Three Days (Part 1)

Jane's Addiction

Three days was the morning.
My focus three days old.
My head, it landed
To the sounds of cricket bowsI am proud man anyway
Covered now by three daysThree ways was the morning.
Three lovers, in three ways.
We knew when she landed,
Three days she'd stay.I am a proud man anyway
Covered now by three daysWe saw shadows of the morning light
The shadows of the evening sun
Till the shadows and the light were one.Shadows of the morning light
The shadows of the evening sun
Till the shadows and the light were oneTrue hunting is over.
No herds to follow.
Without game, men prey on each other.
The family weakens by the bite we swallowTrue leaders gone,
Of land and people.
We choose no kin but adopted strangers.
The family weakens by the length we travelAll of us with wings
All of us with wings
All of us with wings!
All of us with wings!
All of us with wings!
All of us with wings!Erotic Jesus lays with his Marys.
Loves his Marys.
Bits of puzzle,
Fitting each other.All now with wings!
Oh my Marys!
Never wonder
Night is shelter
For nudity's shiverAll now with wings

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