run through pale dark woods to that sugar shack
Breathe warm steam and hide in that old sugar shack

Boiling heat, maple steam, frozen snow, then it flows
When you leave your maple dream wait till spring to go
again

A mosaic of lies I tried to arrange in ways that shelter
the blame
I thought I might have made off clear with all of the loot
I plucked and ate all the fruit

Then I started hearing the yells and shattering plates
Drowned out by your slithering stares
I was followed and chased and caught and tied up
By the hay right until I made my escape

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