

# The Squirming Coil

## Phish

The squirming coil of sunset, I keep within my reach  
Tried yesterday to get away and hitchhiked to the beach  
I saw Satan on the beach trying to catch a ray  
He wasn't quite the speed of light and the squirming coil  
It got away, yea, it got away  
It got away, yea, it got away  
It got away, yea, it got away  
The muscles flex the mother's ring, they fasten children to her king  
And sent him down the crooked street  
When he returns, the birth's complete  
Jimmy holds the tannis root, the forest's tasty nectar shoot  
The sun tips off the monarch's suit from sequined sash to shiny boot  
I'd like to lick the coil some day like Icarus, who had to pay  
With melting wax and feathers brown and he tasted it on his way down  
Stun the puppy, burn the whale, bark a scruff and go to jail  
Forge the coin and lick the stamp, little jimmy's off to camp  
It got away, yea, it got away  
It got away, yea, it got away  
It got away, yea, it got away  
It got away, yea

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