

## Game, The "Flash Back Memories"

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Play With My Cards

here we go,  
bait and reel  
my my aloha  
gone and left the feel  
just a stone throw away  
just the closest of the daze  
oh what a day of days

my mind works its own matrix  
well it is actually a web  
every moment with a connection  
flashes right back in again

here we show  
carrots and stew  
flamenco  
stars shine in the night  
the firmament firm mist  
mmm the closest of the day  
oh what a day of daze

my mind works its own matrix  
well it is certainly a web  
each memory links a connection  
lightspeeds my thunder in

here we know  
buttons and ties  
contention  
inspires me for words  
letters you've already heard  
on the closet of daze  
oh what a day of days

my mind flashes its matrix  
tightening the weave of a web  
gossamer strands of a oneness  
this game that starts in your head.

here we blow  
the man up  
with reservoirs  
drops upon drops  
of sweet and succulent energy  
oh oh closest of days  
oh what day of daze

my mind bends at the matrix  
triangulation to feed the web  
angles shifting together  
future flashes in your bed.

here we sow  
seeds of growth  
generations  
ancestral pods  
of living color  
yes closest of days  
oh what a day of daisy

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