

# Jigsaw Street

## Cactus World News

Don't touch it, and all that's a crime  
I look to the dictionary just to try to find the word  
Really, there's no way to describe this  
Never obvious son  
Why should I always ask a question  
When the answer never comes?  
When I see through so many things  
And money just doesn't count, not this time  
There's a jigsaw world scattered on the ground  
I walk on over to look at it  
But the pieces are turned down  
Jigsaw  
In the west each day burns out  
Like the embers in my fire  
Time to think nobody notices, is it just desire?  
In the east I taste a promise, since it made a dip  
All the time will make me notice if I let it hit  
When I see through so many things  
And money just doesn't count, not this time  
Not time time  
There's a jigsaw world scattered on the ground  
I walk on over to look at it  
But the pieces are turned down  
There's a jigsaw world scattered on the ground  
I walk on over to look at it  
But the pieces are turned down  
This is a theater and now I cannot listen  
And I'm moving closer to the closeness  
Like a backpack inside my dreams  
Is it really what it seems  
It's a jigsaw art with the pieces all turned down  
It's a jigsaw art with the pieces all turned down  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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