

Al Yell

"Close Your Eyes"

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This isn't coming from your stereo
It isn't playing on the radio
When MySpace is offline I won't be all that hard to find
Close your eyes

Young punk dreaming of a studio
Setting up shop in Ontario
Spending all his time the only way he know
But he's moving too slow

Joined a band and man they had soul
They made themselves truly visible
But he had to go and jump down the rabbit hole
To find the rock to his roll

Found a girl, thought he'd settle down
Nobody thought he'd ever make another sound
But the voices in his head were getting much too loud
So he wrote it all down

He ventured all alone into the night
When all he really craved was the morning light
And the computer that he stared at washed away his
sight
He nearly gave up the fight

Slipped into a temple as a wanderer
He's hoping to walk out of there a warrior
For now he sings his tunes like a biographer
Not in the first but the third

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