

The Geraldine Fibbers

"The Small Song"

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I'm lost somewhere between the earth and my home,
The answer hangs up the question phone
I see the gliders smiling as they pass me by,
In the mapless sky.

Things are getting stupid in my little ol' cage.
Me and fellow man weren't written on the same page,
And the last time I checked this old boat was getting
hot..
But my boyfriend was not.

I'm lost somewhere between the earth and my home...

I got an angry eye on your white throat,
I wonder why you're in my boat.
I gave you milk I gave you bread.
Now please get out of my flying head.

I tried to talk to you...
I tried to talk to you...
I tried to talk to you...

But now it's too late, too late, too late, too late.

You thought you saw me in a dream,
Inside a junkyard contraption with rocket parts.
I was zooming away at an alarming rate,
In a bunch and nuts and bolts that looked like a toaster.

You called out to me but I couldn't hear you.
I covered my eyes from the blinding light.
As I disappeared behind the clouds,
You thought you saw my head explode...

You're not dreaming.
You're not dreaming.

I'm lost somewhere between the earth and my home...
/]

