

## Toad The Wet Sprocket "Liars Everywhere"

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watching me  
a bird upon a roof with coal-black feathers  
cocks his head  
to catch my eye  
wandering and unfocused i cannot meet his stare  
he takes to wing  
silhouette against the sun  
surrounded by the glare

funny how the days go by invisibly  
and faster than i realize the things i think about  
strange to find the calendar my enemy  
and scared that when i die so will the things  
i think about

i believe in so many things  
i know that none of them are true  
and my feet  
firm upon a pathway i am far too blind to see  
leading me

funny how the days go by invisibly  
and faster than i realize the things i think about  
scared to find the calendar my enemy  
and when i die so will the thousand things  
i think about

on and on and on...

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