

Guggenheim Grotto

"Wisdom"

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The road is long
You're gonna get thrown about
Stick to the rhythm
Breathe it in and breath it out
Do what you do, there isn't any secret
Chop wood, draw water, roll cigarettes
Find a lover, put a flower in her hair
Climb a mountain, see the mountain disappear
Be the first to go back to the ghost town
Break bread with the man that's gonna bring you down
Deep deep down

I listen and I hear what's said
I follow it from a to zed
But wisdom hasn't found me yet

You're feeling scared, Jesus is your bodyguard
You feel alone, take a look in your backyard
Put your eye to the eye of a telescope
The universe looks back through a microscope
Adopt a highway
Dress yourself in camel-hair
A wasted life is a life lived unaware
Make money, put it on a number eight
Tempt fate, maybe you're a wheel goin' round
Round and round

I listen and I hear what's said
I follow it from a to zed
But wisdom hasn't found me yet

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