

Uncle "Catching The Bug"

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You say the river is heavy with melted ice and melted snow.

What a slushy thing to say: We mirror this, this river's flow.

By the river we found a bug, underneath our feet, underneath the ice.

Now we are waiting for the joys of spring, will it come to life, will it come to life?

I WANT TO FEEL WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

You are wonderful and present in the sun. I can see your skin, I can guess your bones.

Into our hall of mirrors I choose to run with a bag of tricks, a bag of stones.

CAUSE I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

I WANT TO KNOW WHAT IT IS TO LIVE.

INSIDE MY HEAD ...

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