Gargantua

Man Meets Bear

Though the sign says "Monterey: forty light years from right here, " We'll go anyway got a head start on the clouds as the view, dream-like, rolls away, while every song you hate is playing keeping me awake with this fine knit elastic cloud, in your head softly a loving sound Now the quiet never stays porcelain elvis heads and gamma rays stretching out living new age golden days but when I think out loud my stupid little voice gets lost you might touch down in gardens of gargantua Fascination, overkill and sensation whole and violent when you're high when all is all undone and sung without a sound when all the world is spinning say hello to him from all of us out of nowhere fastened tight crashing light into walls where the whole thing is going down rain and everything and though the hum and sway gets me down over the always nobody elevates hoping for enlightning voices Every now and then I fall out into open air just to feel the wind, if you look around at all you might feel small where the soul lives I'll find the way to peace and openness but when I think out loud my stupid little voice gets lost in fact I'm waiting for everyone to shut up...

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