

Toad The Wet Sprocket "Little Heaven"

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Opened my eyes
The fire had come
Not for the end of days
Not for the faithless ones

Not for vision understood
Burns because it has to burn
Change'll happen whether we
Are still or moving

Breathe in waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
But you will exhale
Cinnamon clouds

When it is quiet and still
I can feel older here
Change what I can and pray
The hope will not disappear

When we are not denying anything
Nothing is an enemy
Delicately balancing
The perfect world

Ride these waves of doubt
Bitter in your mouth
And you will exhale
Cinnamon clouds

Little heaven, little heaven
Little heaven, little heaven

Riding waves of doubt
Turns me inside out
And I will exhale
Primal shout

Little heaven, little heaven
Little heaven, little heaven

Well now I understand

The fire will come
Not for the strength of will
Or passion of anyone

I understand
The fire will come
Not for the end of days
Not for the faithless ones

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